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GEORGIA GAME *and* FISH



FISHING EDITION

1956

COVER PAGES

FRONT COVER:

A beautiful string of rainbow trout from the waters of Mocassin Creek near Lake Burton.

BACK COVER:

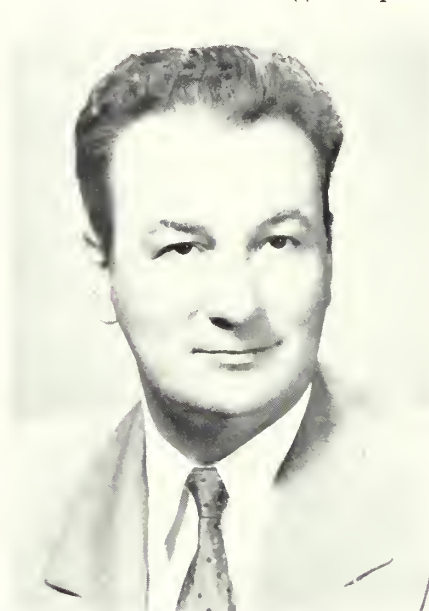
Russell Davidson, Jr., stands relaxed as he awaits the strike of a rock bass near the Jim Woodruff Reservoir.

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LEGISLATURE AIDS GAME AND FISH PROGRESS

DURING the Legislative Session of 1955, a way to help the Game and Fish Department from a budgetary angle was discussed by the governing officials of the Game and Fish Department and Legislative leaders. It was decided at that time that an increase in the hunting and fishing licenses for residents of the State was a more progressive way to help the Department since Georgia licenses were the lowest in the nation (\$1.25 per year for hunting and fishing).



FULTON LOVELL

Director, Game and Fish Commission

Floor Leader Demark Groover, at that time assisted in the wording of this bill so it would be the most beneficial to the Department in helping to bring about a more progressive program in conservation for the State. It was embodied in this bill that an equal amount as that received by the Department from its various sources of income should annually be appropriated back to the Game and Fish Department for its use. Since this law was effective last year and the hunting and fishing licenses begin on April 1 of each year, accurate figures are not yet available on the amount of income expected. After July 1, 1956 an accurate annual income can be computed. In discussing this year's appropriations in the 1956 Session with Legislative leaders and the Governor, it was decided to include additional monies in the

annual appropriation and that the Governor would aid the Department from funds available in his office.

House Bill No. 112 was introduced in the House by Rep. Groover. This bill is now a law and provides for a subsistence payment for all Enforcement personnel of the Department. The Governor has granted the Department additional monies in the amount of \$120,000 annually which is earmarked by amending the budget to provide this additional subsistence. A part of this additional subsistence was gained by a new schedule of the Enforcement Division salaries which also means a tax saving.

In addition to House Bill No. 112, Rep. Groover also introduced and sponsored House Bill No. 113 which provided for stronger Game and Fish laws and added new licenses that will help provide a better income to the Department. Some of these licenses include a license

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GEORGIA GAME AND FISH

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Bill Atkinson, Editor

Shirling Caldwell, Associate Editor

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HIGHLIGHTS OF 1955

By TAD LANE



One of the many fine trout streams that can be found in North Georgia.

The year of 1955 will be marked as a great year for the advancement of fishing in our state. From the clear, cool trout streams of North Georgia to the warm muddy streams of South Georgia, the Game and Fish Commission's Fisheries Division has taken great steps in bringing more and better fishing to the fishermen in Georgia.

The trout stream project in North Georgia is steadily improving trout fishing. The fishermen in the state who enjoyed the trout fishing averaged 3.77 fish per trip. Many of the fishermen who tried for the wily rainbow and brown trout evidently passed the word of their good luck on to their brother anglers because records show that in 1955 there were approximately 1,000 more trout fishermen on the management area streams than there were in 1954. After the completion of the stocking program on

these streams there were approximately 100,000 rainbow, brook and brown trout placed in these streams for the cold water fishermen to try their many lures and flies on.

From the cold, clear waters of the mountain streams in the northern section of Georgia we take a look to the south and see that several crews of commercial fishermen started a new program to help bring a reduction in the rough fish in some of our major reservoirs. These fishermen are old hands at the job of using the large commercial seines. All operations that are carried on by these men were closely supervised by the Game and Fish

Commission so that nothing but rough fish were removed. These men, with the rough fish basket fishermen, have removed quite a few tons of rough fish from our streams and there is still a "long row ahead" in this program.

Georgia's five modern hatcheries are considered among the best in the Southeast. Many improvements during the year have resulted in a great production increase in our stocking program. Along with 35,000 farm ponds in Georgia, 3,500 more have been added this year. There are approximately three million bluegill bream and large mouth bass distributed to state farm pond owners from these hatcheries. We find that ponds help in many ways to increase the per capita income of the state by pond owners selling fishing rights; food for the table; recreation of fishing, boating, and swimming; watering stock; fire protection; and irrigational purposes.

The Fisheries Division's population studies made on all the major reservoirs in Georgia brought about a great improvement in fishing in these fine bodies of water. Wall-eyed pike were introduced into three of them and thread fine shad were introduced into three others for a feeder-fish to improve the fishing.

In our coastal waters there is a group of qualified fisheries men working to try to bring about

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and owners receive instructions on building and managing a fish pond.





Likely habitat of the Bowfin will be a stream such as the one shown above in the Okefenokee Swamp.

Georgia's Most Unpopular Striker - The Bowfin

Despised by Fishermen, This Tenacious Fighter Feeds Almost Entirely on Fish.

If you were asked to name the most unpopular fish in Georgia, the chances are you would choose the mudjack, cypress trout, prairie bass, grindle, dogfish, or blackfish. In all cases you would be naming the same fish—the bowfin.

Despised by fishermen, and fantastically destructive, this fish is one of the most powerful and tenacious battlers that ever wore a fin. It is a willing striker, delivering a terrific impact with the bait, after which it comes willingly towards the boat and begins a flurry of dashes and sprints and splashes water high into the air.

The bowfin lives for a consid-

The Bowfin is easily recognized by the shape of its mouth and by the spot near the tail.

erable period of time out of water and often when thought dead will flounce. It is one of the most dangerous of all fresh water fish for throwing plug hooks into fishermen. The meat is soft with practically no flavor. Some natives call it cotton fish since the meat has a cotton-like texture.

It is distributed throughout Georgia with the possible exception of lakes and ponds north of Atlanta. No definite records have been kept but some have been reported as large as 16 pounds or more. The bowfin spawns in the spring, mostly at night. It lives in deep water and everything moves out of its path.

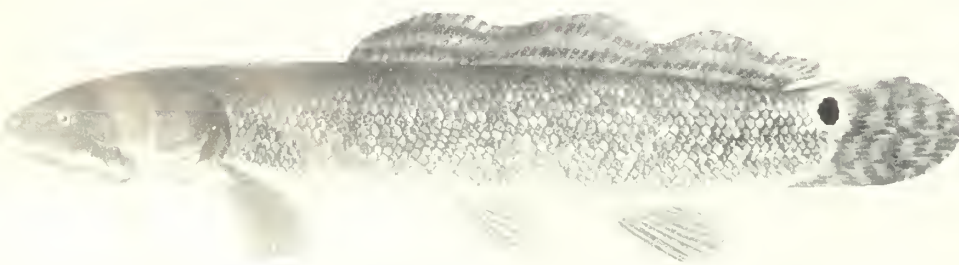
It has a round bull-like head that is armor plated, and steel trap jaws. It has rather small eyes, and a round tail.

The bowfin shows a definite preference for under-water bait

rather than top water. It is well equipped with sets of sharp teeth. It is known to kill any living thing in the water and in turn, is widely sought as a source of food for voracious alligators. Fishermen are urged never to use or take the young as bait. It would start a new and undesirable population. We join other states in requesting our sportsmen to destroy every grindle possible, since they have the habit of seeking food in the same manner as fish that are more apt to be caught in the rough fish baskets. On the whole, it is a dauntless and destructive enemy to all fish and especially the desirable game fish.

His ancestors are fossilized; has no live relatives; can live in almost any kind of water, and his habits and anatomy are unique. The male has a spot at the upper base of the tail fin that has an orange yellowed rim, while on the female this rim is lacking or the spot is entirely absent.

One study revealed that 79% of its diet is fish and the cray fish made up 18% of the remainder. The Okefenokee waters are an example of how these fresh water murderers will ruin the fishing for bass, bream and perch. Some fisheries experts say that a five pound bowfin taken out of a lake will save 100 game fish.



VIOLATORS BEWARE!

Georgia Wildlife Rangers have taken to the air

By W. H. HODGES
Chief, Law Enforcement Division

Radio Rangers!

No, that's not the title of a television drama. It's the name now being applied to the rangers of the Georgia Game and Fish Commission—and it is very appropriate in its application.

For the men in green have now taken to the air waves in their quest of law breakers and it's a lucky—and a very speedy violator who can outrun the Commission's two-way radio control cars and its rangers with their portable transmitters.

The new communication system has resulted in a fast, hard-hitting team of law enforcement officers whose actions are coordinated with some 125 base, mobile and portable units.

The rangers still do most of their work on foot, but they are constantly in contact with their local transmitting stations and are able to pin-point their activities at a moment's notice.

My first experience with the

new system came several months ago on a trip with Ranger Talmadge Hollifield. As we coasted around the bend near Lake Burton the voice of Ranger Chief J. B. Bowling came in on the radio.

"There are three deer hunters in a black sedan—probably headed your way," he said. "One of these fellows shot a doe and left it in the road. If you see them, call me back. I want to ask them some questions."

We continued down the dirt road expecting to see the black sedan at any moment. Then we heard the District Office in Gainesville calling the ranger at Buford.

"We have a tip that about 20 hunters are using deer dogs by the small lake. Check up."

"Will do," was the reply.

Shortly after, the ranger was back on the air. "You were right. Hunters and dogs are here. Will need some help." In less than two minutes the Gainesville office had contacted several rang-



Ranger James Riden talks to Chief Hodges over two-way radio.

ers and assistance was on the way.

We heard other calls. A car had been parked on a mountain road for several days. The Ranger was instructed to check up and see if the owner was O.K. Ranger Chief Palmer was asked to contact a Decatur hunter in a party and advise him of sudden illness at home.

What a difference! In other years the Georgia Rangers were seldom in contact with each other except perhaps by chance meetings. In some instances it would take all day, maybe two days, to get in touch with the Ranger in the next county. Today, he is less than one minute away.

Today violators are confused. Rangers can move in on illegal operations in a matter of moments. In some instances the Rangers get there ahead of the violators and are waiting for them in event they were forewarned.

This new two-way radio operation will not entirely eliminate violations, but it will go far to discourage them. Dynamiters will never feel secure. Night hunters will find little comfort in the thought that Rangers are

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Chief Hodges instructs one of his rangers while Secretary Gene Ragan takes notes



DOES YOUR BOAT NEED A NEW FACE?

**There's Nothing to it—Just go
Through all the Motions of a
Woman Applying Make-Up.**

The man who intends to paint his boat should have the patience of a Missouri farmer who owns a stubborn mule.

Fifty per cent of his effort will be put forth scrubbing, patching and sanding before a paint brush comes into play. And if that's not enough, the rest of his activity will be punctuated by eight to 48-hour waiting periods between coats of paint.

All this is not meant to sour the boat owner on painting, but merely point out the necessity to start early and go slow to insure a good job.

For best maintenance, the boater should paint his craft yearly.

If the previous paint job was a good one, this yearly maintenance chore will be relatively simple. But if last year's paint was haphazardly applied and the finish is checked and cracking over wide areas, the boat owner will have to resign himself to a major reconditioning.

First thing to do is inspect the hull and decide whether it needs a major refinishing or just a few light coats to revive its original condition.

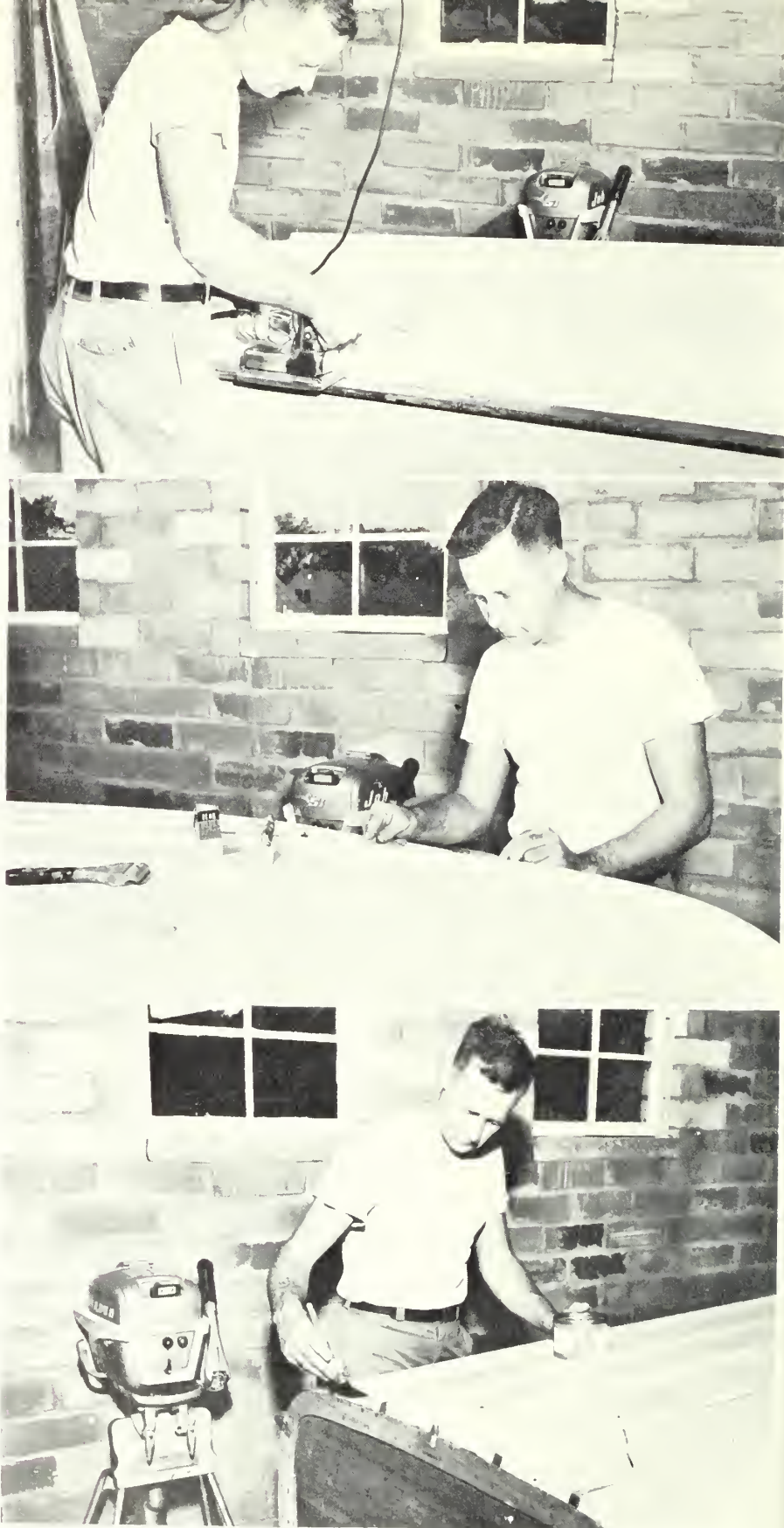
Next, remove all hardware and other detachable items such as seats, locker doors, hatch covers and the like.

Scrub off dirt, oil, grease and algae with mild detergent and water, hose it off and let it dry.

If the finish was properly applied the previous season, all that remains is to sand the hull lightly and apply a coat or two of paint or varnish, whichever is appropriate.

However, if the scrubbed surface is afflicted with large checked or cracked areas, the boat will have to be refinished completely

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(1) Removing the paint with an electric sander. (2) Filling the cracks and dents. (3) Applying the finish.

FOLLOWING THE GOLDEN RULE GIVES YOU BETTER RESULTS IN YOUR FISH PONDS!

Let Your Neighbor Help You to Make Your Fish Grow Larger

The pond owner who lets his friends and neighbors fish in his pond is actually doing himself, as well as his fellow fishermen, a favor.

For, believe it or not, removing as many fish from a pond by fishing is just as important as selecting a good pond site, good construction, correct stocking and proper fertilization.

Those who should know say that if a pond produces as much as 500 pounds of fish per acre, it is very necessary to remove by fishing all the fish possible in order that those hatched the present year may get enough food to grow into a large size by the next year.

Every pound of fish removed leaves more food for the remaining fish and actually makes them easier to catch. By the same

These youngsters had a good day's haul in the well managed pond at the Capital City Club.

token, the smaller the number removed, the more difficult the large ones are to catch. Another thing, too, fish should be harvested as they mature, just like any other crop, in order to obtain maximum yields.

It is interesting to note that experiments have proved that ponds are never ruined by over-fishing when bass and bream are fished, because there are always many fish of spawning size left. If a goodly portion of fish are removed, those remaining have a larger share of food available and grow faster. If none, or only a few are removed, the old fish remain about the same size and the small fish have only a slight chance of reaching normal size.

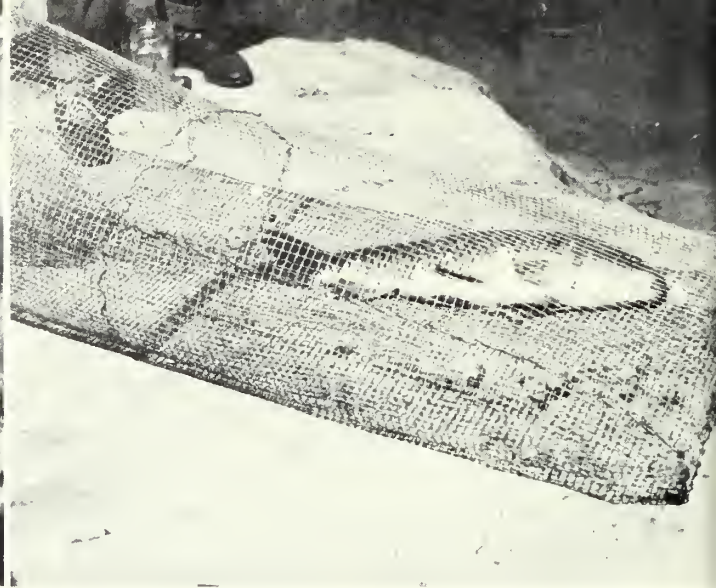
Remember, a small fish is not necessarily a young fish. He could be quite old, but just didn't have enough food to permit him to reach normal size.

Intensive fishing need not wor-

ry the pond owner in his consideration of maintaining a proper balance between his bream and bass even though there will be approximately 20 bream fishermen for every bass fisherman. The fish themselves will attend to maintaining their own proper balance if given the chance. A bluegill bream, one-half pound in weight, will form and lay as high as 51,000 eggs at one time. Then, according to food supply, it may spawn two more times during the year. A bass may lay as many as 40,000 eggs at a time, but seldom spawn more than once a year.

When a person constructs a pond it is primarily for fishing and other forms of recreation. If he allows his neighbors to come in to catch an occasional "mess," he will not only be making more friends, he will be making his pond better for his own fishing pleasure.





Queen of the

The genesis of the Carp in this country can be traced back to 1877 when it was brought to this country from Europe. Still as some people believe that the Carp came from Europe they will find that the original Carp came from Asia. In Europe and in Asia these fish are still considered a great eating fish as it is in certain parts of this country.

The primary purpose of the transplanting of these fish in this country was a food fish for the ponds and also as a game fish. There was also a bit of doubt in the minds of some as to whether these fish would adapt themselves to our streams or not. If these people were still with us today they would certainly find that their beliefs were indeed foolish because these fish can now be found in nearly every state in the United States. Georgia has certainly got an over-abundance.

Muddy, luke-warm streams in Georgia make ideal feeding grounds and spawning grounds for these fish. In our streams these fish not only feed off of the vegetable matter found there but also animal matter such as worms, insects, crawfish and other matter of this nature.

In the experimental commercial fishing program that was first started in Jackson Lake in Butts County the Carp caught average 8 pounds. There are tons of these fish in this lake where the fishing had dropped to a very low ebb. Through a commercial fishing program that is now in practice on some of our major reservoirs in Georgia it is felt that with favorable publicity and backing of markets the Carp will not only be reduced in these



- (1) Checking the weight, number and kind. (2) A good day's work for any fisherman. (3) There's no trouble pulling one in like this. (4) These are big enough to tell the truth about. (5) Loading them into the tub for the checking station. (6) This one must have put up a good fight.



Buddy Waters!

lakes making room for game fish but a market for this fish at the fish markets will also become a money crop for local fishermen.

Many people have found that Carp make a delicious food. These people have been handed down recipes for the cooking of this fish by their people. The art of cooking this fish has become a lost art and with a little help from fishermen here in Georgia this fish can once more grace the tables of many families throughout the state.

Whenever a new reservoir is opened in the warm water streams of the state it goes through a period when a certain type fish can be the only thing caught at these places. Sinclair Lake, the Georgia Power Co. reservoir in Baldwin County, had a year of extremely good Carp fishing and fishermen came for miles around to catch those "Bugle Mouth Bass" as they were dubbed. It was even rumored that the Game and Fish Commission had stocked this lake with these fish but nothing could be further from the truth. At the time this great Carp bonanza was going on the Game and Fish Commission was beginning a control program on rough fish in the streams of Georgia.

One way of controlling these fish is being used by the Fisheries Management of the Game and Fish Department. In spring when the Carp start on the spawning period they are watched very closely, and as the Carp get ready to leave the small hollow that they have fanned out.

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SAFETY IS SENSIBLE

by

Comdr. Clay Clifton, USGG
President,

Water Safety Congress

SPRING is a time of change. The dull, drab and dead surroundings of winter turn into the bright green of spring's new growth. It is fine to be out-of-doors and a part of the new awakening of dormant life in field and forest and lake and stream. Spring is a grand time to be alive—yes, alive!

Please take that "being alive" both literally and figuratively, because the Water Safety Congress is vitally concerned with drownings. Spring, we realize, also marks the beginning of the heavy usage of lakes and streams for recreational purposes and statistics prove that all too many people will drown before 1956 is out.

The Water Safety Congress in reality is the result of a problem, a big one. This problem, that of drownings, still is with us.

Water, like fire, is one of man's greatest blessings. Water, in fact, is a necessity of life. Yet, also like fire, it must be handled with care and respect. It can, and does, cause damage and loss of life.

People probably will drown as long as they work and play on the water. People living along sea coasts and near the Great Lakes, however, know and respect the water. Water wisdom has been passed along from generation to generation and drownings are held to a minimum.

Creation of new, huge lakes in the South by Federal governmental agencies and private groups since the early '30's, however, has presented a new problem. Inland peoples suddenly were given access to new and greater water areas without the benefit of safe utilization of them. Almost simultaneously, people found themselves with more leisure time, greater incomes than were prevalent during the "depression daze," improved modes of transportation and other incentives to use these



A holiday such as this can be fun provided the simple rules of safety are followed.

lakes for fishing, boating, hunting, picnicking and a multitude of other recreations. Without the benefit of experience, many people were reckless and foolhardy. The result was a sudden upsurge in drownings—and the creation of the Water Safety Congress.

Efforts of the Water Safety Congress are largely educational in nature and it is difficult, if not impossible, to evaluate them. Who, for example, can say how many people were saved from watery deaths by instructions they read, heard or saw as a result of information distributed by the Congress or the hundreds of interested people comprising it?

The picture isn't entirely dark, however. Cold statistics indicate progress is being realized and for that we can be encouraged. All too often we regard each drowning as the separate tragedy it is without regard to the overall picture.

The National Safety Council reports that the number of drownings as related to population is declining! The average number of annual drownings in the U.S. for the year 1903-12 was 9,000, or a rate of 10.2 per 100,000 of population. By 1948, the number of drownings had declined to 6,500 for a rate of 4.5. In 1954, the number was 6,200

for a rate of 3.9. This record, it should be pointed out, was achieved despite the creation of many new water areas enjoyed by a population with more and more leisure time. Were it possible to calculate the drowning rate on a usage basis, the decline in drownings probably would be even more striking than the previously-quoted figures indicate.

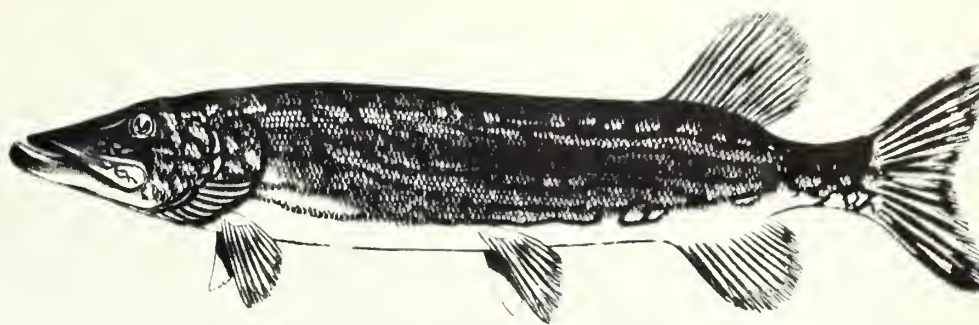
What is the answer? The Water Safety Congress believes a strong, sustained educational program will produce the best results.

It would appear that local organizations should be best fitted to combat local problems. Most communities, for example, have local representatives of organizations already embarked on water safety programs on national, regional or state scales. These groups are the American Red Cross, Boy and Girl Scouts, Outboard Boating Club of America, recreation departments of city or county or state governments, the U.S. Coast Guard and its Auxiliary, U.S. Power Squadrons, Boys' Clubs, YMCA, YWCA, YMHA, schools and colleges, etc. With members of these organizations as a nucleus, a water safety program can be developed using participation of such other interested groups as community safety councils, civic clubs, conservation clubs, PTA chapters, sporting goods dealers, state conservation and/or game

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The Jack -

A Challenge To Any Fisherman



If you have ever done much bass fishing, chances are that you have been shocked out of your wits as your reel handle spins from your grasp and your plug or spoon was grabbed by a pair of long, strong, vice-like jaws.

You might even have had enough sense at the time to ask yourself, "What in blazes have I locked on to," before you set yourself in for a small scale battle royal.

This particular sensation isn't restricted to the rod and reel fisherman. Many bait fishermen, sitting calmly in his boat watching a bobbing cork, has suddenly found himself tied into a "Bucking Broncho" of a fish that seemingly knows no end to struggle. And yet,—the scorn that is displayed by most Georgia fishermen towards this particular fish would put a woman's wrath to shame.

This rough and tough customer, who is as mean as he looks, has been called about every bad name in the book; but here in Georgia he is known strictly as the Jack, or Jackfish. His real monicker is Chain Pickerel, the first cousin to the Northern Pike and the Muskelluge. In appearance, the chain pickerel is much like other members of his family, since he is slim, long-jawed and camouflaged to perfection. Along his sides he has very distinct markings which give the impression of links of a tire chain, hence the name, chain pickerel.

Its growth is fairly rapid, and under favorable conditions it reaches a length of 12 to 14 inches within one year. Very few of this species attain a weight of five pounds; the average fish

caught being from one to three pounds. Though essentially a northern fish, the chain pickerel is very abundant in Georgia, the largest populace being found in the Southern part of the state. Here the fish are very prolific and live, feed and spawn right along with the large mouth black bass.

In some places the chain pickerel will hybridize with two other forms — the mud pickerel and barred pickerel. The mud and barred hybrid are of no angling importance, however, as they are dwarfs of the species.

To try and say what the pickerel (or jack if you prefer) feeds on would surely undermine his appetite. He will eat just about anything that will fit in his mouth and will try to eat a lot of things that won't. Characteristically it obtains its food by making quick lunges, and grabbing its prey sideways in its mouth. It has a habit of hiding among plants or brush from which it rushes out with great speed to seize its prey. It may be seen in the same identical place day after day.

The technique of "jiggering" or "skin-bobbin'" is fairly well known although not as popular today as it was a few years ago. A 12-to-15 ft. pole, a short length of line, and a pork chunk or frog is the standard equipment for this method of the barefoot boy. This manner of fishing has become slightly obscure with the passage of time but you may still see a few old-timers bouncing a

pork strip over the pads where others prefer to use a plug.

The era of light tackle has fallen right in line with pickerel addicts who want to get the most from this flashy scrapper. Taken on a light casting rod, fly rod, or the more recent spinning rod, the pickerel becomes an antagonist capable of a dozen new stunts.

The action comes fast in a good pickerel lake or stream. After tagging one a person usually counts on getting another. The most popular fishing in Georgia is plug casting or bait fishing with a casting rod and reel, the ideal rod being between five and a half and six feet long and weighing about five ounces. On fly rods it will pay to use one with a pretty good backbone in it. A bass action rod is a safe weapon; however, spinning rods are excellent pickerel rods as they parallel the light bait casting rods in action.

The chain pickerel has a habit of lying in the shallows with his nose pointed shoreward if the marginal areas of a pond or river are free of heavy weed growth. Should the water be shallow and weed choked, he assumes the opposite position facing the deep water, but still in the sanctuary of the weed bed.

After locating a productive weed bed or hole, the successful fisherman will pick the fish off the edges, gradually working to the far side.

As previously stated, the pickerel will take almost any lure,

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Here two fishermen enjoy one of the typical trout streams of north Georgia.

Poor Forestry Can Mean Poor Fishing

Improper Cutting Practices and Forest Fires Spell Trouble for Good Fishing Areas.

By W. H. McComb, Chief, Forest Management, Georgia Forestry Commission

Have you ever been in an area that seems populated with finckey fish?

It's probably an area that you were bragging about to your friends several years ago as "old fashioned fishin' hole," replete with fat bream, husky bass and other species which seem especially suited for frying pan fare.

Now, however, it seems as if the fish in that area are too finckey. They spurn the liveliest of live bait; and even the old reliables in your fly box get the "cold chill" treatment. What's more, even the fish population seems to be dwindling.

The reason for this situation may lie in poor forestry practices either in the immediate area or, in an amazingly large number of cases, in areas far removed from the poor fishing grounds.

This is best explained by point-

Heavily wooded areas provide vegetation for the waters which in turn provides a more abundant supply of fish.



Burned out areas such as this can ruin fishing in nearby waters.

ing out that when forest landowners follow improper cutting practices and cut the timber off their land too heavily, rather than following wise selective cutting practices, the path is cleared for soil erosion. Soil erosion also comes about when large forest fires or repeated smaller ground forest fires kill the trees and vegetation on an area.

Water for all streams and lakes travels down areas of land we call watersheds. When forests are clear cut without adequate replanting or when they are burned over, soil erosion follows.

With soil erosion comes mud

and silt. And mud and silt are death warrants for good, clean fishing areas.

Water running into streams from barren land carries little food for fish. In forest areas, there is a better balance between the fish and their water supply. We know also that our forests shade the streams, preventing excessive summer heating. Since cool water is much richer in oxygen than warm water, the fisherman will find a more abundant supply of water life.

Wildlife experts also are agreed that in many cases a single forest fire near a lake or pond is enough to dwindle the fish population for years to come, if not kill it outright. In some cases, the extreme heat caused by the forest fire brings this about, while in other cases, the heavy layer of ashes and silt on the water acts as a toxic agent.

Georgia's ardent fishermen long have held the reputation among forestry circles of being among our most ardent sportsmen. Care and caution with their camp fires and cooking fires and with cigarettes and matches while in or near wooded areas always has characterized their activities. As more and more Georgians come to carry this same attitude, the result will be inevitable — better fishing and better forests.





LAKE BURTON HATCHERY

One of the finest of its kind in the South, Lake Burton Hatchery released about 100,000 trout into the North Georgia streams in 1955.

(1) Entrance to Lake Burton Fish Hatchery. (2) From this spot the water is pumped into the Hatchery. (3) These men are feeding the trout fingerlings by spreading the food in the water with a feather. (4) As the trout get a little bigger, they are fed special ground food. (5) Now ready for the big North Georgia Streams they are removed from the pond with a net.

ENDANGERED WILDLIFE; A RESULT OF GROSS NEGLIGENCE

The plight of many of our vanishing species is but one of the final outgrowths of our abuses of the basic soil, water and plant resources.

WE in this country have grown to accept wildlife as a very important part of our heritage—and its disappearance is considered to be one of the most serious symptoms of the misuse of our lands.

The possible loss of some thirty-odd different animals is one of the most shocking evidences of careless neglect of our country's rich resources.

Today, man lives in a world of technology. He has almost unlimited faith in the abilities of research scientists to solve his problems and satisfy his wants. He is confident that new gadgets will be invented every day to make his living easier. But with all the advancements of science we have never learned the art of living with each other in this world without destroying ourselves and the natural resources that have made possible this technological progress.

We have not outgrown a basic love for nature, the outdoors and its animals, but we continue to play the leading role in destroying it.

Federal and state agencies have come into being to take on the responsibilities for managing soil, forest, water and mineral resources. To some, the problem of maintaining these resources in a fully productive and usable state was a matter of cold practicality. It was regarded as a good business investment and as a means of maintaining the high living standard which the American people

enjoyed. To others though, the conservation movement has represented a cause of impractical "do gooders" who would stand in the way of economic progress and impair the free operation of the private enterprise system. It is encouraging that, despite challenges by those who question the need for protection of natural resources, the field has grown into its own. The many federal, state and local agencies, which now work to protect the public's interest in the land and to teach people how to manage them as a privilege of stewardship, are evidences of our progress.

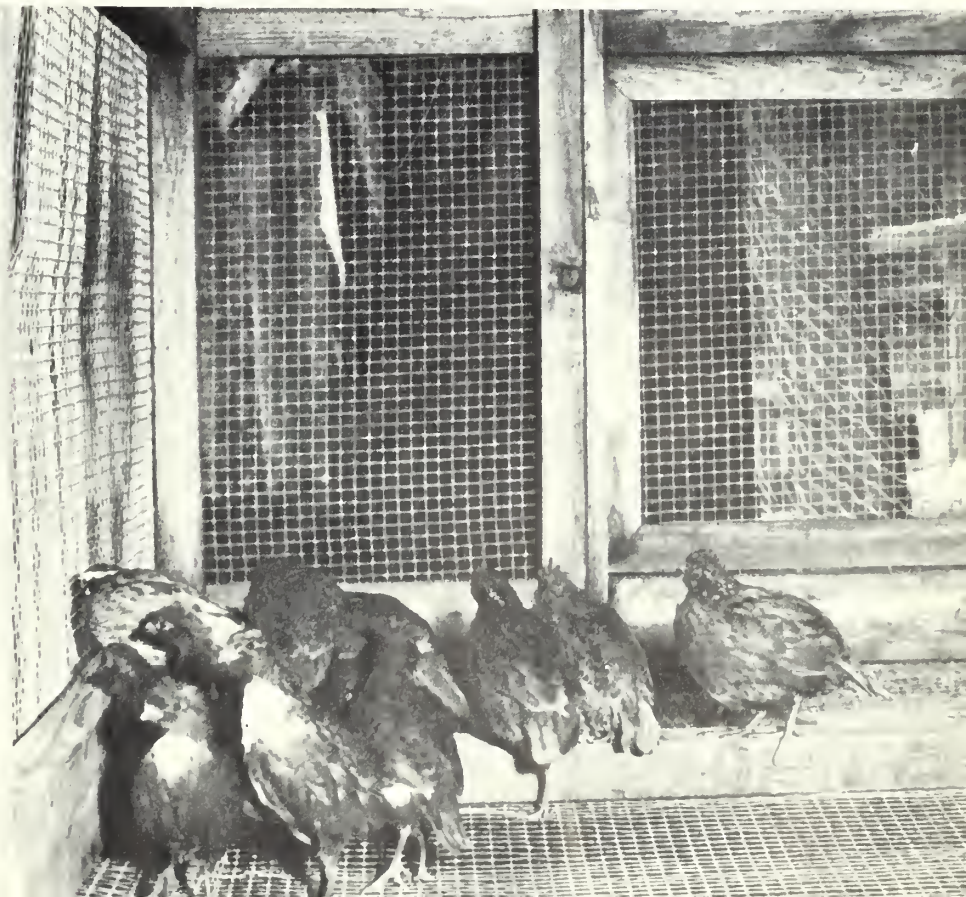
Authorities tell us that by 1975 there will be 230 million persons living within the continental United States. And despite our growing awareness of the rapidly increasing population, most of us do not recognize

the urgency for measures that will conserve the productive capacities.

As for our endangered wildlife, the plight of many of these vanishing species is but one of the final outgrowths of our abuses of the basic soil, water and plant resources.

Not many of us realize that we have less than 800 grizzly bears left in the United States, and that they could easily be lost from those few remaining areas where they are now making a last stand for survival. The tiny white-tailed deer of the Florida keys is another animal that has suffered invasions of its home. In 1949 the number of these animals had dwindled to 30. Timely action by state and federal wildlife agencies, coupled with that of local and national conserva-

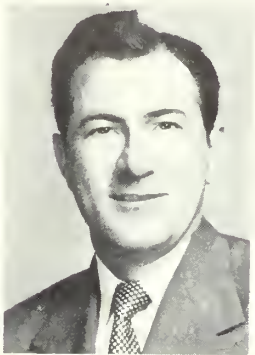
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The Georgia quail is one form of wildlife that is far from being extinct. Specimen such as these are used to re-stock areas throughout Georgia.

The Long Road Back

By JOHN BLANCHARD



John P. Blanchard

Mr. Blanchard is Superintendent of the Columbia County School System. He is past president of the Little River Valley Wildlife Federation, past president of the Columbia County Game and Fish Club, and is one of the state's leading advocates of conservation.

.... To regain and hold our abundance of wildlife, we must rededicate ourselves to the conservation of our natural resources.

OUR forefathers found a beautiful country when they first set eye and foot upon American shores. Crystal-clear, sparkling streams filled abundantly with fish and marine life were evident. Fertile soil with solid cover, a bountiful food supply and a forest of virgin timber, all of the necessary habitats for the preservation and propagation of wildlife, were present. The land and streams were laden with a tremendous supply of wildlife and fish, ready to harvest for food, clothing, shelter, etc.

The task of building a new country was not an easy one. In the process of building homes, schools and churches and of formulating and developing a new system of government, our precious natural and wildlife resources were disregarded. The sharp cold steel of the axe felled the forests and, together with uncontrolled fire, devastated and played havoc with this precious resource. Improper land conservation practices made barren and impoverished our once fertile soil. Land erosion turned the once clear, sparkling streams to muddy, turbid waterways. Without thought of future generations, the pioneers de-

pleted and, in some instances, totally destroyed some species of our wildlife population. The mistake of our forefathers was their complete disregard for the future and their apparent lack of foresight in protecting and preserving these inestimable riches in the form of natural and wildlife resources. For years we have reaped the vanity of these unholy practices.

For some years our national government, state governments, local governments and their agencies have been busily engaged in the study of these resource problems. Interested citizen groups have joined in the study. Along with the research programs, definite action has been taken and is still being pursued by those concerned.

National, state and local forest programs are designed to protect existing forests and advocate the planting of all available land in seedlings. The forest program is being enthusiastically endorsed by government agencies, farm groups, 4-H Club members, F. F. A. groups, conservation clubs, farmers and land owners throughout the nation. We will not only reap increased timber production but the forests will

hold together our precious soil, afford cover for wildlife and will aid in keeping our streams clear.

Through national, state and local departments and organizations, and farm groups, our land, like our forests, is receiving study and action. A terrace program, proper land practices and fertilization are not only aiding in farm production, but are providing more food for wildlife and helping to keep our streams clear and unpolluted. Proper forest and land practices insure conservation of water and protect our streams from the ugly forces of erosion. Clear streams, free of pollution, are ideal for marine and fish life propagation.

As we continue the long, hard fight back to an abundant supply of wildlife, we must dedicate ourselves to the following:

1. We must re-dedicate ourselves to the restoration, conservation and preservation of our natural and wildlife resources.
2. We must respect and we must utilize the technical know-how of the experts engaged in the fields of forestry, land conservation and water and wildlife conservation.

(Continued on Page 23)



Ponds such as the one above provide scenic beauty as well as recreation. The proud owner of this pond is Sam Duggan of Moultrie, Ga.

Pond Owners Are Popular Citizens

By FRED DICKSON

HERE is no wonder that many modern Georgia gentlemen value their fish ponds above country estates with sweeping lawns and pillared mansions. The owners of ponds that produce successful fishing always find themselves popular members of the community by offering sport for their friends. Farm ponds are also helping to raise the standard of living throughout Georgia. Pond owners sell fishing rights, thereby making the fish pond a source of cash; ponds provide meat for the table, recreation fishing, boating, and swimming, along with water for restock, for irrigation, and for scenic beauty.

POND SITE

Careful consideration should be given to the selection of a pond site because economy of construction, usefulness, and productivity of the pond depend on its location. The best advice on location and construction should be obtained and followed.

The selection of the site and manner of construction will govern the efficiency of management. County Agents and Soil Conservationists will aid you in selecting a pond site.

If you do not plan to sell fishing rights, or furnish fishing for a large number of people, or use the water in irrigating crops, you need to construct a pond no larger than two or three surface acres of water.

A pond should possess three characteristics — (1) A suitable topography (Lay of the Land); (2) adequate but not too much water supply; and (3) soil that will hold water. A suitable topography is one where most of the area of the pond is from 2 feet to 6 feet in depth. The ponds that have most of the area deeper than 6 feet are not as productive in fish as those that have most of the area less than 6 feet deep.

NOT TOO MUCH WATER SUPPLY

An adequate, but not excessive water supply, is very important.

All water flowing from a pond is waste, carrying away fertilizer that has been applied to make food for growing fish. An ideal water supply keeping the pond water from fluctuating with no water leaving the pond. Make certain that the soil will hold water. Avoid sites with rocks sticking out along the bank or with rock or shale ledges near the surface. Also avoid sites having sand, gravel, peat, limestone, or marl through which the water might seep.

The pond should be constructed properly. All trees and brush should be removed from the pond site. The dam needs to be tied into a good non-porous subsoil to prevent seepage. Each pond needs a drain pipe to permit lowering the water level when repairs are necessary, and to provide facilities for piping water to stock-watering tanks or troughs. The dam should have a spillway wide enough to prevent the dam from washing away after big rains.

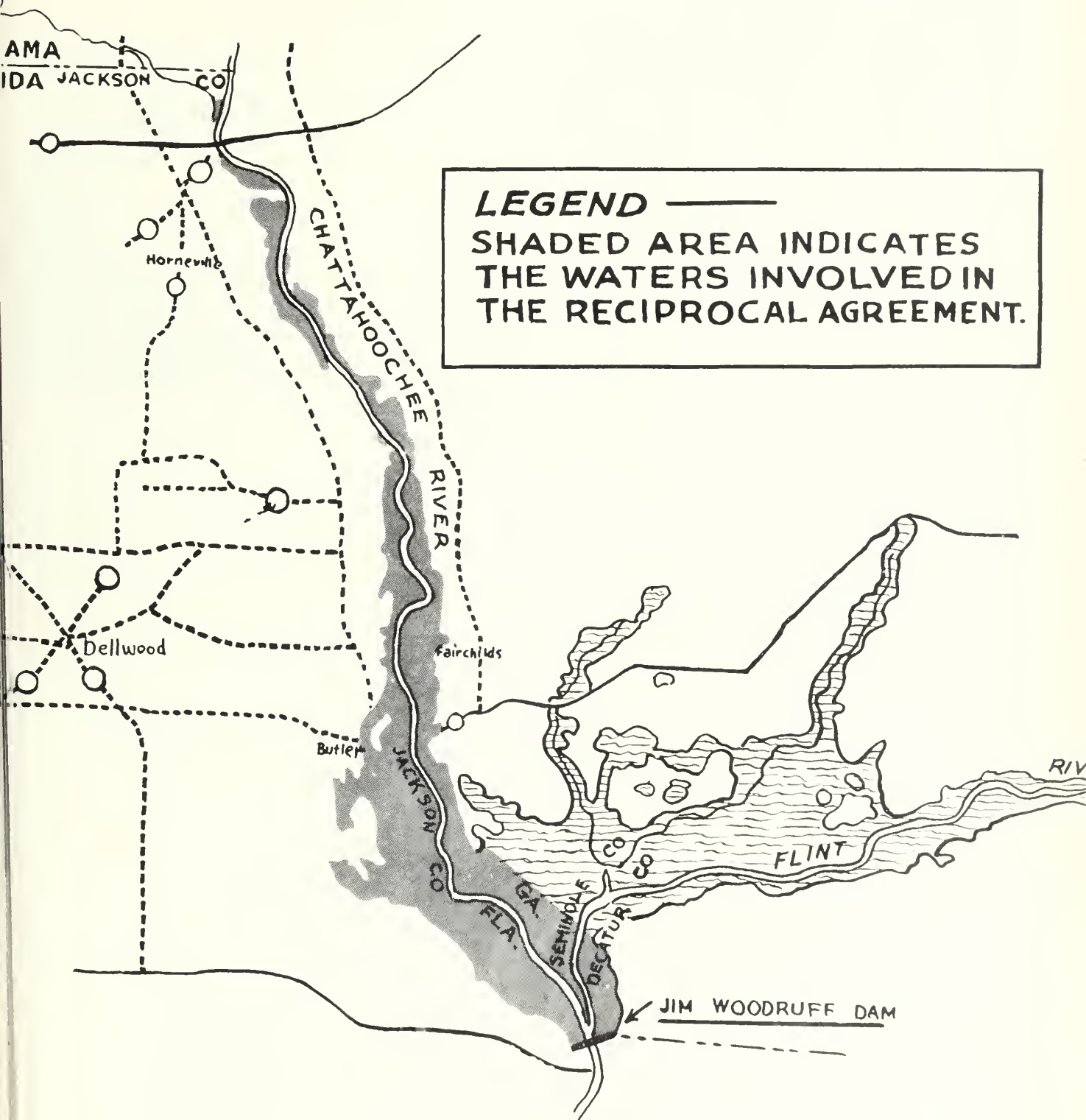
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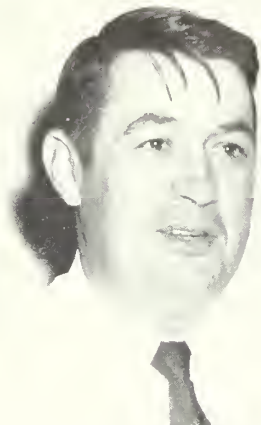
Reciprocal Agreement

On April 10, 1956, delegates from the Georgia and Florida Game and Fish Commissions drew up a reciprocal agreement for fishing rights on the waters located near the Jim Woodruff Reservoir. According to the agreement, Florida fishermen may use their license to fish in certain Georgia waters and Georgia fishermen may do the same in certain Florida waters. The agreement applies mainly to the waters of the Chattahoochee River, which is the boundary line separating Georgia and Florida.

In the top picture above Fred Jones, chairman of the Georgia Game and Fish Commission, points out the reciprocal line to members of the Georgia-Florida delegation. Pictured below is a member of the Army Corps of Engineers explaining the flow of the waters and the point where buoys can be placed. On the opposite page is a map of the Jim Woodruff Reservoir showing the waters affected by the reciprocal agreement.



Publicity Department Acquires Full Staff



WILLIAM J. ATKINSON

Bill has been with the Game and Fish Commission since 1948 and has been with the Information and Education Department since 1952. Before taking over as chief of the department in January, he was photographer and assistant chief. As chief, Bill is charged with the responsibility of directing the duties of the Information and Education Department in order to keep the public informed of the many activities of the Game and Fish Commission.



GLYNN V. WORLEY

Glynn is another newcomer to the department and is in charge of all photographic work. Glynn is from Rabun County and comes from a family of avid deer hunters. He has been shooting wildlife scenes for a good many years, and has a wide knowledge of all types of wildlife. Previously, Glynn served with the U.S. Navy and held overseas assignments with a contracting firm.



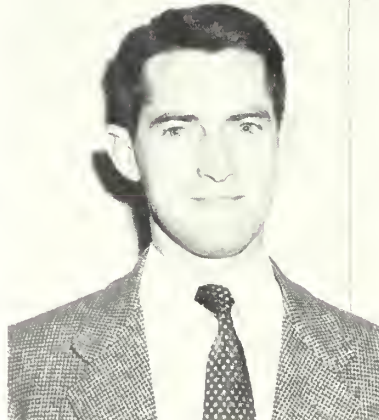
PAUL ANDERSON

Paul needs no introduction to the people of Georgia—or to the people of the world for that matter. He has broken all weight lifting records both in the United States and abroad, and is generally considered the strongest man who ever lived. Paul took over as public relations man in March, and will visit organizations throughout Georgia to conduct programs on Georgia wildlife.



SHIRLING (SAM) CALDWELL

Sam came with the department in March of this year. He handles all newsletters, press releases, and is the associate editor of the Game and Fish Magazine. Sam is a native of Atlanta and graduated from the School of Journalism, University of Georgia. Before joining the Department, Sam served as Information and Education Officer with the U.S. Army.



CARLTON MORRISON

Carlton has been with the department for the past two years. He handles all radio releases and produces the radio program "Georgia Outdoors" each week to 41 stations throughout Georgia. Carlton graduated from Emory University and was formerly an announcer with WSB radio in Atlanta.



DELOYCE MANLEY

DeLoyce takes care of the correspondence and secretarial work for the department. She hails from Moultrie, Georgia, and attended the University of Georgia before joining the Game and Fish Commission.

HIGHLIGHTS OF 1955

(Continued from Page 3)

better oyster crops for this section. Georgia's oyster beds have long been neglected by many fishermen but with the steady improvements that have been suggested it is felt that in the not too distant future Georgia will rank among the top states for oyster production.

And last, but certainly by no means least, is a committee formed by Governor Marvin Griffin known as, "The Georgia Water Laws Revision Committee," to look into this big problem of uses and pollution of our streams and to make recommendations for proper and efficient laws to handle these matters to the best interest of industries, municipalities, farmers and the fish life.

These are some projects that the Fisheries Division of the State Game and Fish Commission feel will bring about a bigger and better year during 1956 for the fishermen of our great state.

RADIO RANGERS

(Continued from Page 5)

just a few minutes away.

Violations already have been reduced. Men who poison lakes never seem to get over the shock of seeing Rangers suddenly appear. One shocking machine operator was nabbed two minutes after he started killing fish. "How on earth," he blustered, "did you know I was here?" That information, of course, is strictly confidential.

Georgia, with modern equipment, collective effort and alertness, has a bright future in the improvement of hunting and fishing. The streamlined, fast moving, modernized Ranger force now is a hard-hitting unit as close to every citizen as the Wildlife District Office telephone.

THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY

I've fished in the north, the south, the west
In every conceivable way,
And always the fish were biting like mad
The day before yesterday.
It's always the same from Canada
To the Gulf where the sword-fish play,
"No bites today but you should have been here
The day before yesterday."
It might be a guide, a farmer, a boy,
I know what they're going to say;
They'll squint at the sky and tell me about
The day before yesterday.
The moon isn't right, the wind is wrong,
The sky is a trifle too grey;
"But you should have seen our big string of bass
The day before yesterday."
The man in the store will take my cash
For his bait and send me away
With his long, tall tale of the fish he caught
The day before yesterday.
Men yearn to see in the future
But it's not for the future I pray
I want to turn back and catch all those fish
The day before yesterday.

QUEEN OF THE MUDDY WATERS

(Continued from Page 9)

in the very shallow water, then the water level of the reservoir is lowered and the eggs are exposed to the air which immediately kills them.

This summer when out fishing and you hook a Carp don't throw him away, but remember the words of the greatest angler of all, Sir Isaac Walton, the Carp is the Queen of the waters. Take him home and get the wife to cook you up a bait of this great fish.

PAINTING A BOAT

(Continued from Page 6)

which means removing all the old paint down to the bare wood and starting from scratch.

For a major reconditioning here are steps to follow in order: Vibrating type.

1. Use a vibrating type electric sander to take off all the paint. Use paint remover on canvas surfaces. Don't use a blow torch if you have not handled one before.

2. Fill all dents and gashes with plastic wood or one of the many compounds on the market.

3. Sand the hull until it's as smooth as you can make it. Don't sand bare plywood—you'll only cut into the soft wood and bring out the grain. Apply primer first, then sand.

4. Brush on a coat of sealer, let it dry, then sand thoroughly.

5. Brush on another coat of sealer and after it dries, sand it just enough to take off the fuzz.

6. Brush on a coat of marine undercoat and allow it to dry thoroughly. Sand vigorously, but not down to the wood. If you want a super-smooth finish, apply another coat. If you're going to paint your craft some color other than white, it's wise to tint the undercoater with the desired color.

7. Apply two coats of marine enamel, allowing the first to dry before applying the second. Brush out the paint thoroughly. Two thin coats are better than one thick one.

That's all—you're done. Next year, providing nothing goes wrong, all you'll have to do is scrub down the hull and apply a thin coat of paint.

Remember, keep everything clean. Avoid wind and its resulting dust. Work slowly and surely. Be patient and trust the manufacturer's directions.

FISHING TIP

To remove fish odor, rinse hands in vinegar; to deodorize a skillet after frying fish, boil a little vinegar in it.

... AID FOR GAME AND FISH PROGRESS

(Continued from Page 2)

on the sale of minnows, on the buying and selling of furs and hides, a license for the hunting and taking of alligators and so forth, which will provide several thousand additional dollars.

At the present time the annual budget of the Game and Fish Department is \$850,000 less 6% which leaves approximately \$799,000. In addition to this amount certain Federal-Aid funds are received. The amount received is based on the number of hunting and fishing licenses sold in each State in addition to the square mile area. Georgia is now selling approximately one-half million hunting and fishing licenses and is the largest State East of the Mississippi, therefore it receives a larger amount than most of the Southeastern States.

At the present time Georgia has obligated the entire Federal-Aid funds of the Fisheries Management Program and there is no danger of losing any part of same. Projects have been worked out obligating \$225,689.73, which is the entire amount of the Federal-Aid Game Management funds that should be obligated by July 1. Money is now available in the budget of the Game and Fish Commission to provide for the 25% matching funds that the State must put up in spending this money. No money has been lost under the Fisheries Management Program by the State of Georgia, and only during the year of 1952 is it in the records that Georgia has lost any Game Management funds. It is not anticipated that any funds will be lost from lack of matching funds in the budget during the next two-year period. The Governor has made available to this Department \$126,000 which will be spent on Federal-Aid projects and which was gained by the sale of an experimental Game and Fish farm near Albany, Georgia, last year.

Continued improvement is noted under the present admin-

istration since the Department has now been placed under the Merit System. Better equipment is being provided for more efficient work such as the use and administering of radio equipment for the Wildlife Rangers that is installed in mobile vehicles, by the installation of radio stations, by the additional supervisory field offices that are being established and by the strict regulations governing the qualifications of new personnel.

More and better fishing is being provided by an intensive pro-

DOG SHOOTS MAN

During the 1955 hunting season in Pennsylvania, a hunter placed his shotgun on the ground, then tried to catch a dog. Another man, the victim, walked toward the spot and the dog somehow struck the gun and set it off. Shot pellets hit the surprised man in the leg, hospitalizing him. It is not known whether or not the dog had a hunting license.

gressive program conducted by the Fisheries Management Division including the building of private farm ponds, by the introduction of various species of new type fish and educating the public in ways of better management of private and public waters. A new fish hatchery site has been obtained in Terrell County, Ga. The Governor is providing this money in addition to the present budget. This hatchery is badly needed as there are only five in the State. This will provide fish for an area where it has been hard to secure fish because of the long distance they had to be hauled.

Hunting is being steadily improved by the Game Management Division of this Department by establishing new hunting areas over the State for the public. We now have approximately 12 million acres under lease agreement, where good Game practices, such as providing adequate protection, feed patches, restocking of depleted game and so forth are now in progress.

RESOLUTIONS FOR 1956

From Earl De Loach of the Augusta Chronicle-Herald, we pass along these fine resolutions for 1956:

I plan to be more thankful for the great outdoors and to strive for a greater understanding and knowledge of its wonders.

I will be more considerate of all of its creatures, and will not harm or kill with any degree of wantonness.

I will take only as many fish as I need at the time, and kill only as many birds.

I will drive carefully to and from hunting and fishing areas.

I will check carefully my boat and trailer to keep them as safe as possible for myself and others on the roads or in the water.

Sporting Chances

I will consider others who are using boats, and do all possible not to interfere with their pleasure or disturb their fishing waters.

I will give my dog credit for having more sense about hunting quail than I have, and believe me, that is a mistake I have made many times.

I will give every fish I catch and every quail I kill a sporting chance, by not resorting to unsportsmanlike fishing and hunting methods.

I will do all I can to help conserve our game and fish, and support every effort to attain that end.

And I will take a little more time out while fishing and hunting to observe and enjoy the wonders of the outdoors, such as the trees, woods, sunsets and sunrises, reflections on the water, the varied blues of the skies, and the stars, which so often make me thankful that I am alive and endowed with those senses that enable me to enjoy them.

All in all, I will strive to follow the precepts of good sportsmanship and to be a better sportsman.

THE LONG ROAD BACK

(Continued from Page 16)

3. We must respect and utilize the information made available through properly recognized experiments.
4. We must actively support our forest program.
5. We must actively support our land conservation program.
6. We must actively support a program to keep our streams clear and unpolluted.
7. We must actively support the State Game and Fish Commission and courts in regulating the annual harvest of wildlife.
8. Through adult and junior wildlife and conservation clubs, we must support the State Game and Fish Commission in promoting good conservation and wildlife laws.
9. Through our local organizations, we must teach good sportsmanship and good citizenship.
10. We can, through proper education, create a better relationship between the sportsman and the land owner.
11. There is a need for an active wildlife conservation club in every county in Georgia.

The future looks better than the immediate past. If all of the agencies — national, state and local—plus the organizations and their memberships — national, state and local—will work with the State Game and Fish Commission, their technicians and law enforcing units, then a better day for wildlife conservation is dawning in Georgia.

Through the coordinated efforts of all concerned, Georgia can and will again become a land of beautiful forests, rich soil, clear streams and an abundant supply of wildlife and fish. To these ends we must plan and work. We must have more hindsight and foresight than our founding fathers and the pioneers.

ENDANGERED WILDLIFE

(Continued from Page 15)

tion organizations, has increased this number to 130 animals.

There are many other forms of wildlife which are endangered; such as the candor and tule elk in California; the attwater's prairie chicken, of the grasslands of Louisiana and Texas; the whooping crane of Arkansas and Texas, and the largest bird in North America; the lake stur-

CHINESE PROVERB (from Sports Fishing Bulletin)

If you want to be happy for an hour, get intoxicated.

If you want to be happy for three days, get married.

If you want to be happy for eight days, kill your pig and eat it.

If you want to be happy forever, learn to fish.

geon of the Great Lakes; the grayling of Montana's lakes and streams; the black-footed ferret and kit fox of the western prairies, just to name a few.

Living space is the major need of endangered wildlife in this country today. Increased human populations and demands upon the lands will tend to crowd it into even smaller quarters. To prevent this, we must be prepared to meet the arguments of those who will justify the destruction of wildlife in the name of progress.

We have already said that wildlife and the outdoors are essential to our way of living. If this is the case, their protection and preservation should be worthy of our best efforts.

Our successes will not be realized at a faster rate than the people gain an understanding of the problems and are willing to take forthright action to resolve them.

SAFETY

(Continued from Page 10)

and fish departments, police and fire departments, federal agencies, news media such as press and radio-TV, etc. Once such a local organization is functioning, there is much it can do in the way of presenting demonstrations, developing learn-to-swim campaigns, practicing rescue methods, preparing and distributing literature and even considering suitable legislation, if deemed necessary.

A formidable list of "do's" or "don'ts" can be used as guides for water safety. Actually, however, these rules boil down to the use of plain old-fashioned common sense. After all, safety is sensible!

THE JACK

(Continued from Page 11)

but the use of surface lures are limited by time and weather. Dull, overcast days are the pickerel fisherman's "plumb" because the "picks" consistently display an interest in feeding during cloudy weather. Oddly enough, they are not nocturnal feeders and very few are caught at night.

Why most Georgia anglers snub the pickerel is a mystery to those who have ever tangled with one. They are abundant; they will hit readily most anything a fisherman can throw at them; they are terrific fighters on any kind of tackle; and on the table they are down-right delicious.

You've probably heard different because somehow the rumor was spread that the pickerel was not good eating. This is entirely false! The meat is sweet, white and flaky, and most people who have tasted it say that it is good or better than the meat of bass.

There is a limit on these fish in Georgia, 15 for each day, so boys, go out and help yourself to a wonderful game fish, the chain pickerel . . . that is to say . . . "the jack."

COUNTIES AND FINES

FINES PAID BY VIOLATORS OF THE GAME AND FISH LAWS FROM JANUARY 1, 1955
THROUGH DECEMBER 31, 1955.

County	Total Amount of Fines	County	Total Amount of Fines	County	Total Amount of Fines	County	Total Amount of Fines
Appling	None	Dade	None	Jefferson	706.50	Richmond	221.25
Atkinson	None	Dawson	None	Jenkins	None	Rockdale	10.00
Bacon	None	Decatur	357.00	Johnson	144.25	Schley	None
Baker	\$ 354.00	DeKalb	None	Jones	900.00	Screven	540.00
Baldwin	1,209.00	Dodge	30.00	Lamar	None	Seminole	50.00
Banks	None	Dooly	500.00	Landier	None	Spalding	None
Barrow	56.05	Dougherty	1,200.00	Laurens	345.00	Stephens	106.00
Bartow	267.00	Douglas	1,825.00	Lee	28.00	Stewart	10.00
Ben Hill	130.00	Early	165.00	Liberty	454.00	Sumter	None
Berrien	145.00	Echols	20.00	Lincoln	307.50	Talbot	100.00
Bibb	240.00	Effingham	10.00	Long	200.00	Taliaferro	None
Bleckley	None	Elbert	288.75	Lowndes	None	Tattnall	238.00
Brantley	585.00	Emanuel	84.00	Lumpkin	650.00	Taylor	None
Brooks	None	Evans	45.00	Macon	None	Telfair	135.00
Bryan	935.00	Fannin	45.00	Madison	459.90	Terrell	None
Bulloch	None	Fayette	None	Marion	283.50	Thomas	43.00
Burke	340.00	Floyd	128.00	McDuffie	150.00	Tift	20.00
Butts	None	Forsyth	None	McIntosh	None	Toombs	117.50
Calhoun	237.00	Franklin	None	Meriwether	158.50	Towns	155.00
Camden	939.00	Fulton	None	Miller	None	Treutlen	35.00
Candler	103.00	Gilmer	84.00	Mitchell	None	Troup	30.00
Carroll	110.00	Glascok	None	Monroe	None	Turner	30.00
Catoosa	516.30	Glynn	237.50	Montgomery	100.00	Twiggs	562.50
Charlton	676.00	Gordon	141.50	Morgan	94.00	Union	513.00
Chatham	67.50	Grady	100.00	Murray	209.00	Upson	120.00
Chattahoochee	50.00	Greene	244.50	Muscogee	175.00	Walker	60.00
Chattooga	28.00	Gwinnett	50.00	Newton	60.00	Walton	423.75
Cherokee	305.00	Habersham	307.50	Oconee	89.75	Ware	75.00
Clarke	98.00	Hall	831.30	Oglethorpe	77.00	Warren	None
Clay	None	Hancock	25.00	Paulding	None	Washington	340.00
Clayton	252.00	Haralson	None	Peach	None	Wayne	212.00
Clinch	50.00	Harris	1,790.00	Pickens	None	Webster	14.60
Cobb	1,206.00	Hart	896.00	Pierce	50.00	Wheeler	740.00
Coffee	None	Heard	None	Pike	None	White	164.00
Colquitt	1.20	Henry	150.00	Polk	210.00	Whitfield	65.00
Columbia	692.50	Houston	75.00	Pulaski	150.00	Wilcox	None
Cook	None	Irwin	None	Putnam	1,409.80	Wilkes	369.50
Coweta	None	Jackson	60.00	Quitman	None	Wilkinson	197.00
Crawford	105.00	Jasper	301.25	Rabun	95.00	Worth	None
Crisp	30.00	Jeff Davis	None	Randolph	None		
						GRAND TOTAL	\$33,055.65

POND OWNERS

(Continued from Page 17)

Water should never pass over the spillway at a greater depth than 3 to 6 inches. Pond edges all around the pond should be deepened to at least 2 feet, and in ponds where water will be used for irrigating crops, edges should be deepened to 3 feet to prevent the growth of underwater weeds.

KILL BRANCH FISH

All the rough fish or undesirable species should be killed in the branch or spring stream before the valve is closed and the pond begins to collect water.

Next the pond must be stocked with the proper kinds and numbers of fish in order to produce good fishing. For best results in catch, stock with only bluegill bream and largemouth bass. Use only hatchery-reared fish that are free from disease.

The reason for fertilizing fish pond is to attract the food sup-

ply of fish, to control the growth of underwater weeds, and to make fishing more successful. The fertilizer formula found to give the best results is an 8-8-2, that is, a formula that contains 8% nitrogen, 8% phosphate, and 2% potash. Each surface acre needs 100 pounds of fertilizer at each application. Each pond should receive from 7 to 15 applications of fertilizer each year starting in the spring and ending in the fall.

Fertilizing the pond produces a greenish color in the water and ponds that are too clear are in need of fertilization. A good rule is to stick your arm into the water up to your elbow. If you can see your outstretched fingertips your pond needs fertilizing.

CATCH 'EM!

It is very important to harvest properly the fish crop. Removing as many fish as possible by fishing is just as important as selecting a suitable pond site, good construction, correct stocking,

It has been said that there is only a six-inch layer of topsoil between man and starvation. Once the precious topsoil is lost through abuse, man's tenancy on this earth is finished.

and proper fertilization. If the pond produces 500 pounds of fish per acre, it is very necessary to remove, by fishing, all the fish possible in order that those hatched the present year may get enough food to grow to a large size by the next year. Every pound of fish removed leaves more food for the remaining fish. Take notice of the fact that the more fish removed, the easier the fish are to catch; and the smaller the number removed, the more difficult the large ones are to catch.

The prospective pond owner should get advice from persons trained in fish pond management, in order to prevent a waste of money and to prevent disillusionment later.

LICENSE INFORMATION

The following is a list of the states with the amount which will be charged to any Georgian fishing in that particular state. The amount also applies to residents of each state for a fish-license in Georgia.

Alabama	\$ 5.00
Arizona	5.00
Arkansas	5.00
California	10.00
Colorado	10.00
Connecticut	6.35
Delaware	7.50
District of Columbia	5.25
Florida	10.50
Idaho	10.00
Illinois	4.00
Indiana	3.00
Iowa	3.00
Kansas	5.25
Kentucky	5.00
Louisiana	5.00
Maine	7.75
Maryland	10.00
Massachusetts	7.75
Michigan	4.00
Minnesota	4.00
Mississippi	5.00
Missouri	5.00
Montana	10.00
Nebraska	10.00
Nevada	5.00
New Hampshire	6.25
New Jersey	5.50
New Mexico	5.00
New York	5.50
North Carolina	6.10
North Dakota	3.00
Ohio	3.25
Oklahoma	5.00
Pennsylvania	15.00
Rhode Island	2.60
South Carolina	5.15
South Dakota	10.25
Tennessee	5.00
Texas	5.00
Utah	10.00
Vermont	5.25
Virginia	10.00
Washington	10.00
West Virginia	10.00
Wisconsin	5.00
Wyoming	10.00

FISHING REGULATIONS
1956-57

Effective April 1, 1956, or 30 days after the posting of same, whichever is the first effective date, and continuing in force until changed by law or proclamation, all of the fresh water streams, lakes, and ponds of Georgia will be open to legal fishing throughout the year with the following exception.

Exception: The trout streams of the following mountain counties: Dawson, Fannin, Gilmer, Habersham, Lumpkin, Murray, Pickens, Towns, Union, White, and Rabun; are open to fishing from April 1st through October 15th, except the main channel of the Chattooga River in Rabun County, which is open the year around. This regulation shall apply from the head to the mouth

(Continued Next Page)

TROUT SCHEDULE
GEORGIA COOPERATIVE FISH AND GAME
MANAGEMENT AREAS
GEORGIA GAME AND FISH COMMISSION
AND
CHATTAHOOCHEE NATIONAL FOREST COOPERATING

PERMITS AND FEES: A special permit costing \$1.00 per day per person, regardless of age, is necessary in addition to a regulation State Fish License. State license is unnecessary for children under 16 years of age.

Permits will not be sold prior to 6:00 A.M., of date to be used. All fishermen must have checked out by 8:00 P.M.

Permits are valid only on Specified streams, and open portions of tributaries thereof, and on date for which purchased.

Fishermen must obtain license and permit before they begin fishing. Fishermen must buy the license before going to the streams because the Rangers do not sell the fishing license. Permits can be obtained from the Wildlife Rangers at the checking stations, on the areas specified.

Persons found fishing without first obtaining permits will be liable for legal action.

Gate of Cooper's Gap will be open at 4:00 P.M. on day preceding each open period so that fishermen may enter the Blue Ridge Management Area for camping.

MANNER OF FISHING: Fish may be taken only with rod and line. Any type of bait or lure may be used. Each permittee shall have in use at any one time on the area not more than one rod and line, held in hand.

Edmunds Pand will be reserved for the exclusive fishing use of women, children under 16 years of age, and physically handicapped persons.

FISHING TIME: Fishing shall be permitted only between the hours of daylight and sundown at the same day.

CREEL LIMIT: The maximum catch in any day and the maximum number in possession of one person shall not exceed ten fish of any one or all species, of any size.

CREEL CENSUS: The trout fisherman when buying permit at checking station shall let the checking clerk or Ranger have his fishing license to hold until the trout fisherman returns to checking station, at which time the fishing license shall be returned to the owner. The purpose of holding the fishing license is to get a creel census from every fisherman, so as to know when to restock the stream or streams for the benefit of the fishermen. From a good creel census other valuable information will be obtained, such as, the number of hatchery-reared and the number of native-reared trout that have been captured. This and other information is needed in formulating stocking lists.

The right is retained by the Georgia Game and Fish Commission to refuse to sell a permit to anyone who fails to check out at the end of any day's fishing. The permit also may be refused, or cancelled if already issued, to any individual who appears to be intoxicated or whose conduct is unseemly or in violation of existing rules and regulations.

Cars belonging to fishermen are subject to search for illegal fish, game, and firearms while in the Game and Fish Management Areas.

BLUE RIDGE MANAGEMENT AREA
Rock Creek (Except Mill Creek)

April 28 and 29
May 5 and 6, 12 and 13, 19 and 20, 26 and 27
June 6 and 7, 13 and 14, 20 and 21, 27 and 28
July 4, 7 and 8, 14 and 15, 21 and 22, 28 and 29
August 1 and 2, 8 and 9, 15 and 16, 22 and 23, 29 and 30
September 1, 2 and 3

Noontootley Creek
May 2 and 3, 9 and 10, 16 and 17, 23 and 24, 30 and 31
June 2 and 3, 9 and 10, 16 and 17, 23 and 24, 30
July 1, 11 and 12, 18 and 19, 25 and 26
August 4 and 5, 11 and 12, 18 and 19, 25 and 26
September 1, 2, 3

JONES CREEK REFUGE OR LOWER BLUE RIDGE AREA

Nimblewill Creek
May 5 and 6, 12 and 13, 19 and 20, 26 and 27

August 1 and 2, 8 and 9, 15 and 16, 22 and 23, 29 and 30
September 1, 2 and 3

Jones Creek
June 2 and 3, 9 and 10, 16 and 17, 23 and 24, 30

July 1, 4, 7 and 8
September 1, 2, 3

Montgomery Creek
May 2 and 3, 9 and 10, 16 and 17, 23 and 24, 30 and 31

August 4 and 5, 11 and 12, 18 and 19, 25 and 26

CHATTAHOOCHEE AREA
Chattahoochee & Spoil Cane Creeks

April 28 and 29
May 5 and 6, 12 and 13, 19 and 20, 26 and 27

June 6 and 7, 13 and 14, 20 and 21, 27 and 28, 30

July 1, 4, 7 and 8, 14 and 15, 21 and 22, 28 and 29

August 4 and 5, 11 and 12, 18 and 19, 25 and 26
September 1, 2 and 3

Dukes Creek
May 2 and 3, 9 and 10, 16 and 17, 23 and 24, 30 and 31

June 2 and 3, 9 and 10
July 11 and 12, 18 and 19
August 1 and 2, 8 and 9

Smith Creek
June 16 and 17, 23 and 24
July 25 and 26

August 15 and 16, 22 and 23, 29 and 30

CHESTATEE AREA
Dicks and Waters Creeks

April 28 and 29
May 5 and 6, 12 and 13, 19 and 20, 26 and 27, 30 and 31

June 6 and 7, 13 and 14, 20 and 21, 27 and 28, 30

July 1, 4, 7 and 8, 14 and 15, 21 and 22, 28 and 29

September 1, 2 and 3

Boggs Creek and Chestatee River
June 2 and 3, 9 and 10, 16 and 17, 23 and 24
August 4 and 5, 11 and 12, 18 and 19, 25 and 26

LAKE BURTON MANAGEMENT AREA
Wildcat Creek

April 28 and 29
May 5 and 6, 12 and 13, 19 and 20, 26 and 27, 30 and 31

June 6 and 7, 13 and 14, 20 and 21, 27 and 28

July 4 and 5, 7 and 8, 14 and 15, 21 and 22, 28 and 29

August 1 and 2, 8 and 9, 15 and 17, 22 and 23, 29 and 30

Moccasin Creek
June 2 and 3, 9 and 10, 16 and 17, 23 and 24, 30

July 1, 11 and 12, 18 and 19, 25 and 26
August 4 and 5, 11 and 12, 18 and 19, 25 and 26

September 1, 2 and 3

Dicks Creek
May 2 and 3, 9 and 10, 16 and 17, 23 and 24

COHUTTA MANAGEMENT AREA
Jacks River

April 28 and 29
May 5 and 6, 12 and 13, 19 and 20, 26 and 27

June 6 and 7, 13 and 14, 20 and 21, 27 and 28

July 4 and 5, 7 and 8, 14 and 15, 21 and 22, 28 and 29

August 1 and 2, 8 and 9, 15 and 16, 22 and 23, 29 and 30

September 1, 2, 3

Conasauga River
May 2 and 3, 9 and 10, 16 and 17, 23 and 24, 30 and 31

June 2 and 3, 9 and 10, 16 and 17, 23 and 24, 30

July 1, 11 and 12, 18 and 19, 25 and 26
August 4 and 5, 11 and 12, 18 and 19, 25 and 26

LICENSE FEES

COMBINATION:	
Hunting and Fishing	\$ 3.25
FISHING:	
Resident	\$ 1.25
Resident Shad	1.00
Resident County (under 16 and over 65 years old)	None
Nonresident	Reciprocal
Nonresident 1 Day	1.00
Nonresident 10 Day	3.25
Nonresident Shad	10.00
HUNTING:	
Resident	2.25
Resident under 16 and over 65 years old	None
Nonresident	20.00
Nonresident 10 Day or County	10.25
ROUGH FISH BASKET	
Resident	1.25

It Is Unlawful

- to hunt any game over or in the vicinity of any baited areas.
- to molest, kill, hunt, or trap fur bearing animals out of season.
- to take sea turtles or their eggs.
- to trap, molest, or kill alligators except in opened counties.
- to hunt on any game refuge except on supervised hunts.
- to ship game except by permit from the State Game & Fish Commission.
- to shoot from public highway or railroad right-of-way.
- to take or sell plumage or eggs of game or song birds without a permit.
- to sell, offer for sale, barter, or exchange, any of the protected game animals, or game birds or parts thereof, taken in the State of Georgia.
- to take any game bird or animal for holding in captivity except by permit.
- to trap, net or ensnare game birds and game animals, except fur-bearing animals, in season.
- to poison game or non-game birds or animals.
- to use a light of any kind in hunting game animals and birds except raccoons, frogs, opossums, fox, mink, skunk, otter, and muskrat.
- to fail to report to the Game and Fish Commission any deer or turkey killed in the State of Georgia.
- to kill any deer other than bucks with spiked antlers or larger.
- to hunt on lands of another without permission from the landowner.
- to hold any game in cold storage longer than five days after the season has expired, without permit from the Game and Fish Commission.
- to take any fresh water fish with any device except hook and line, trot line, rod and reel, and set hooks.
- to fish in streams on lands of another without permission from the landowner.

GEORGIA GAME AND FISH COMMISSION

412 State Capitol
Atlanta, Georgia

S. MARVIN GRIFFIN, Governor

The Commission is a constitutional body, responsible only to the Legislature and the Governor.

Eleven in number—one from each Congressional District—the members of the Commission are appointed by the Governor for staggered terms of seven years and the Commission in turn appoints the director.

The present Commissioners are:

COMMISSIONERS

FRED C. JONES, JR., 9th Dist. Chairman	
ALVA J. HOPKINS, 8th Dist.	MAYO P. DAVIS, 3rd Dist.
<i>Vice Chairman</i>	J. D. POPE, 4th Dist.
GEORGE EAST, 6th Dist.	J. O. BOWEN, 5th Dist.
J. T. TRAPNELL, 1st Dist.	W. B. (BILL) AUSTIN, 7th Dist.
RICHARD TIFT, 2nd Dist.	LUKE L. COUCH, 10th Dist.
<i>Secretary</i>	JAMES GOETHE, Coastal

ADMINISTRATIVE

FULTON LOVELL, Director	
W. H. HODGES, Enforcement	FRED DICKSON, Fisheries
JACK CROCKFORD, Game Management	C. C. JAMES, Hatcheries
TOM SANDERS, License Div.	DAVID GOULD, Coastal Fisheries
W. J. ATKINSON, Education and Information	TAD LANE, D&J Coordinator

The heads of the various departments and all employees are appointed by the Director on the approval of the Commission. The Director is a bonded state official and directs the entire program, which is established, and ways and means approved for its operation, by the Board of Commissioners at regular meetings.

FISHING REGULATIONS

(Continued from Page 5)

of said streams, and the mouth of those streams which flow into a lake shall be considered at the point where the stream reaches the body of the lake regardless of its level.

There is no closed season on taking shad fish with rod and reel, fly rod, or pole and line. The daily limit shall be eight fish per person. Shad fish taken by the above methods cannot be sold. This covers all species of shad fish including what is commonly known as white shad and hickory shad.

The restrictions and limitations upon the taking of fish in this State shall be as follows:

	Limit Per Day
Rock fish or striped bass	10
Large-mouth black bass	10
Small-mouth black bass	10
Rock bass	10
White bass	10
Kentucky or Red-eye bass	10
Bream	50
Perch	35
Crappie	25

Eastern Pickerel or Jack	15
Wall-eyed Pike	3
Muskelunge	2
Brook trout	10
Rainbow trout	10
Brown trout	10
Red Breast Perch	25
Shad	8

Provided, however, that it shall be unlawful for any person to possess at any one time more than 50 fish in the aggregate of all species named; and provided that no more than 10 Bass of any and all species in the aggregate can be taken in any one day; provided that no more than 10 Trout of any or all species in the aggregate can be taken in one day. FRED C. JONES, JR., Chairman
State Game and Fish Commission
State of Georgia

The ostrich, though unable to fly, is by no means helpless against its enemies. Its 12 ft. stride carries it along at a good forty miles an hour. This giant bird can sense danger from afar as it is over seven feet tall and has keen vision.



By BILL ATKINSON

... "With a lover's pain to attain the plain."

STRANGE that the old Chattahoochee River, that big ribbon of muddy water that flows nearly the entire length of our great state, could be called a fishermen's paradise, but with the completion of the great reservoirs on this river there will be no greater fishing waters to be found anywhere.

From the headwaters of this great river, in the beautiful hills of Habersham County, many trout fishermen have pitted their skills against the wily browns and rainbows in this stretch of clear, ice cold water known as Spoil Cane Creek. When the great poet Sidney Lanier wrote his immortal poem, "The Song of the Chattahoochee," he was writing of this beautiful river; but with the increase of industries on the banks of this river and the town's buildings up in an area where they were assured of an abundance of water for their needs, the pollution increased. And with the coming of the settlers and progress of farming, the soil washing into this stream has changed the color from the clear beautiful water that once flowed the entire length to the brown polluted water found there now.

The Army Corps of Engineers will fast change this problem and once more the fishermen will be able to catch many game fish such as bass and bream in the reservoirs that will not only furnish the power to turn the mighty turbines but will furnish space to a million acres of new fishing waters for the fishermen.

As a person rides from Atlanta to Marietta he can see from the bridge on the main highway the many fish traps that once fed a great camp of Indians on the shoals of the Chattahoochee. This is indeed a good sign that there were and still is great fishing on this river.

Buford Reservoir, which is known by the people of Georgia as Lake Lanier, is located only a few miles from the city of Atlanta and will be the first of these three great fishing areas to reach its full depth and be officially open to sportsmen of the state. This great lake will have 46,000 acres of fishing waters. With the great increase in fishing in Georgia not only will people in this area find many hours of relaxation, but they will find that the financial gains created by bait salesmen, boat operators, anglers, fishermen and tourist trade will pass on to the point of revenue that they never anticipated. As more and more houses are built around this great lake people will realize that the good Lord made fishing as a tonic that cannot be duplicated by any medical men.

As we follow the Chattahoochee on its slow twisting way down to meet the plains we find that another great reservoir is being built at Fort Gaines. This great lock will halt the river again to form a reservoir to furnish power to the people of Georgia and create another 46,000 acres of first rate fishing waters for our fishermen. The Corps of Engineers will close the gates to start filling this area in 1962. When this lake is filled fishermen from Columbus, Georgia, will be able to get away from the noise and the bustle of the city and enjoy a few hours of fishing and communing with nature.

As we get closer to the rendezvous of this great stream with the Flint River at the site of the Jim Woodruff Reservoir, once more we see a fishermen's paradise in the making. Here at the juncture of these two great rivers that form the Apalachicola, another great reservoir will be built for power and eventually navigational purposes. This will be the smallest of the three reservoirs on our great river. It will have an area of 37,500 acres in which will be an assortment of fish that will set any fishermen to chomping at the bit to get a chance to try their own particular way of fishing.

Still, no matter where dams are placed this great brown ribbon will continue to twist and wind itself down from the hills of Habersham to offer to those that wish a chance at some of the greatest fishing waters to be found anywhere.

BOOK REVIEW

THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO SPINNING TACKLE

Published by Crown Publishers, Inc., 419 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Price \$1.50.

This is a handy sized book on spin-fishing that is written clearly and is well illustrated. The author covers the background, mechanics and use of spinning reels, rods, lines and lures, discussions of the habitats of trout, bass, pike, and pickerel, and courtesy on the water.

The Complete Guide to Spinning Tackle would be of particular use to persons who are faced with the purchasing and using the gear for the first time. The discussions of the various components are good and much is to be gained from them. Sketches and photographs that are used to illustrate the text should be extremely helpful, especially to beginners in this popular fishing technique.

GEORGIA GAME AND FISH COMMISSION
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Athens, Ga.



GEORGIA GAME *and* FISH



HUNTING EDITION

COVER PAGES

FRONT COVER:

A fine specimen from the "Quail Capital of the World."

BACK COVER:

The wild turkey is usually recognized by the chestnut colored tips of his tail feathers.

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Is the Population of Deer in Georgia Great Enough to Warrant a Doe Season?

THE deer situation in Georgia has changed quite a bit over the past few decades. In the early 1920's, a deer in North Georgia was about as scarce as a wild elephant would be today. In the rest of the state, a hunter could spot one occasionally when he penetrated deep into the woods in search of other game. Today there are over 35,000 deer in Georgia, and with the beginning of a new stocking program, there will be even more in the future.



FULTON LOVELL
Director, Game and Fish Commission

This has not come about rapidly nor without a great many problems. Our stocking program first began around 1925. At the outset only a few deer were brought in from the Pisgah National Forest in North Carolina. A management area was set up at Rock Creek and these deer were turned loose in that area. The stocking continued at intervals and as the deer multiplied, other management areas were opened.

In 1940, only twelve years after the stocking program began, the first controlled hunt was held on the management area and 22 bucks were taken. In 1943, the first opened hunt was declared in the mountain counties. This hunt permitted the use of dogs and over 200 bucks were killed.

Since the stocking program began, deer have multiplied rapidly in spots throughout the state. There have been several factors which have helped them along. For one thing, effective law enforcement and heavier fines have greatly reduced the amount of poaching. Also, better farming and forestry practices have provided more food for those deer in the open ranges. But in the main, the increase is due to the careful development of the management areas and the constant efforts of those personnel on these areas.

Today there are seven management areas opened to the public for hunting each year. They are located at Cohutta, Lake Burton, Chestatee, Chattahoochee, Blue Ridge, Lake Russell and Piedmont. In addition to these, there are plans under way to set up several management areas in Middle and South Georgia.

Some people have expressed concern over the abundance of deer in Georgia. There is a feeling among some groups that deer are becoming over-populated, and that steps should be taken to decrease the population. However, this is not a true picture of the deer situation throughout the state. On the contrary, the deer population of Georgia is far less than the number which we could support. There are approximately 35,000 deer in the state, and it has been estimated that our deer ranges could support as many as 400,000 without any damage to farms and cattle. (Continued on Page 19)

GEORGIA GAME AND FISH

Vol. 5, No. 11

J. L. ATKINSON, Editor

SHIRLING CALDWELL, Associate Editor

GLYNN WORLEY, Photographer

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Mamma Turtle Lays Her Eggs

EACH year on the beaches of Jekyll Island, hundreds of tourists can be found from all parts of the country. Some are there for the first time; others have been there before to gaze in wonderment at the many forms of wildlife found on the island, and to bask in the South Georgia sunshine. Some will return next year and others will go on to new sites during their vacations. But the islanders can be sure that each year as the first full moon of June rises from the ocean, that old mama turtle will be there to lay her eggs.

This year, during the early part of laying season, we rode along the beach at high tide with Wildlife Ranger Ray Hill. The "crawls" were plainly visible under the moonlight where the turtles had gone up into the soft sand to lay their eggs. Whenever there was one "crawl" we knew she was in the process of laying, and if there were two "crawls," one alongside the other, evidently she had finished laying, for they usually follow their tracks back to the ocean.

We caught one just as she was coming out of the ocean and we stopped the jeep to watch her movements. As she pulled her huge bulk out of the water and started her laborious journey up the beach to the soft sand, it was clearly evident that she wasn't made to travel on land. Her fore and hind flippers that served her so well in the water became crude and cumbersome instruments as she dragged her heavy frame over the sand.

Seemingly undaunted by the people standing around her, she crawled directly towards the high ground and soft sand. When she found a suitable spot, she slowly rotated her body in a semi-circle until she was dug in several inches. By this time, sand was spread over her entire body which afforded her some camouflage as she blended in with the beach. Then she began the job of digging the hole for her eggs.

For digging, she used her two hind flippers.

This one decided she wasn't ready so she turned and went back into the sea.



Huge tears can be seen coming from the eyes of mamma turtle as she begins her laying.

With her right flipper, she reached under the rear of her shell, scooped up a flipper full of sand and meticulously laid it aside. Then shifting her body to the right, she reached under with her left flipper and took more sand from the same spot. She repeated this methodical movement until she had dug a hole about eighteen inches deep.

When the hole was completed, she shifted her body slightly and pointed her tail directly into the hole to drop her eggs. She dropped them in spurts of one, two and three. And each time the eggs dropped, her labor pains were evident, as her flippers jerked upward spasmodically and huge tears rolled down her rough cheeks.

After she laid a hundred or so eggs about 1 1/4 inches in diameter, she appeared completely exhausted. She lay very still and breathed heavily for a few minutes, then began the process of covering up her handiwork.

She used the same flippers for covering the hole that she used for digging. She packed the hole firmly with sand, then raked in more sand from the sides and raised her body with all four

(Continued on Next Page)

Atlanta police chief Herbert T. Jenkins looks on as mamma turtle continues her laying.





If you observe closely, you can see the flipper full of sand as she digs a hole for her eggs.

flippers and pounded the sand with her stomach. Then, with her maternal instincts apparently satisfied, she began her slow journey back to the water.

There probably has been more myths concerning sea turtles than any other animal. Their longevity is well known to most people who know little else about turtles. The popular belief is that they live for several hundred years, and while this is probably true, there is no actual proof of one living beyond two hundred years. A giant turtle was supposed to have lived on St. Helena for more than 120 years and to have been well known to Napoleon during his exile. However, later evidence proved that there were actually two turtles whose period of residence overlapped.

Information concerning growth rates in turtles has been obtained from a study of rings in the scales of the carapace and plastron (the upper and lower shells). During periods of growth, new scales form underneath the old ones and underlap, causing a ring by which the approximate age can be determined. However, it has been found that the older rings wear away or else shed periodically and eventually smooth out the typography of the shell. For this reason, it is difficult to determine the age of the turtle after several years.

Herpetologists all agree that the turtle matures very rapidly. One weighing about 29 pounds and about three years old, reached a weight of 360 pounds during seven years residence in California. A captive loggerhead grew from a hatchling to a weight of 80 pounds in four and one-half years.

The largest turtle known is the leatherback, which reaches a weight of 1,500 pounds, and possibly even a ton. The biggest green turtles and loggerheads weigh between 500 and 1,000 pounds.

The turtle that is most familiar to the Georgia waters is the



A very timely shot, as the egg drops into the hole.

loggerhead, which is easily recognized by its reddish-brown color and elongated heart-shaped shell. It will usually attain a weight of about 400 pounds, and there are records of some weighing 900 pounds. The loggerhead is a confirmed wanderer. He can be found basking in the sun on some remote beach, or in little creeks barely wide enough for him to navigate, and he has sometimes been reported on the high seas.

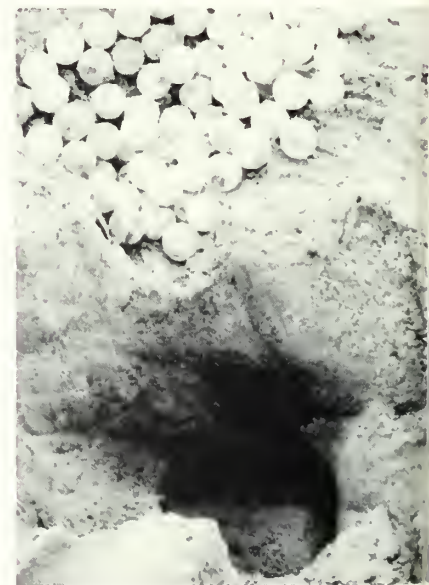
The incubation period of the loggerhead is about 45 days. When the eggs are hatched, the young hatchlings crawl up through the sand and make their

way to the sea. These young hatchlings are seldom seen once they reach the water, and their activities remain a mystery.

The meat of the loggerhead is served as a delicacy in certain areas, but most people find it tough and stringy. However, the meat, shell and flippers are used to make soup, and the eggs are gathered by the thousands in some areas of the world and are said to be more delicious than chicken eggs.

The nest of a turtle on the open beach is easy prey to the egg hunters, and the awkward slow crawling turtle is no match even for the most inexperienced meat hunter. In a very few years this animal would be in danger of extirpation had not the Georgia Game and Fish Commission declared no open season on turtles.

So the next time you are on Jekyll Island during the early part of summer, stroll along the beach late at night and look for the "crawls" in the sand. Watch old mother turtle as she goes through the painful process of reproducing her species, but do not hinder or molest her, for her task is difficult enough, and leave her handiwork untouched so that future generations may gaze at this same marvel of nature.



It took approximately 20 minutes to lay these 83 eggs. They were carefully placed back into the hole and covered with sand.

Talking Turkey In the Spring

TURKEY hunting in the Spring! It sounds a little strange, but such was the case this past April as Georgia held its first organized turkey hunt.

The regular season for hunting wild turkey is November 20 through February 25, but the Spring hunters found it a little easier and much warmer as they bagged eight gobblers during the seven-day hunt. A total of 103 hunters took part in the affair which was held on the two management areas at Blue Ridge and Lake Burton.

Eight turkeys may seem like a small number for so many hunters, but any experienced woodsman who has witnessed the cagey habits of this game bird can tell you that there is no animal more capable of taking care of itself after maturity, and none more capable at times of strange impulses and inconsistencies.

The fact that the wild turkey has diminished quite a bit is not due to its inability to take care of itself after reaching maturity, or to the small animals and predatory birds that eat the eggs or kill the young. It is due to the poachers who hunt them out of season before they are grown. There is nothing more defenseless or foolish than a covey of half-grown turkeys when they are flushed or separated. But after they reach the age of about one year, they develop the traits of alertness, cautiousness, shrewdness and an uncanny knowledge of the hunters movements and intentions.

To bag a full-grown gobbler, the hunter must match his wits against all these traits. He must also have the perseverance which is sometimes needed when he takes his stand in the swamps or on top of some cold mountain and waits for hours without so much as hearing a turkey.

During mating season a gobbler is more easily fooled than at any other time. However, even then the wise old gobblers who have observed the tricks of man from season to season are most suspicious and cautious when answering a call, and often will approach silently to observe the source of the call.

There are various callers used for luring the birds. Some hunters call with their mouths, and others use artificial membranes in their mouths. The most popular caller is a small box and a piece of chalky slate — the sound being produced by rubbing the slate across the lips of the box. The real test of the turkey hunter comes when he attempts to imitate the seductive call of the hen. The greatest and most common mistake is to call too much. The experienced hunter usually calls

(Continued on Page 22)



(1) This 19-pound gobbler was killed during the Spring turkey hunt on the Lake Burton Refuge Area. (2) A typical caller used by turkey hunters. (3) They're wild, but safe in the sanctuary of Jekyll Island.



Brr-wump! — The Familiar Call of the Swamp Philosopher

THIS is one of the things you have been waiting for all winter. You're alone at night by a Georgia river.

There's no moon, and everything is still except the occasional humming of a mosquito about your ear.

Then it happens! Brr-wump! A great voice like an angry bull's splits the silence. And a chorus of brr-wumps, greater and smaller, echoes all along the river's edge.

This is the signal, and if you happen to have a boat you push off from shore. Otherwise, you begin a careful patrol down along the bank. Gig in one hand and light in the other, you move quietly towards the spot on the bank where the bullfrogs are bellowing their love song.

As you come nearer, the bullfrogs hush for a few minutes. You scan the matted growth at the water's edge carefully with your light. Presently the beam catches two huge eyes which shine from a half-submerged log, and you inch forward, keeping the light directly on them.

Slowly, cautiously, not to make the least disturbance, you raise the gig to strike.

When, faster than your eye can follow, the bullfrog makes a leap and puts four more feet between him and you, and he disappears in the depths of the river.

Bullfrog gigging doesn't always end on the frustrating note of the above hunt. If you have keen eyes and a good aim, chances are you'll end up with a dozen or so bullfrogs whose plump and tender legs will provide you with some of the best eating you've ever had.

You'll find Br'er Bullfrog in just about any clean but slow moving stream or pond. He particularly likes the edges of millponds, reservoirs, and small lakes. Look for him where there is a fringe of overhanging dead trees, floating logs, and submerged roots and limbs.

As a rule, bullfrogs are solitary creatures. They have favorite perches where they like to sit and sing and philosophize. If a bullfrog escapes your gig by diving, come back to the same spot in a few minutes. He'll probably be sitting in his old perch. During mating season, however, bullfrogs are quite sociable, and

you might kill several within a few feet of each other.

The successful frog hunter makes sure his gig is long and sharp enough. Ten feet is about the right length. Use a three or four pronged gig. An old bullfrog's hide is pretty tough. When you stick him, drive him down against the bottom if you can, to make sure that he stays good and stuck.

Use a bright light. A battery or carbide lamp fitted over your cap is best, but a powerful flashlight is also effective. Keep it focused at the edge of the water, and move it slowly and systematically ahead of you so that you can cover every bit of the shoreline with your eyes.

Last of all, look out for moccasins. Remember that they like bullfrogs as much as you do and a bullfrog's bellow is like a dinner-bell to them. They'll also pick up your beam of light and follow it directly to you like an airplane coming in for an instrument landing.

You'll find two particular kinds of bullfrogs in Georgia. They are about the same size and color, have similar habits, and

(Continued on Page 22)

Farmer — Sportsman Relationship Should Be Restored

With a decided incline in the hunting and fishing pressure each year, the sportsmen are finding fewer and fewer hunting and fishing areas opened to them.

One of the main reasons for this is that some of them are no longer welcomed in many places where they used to hunt and fish as long as they liked. And in most cases, the reason they are not welcome is due to their own carelessness and lack of courtesy during their visit to these places.

The farmers are always glad to have sportsmen use their land, but only if they are treated politely and courteously. Too many so called sportsmen have violated the rules of common courtesy by not getting the land owners permission to use his land and not giving him a chance to point out the areas where his crops are planted and his cattle are grazing.

Some of the fishermen will



A farmer points out the boundaries of his land that are safe for hunting.

take their families to a farmer's pond for a day of fishing and a picnic. Then, after the picnic they rush back to their fishing, leaving bottles and paper scattered over the area for the farmer to clean up after they leave. Some of the hunters have been known to leave gates opened allowing the cattle to get out and roam in the open fields. One South Georgia farmer lost hundreds of dollars when his cows were turned loose in an opened field that had been poisoned.

There have also been cases of hunters mistaking cows for deer. A true sportsman never pulls the trigger of his weapon on any game until he is sure of what he is shooting, but too many inexperienced hunters become excited in the woods and shoot at anything they see moving in the

bushes. And the trouble is, a farmer can't look at a man and tell whether he is a sportsman or an inexperienced hunter.

There are over 35,000 ponds in Georgia with some of the finest fishing found anywhere. Most of these pond owners would prefer having people fish in their ponds. For one thing, steady fishing keeps the pond from becoming over populated with fish, and another reason is that most of them charge one dollar for fishing privileges which helps pay for their fertilizer. But when it becomes necessary for the pond owner to clean up an area after the fishermen leave and suffer various discourtesies from the fishermen, he no longer feels like letting them fish.

With winter hunting, there is always the danger of fires spreading from the camp site to the woods. Many farmers have suffered loss of timber from the match of some careless hunter.

To be considerate of his fellow-man is a mark of the true sportsman. And whenever he visits the lands of another, he usually follows these basic rules of courtesy:

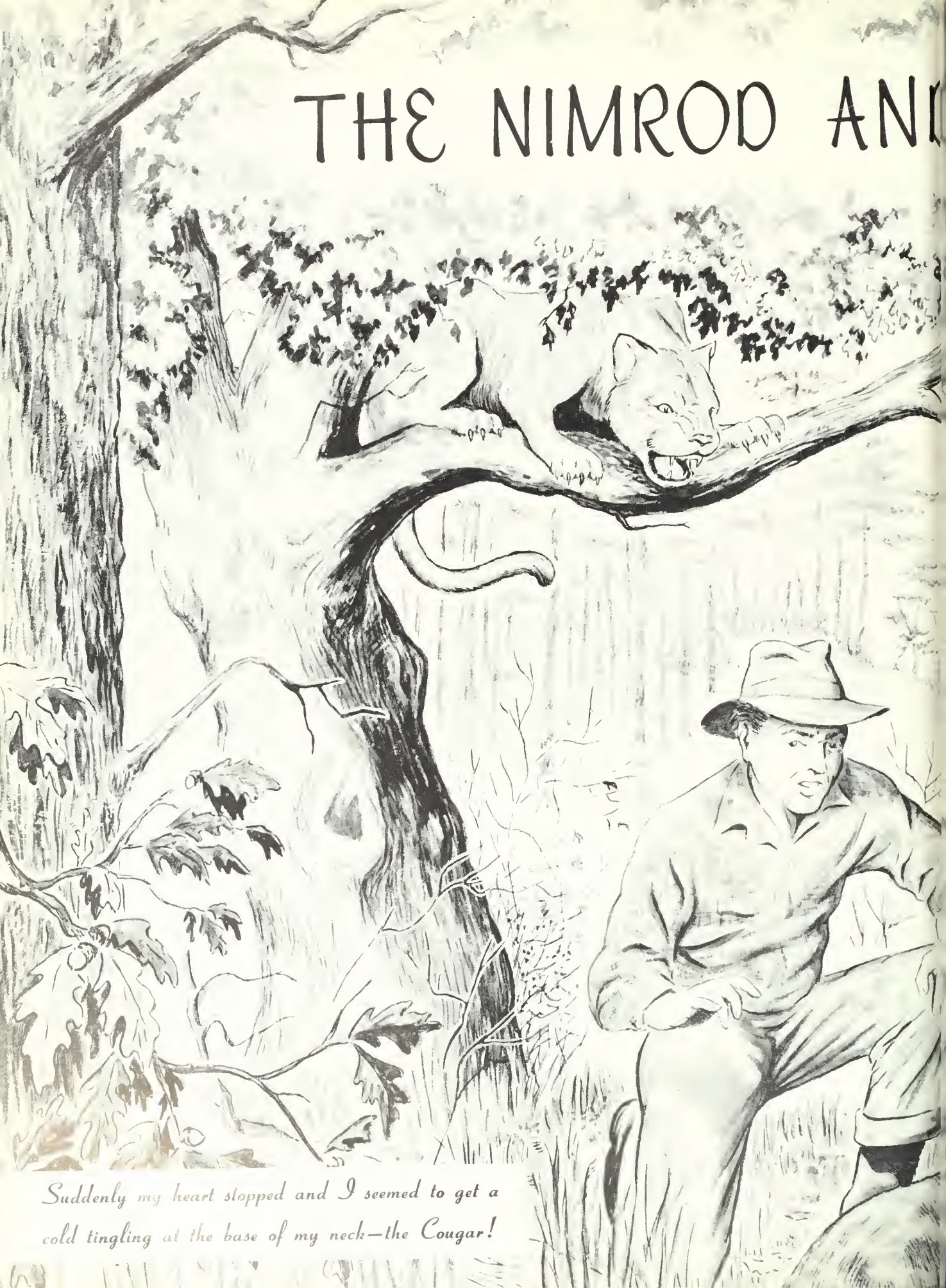
1. Ask permission of the land-owner before using his property to hunt and fish.
2. Be careful not to damage any crops or endanger any livestock.
3. Close all gates so livestock will not get out.

(Continued on Page 22)

After receiving permission from the owner, these two hunters stroll into the woods for a day of hunting.



THE NIMROD AND



Suddenly my heart stopped and I seemed to get a cold tingling at the base of my neck—the Cougar!

THE CAT



*Just below his shoulders was
a big gaping hole from which
blood oozed down his side.*

BY SHIRLING CALDWELL

I felt a little out of place when I joined the group of North Georgia woodsmen that day near Rabun Gap. I had never been deer hunting and, without exception, every man there had killed at least one deer. I had the feeling that most of the men didn't appreciate my presence in the group. As Bob had explained to me earlier, they were kind of leary of having a "city slicker," as he termed it, "loose in the woods with a loaded gun." Bob had more or less assumed responsibility for my actions on the hunt and had carefully instructed me on the habits of the deer and how to conduct myself in the woods. I wasn't worried about anything, myself. I knew how to handle a rifle, having been an infantryman in the Army, and the only thing that concerned me was whether or not I could get close enough to a deer to get a decent shot. Had I been a more experienced hunter, I would have realized that it wasn't all that simple.

The evening before, Bob and I had eaten in a restaurant in the little town of Clayton nearby. At the table next to ours, I overheard some men talking about a cat; not an ordinary cat but, from what I gathered of the conversation, a large wild one that had been seen near that area. This was the second time I had heard this mentioned and I asked Bob what kind of cat they were talking about. "Well, I don't rightly know," he replied, in the vernacular of a true North Georgian, for Bob had lived in this section all his life. "Two or three of the fellows

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Hearest thou that bird?

*I list'ned and from 'midst the depth of woods,
Heard the signal of the grouse,*

A sound like distant thunder;

Slow the strokes at first, then faster and faster

'Till at length they passed into a murmur and were still.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Mother Nature's Kettle Drummer

traces of snow
mountains and the
ramps into the valleys,
on an old dead chest-
nut tree the kettle-drummer is
telling the world that he is a
part of mother nature's orches-
tra. And nearby, a hen is at-
tracted to the drumming and
slowly approaches to investigate.
She comes upon a magnificent
sight, as she gazes at her mate
with his neck ruffed, tail spread
and performing an irresistible
dance of love. This characteris-
tic drumming of the male usually
ushers in the mating season
which runs from April through
July.

There are several theories con-
cerning the drumming of a male
grouse. Some say that it is to
attract a mate, others interpret

it as a challenge to other male
grouse to try and dislodge him
from his log, and still others
say it has no particular meaning.
Whichever theory you accept,
there is still no doubt that the
female grouse is attracted to the
noise during mating season.

Many hunters who brag of
their ability to steel their nerves
when a covey of quail flushes
"under their heels," find them-
selves completely bewildered at
the sudden explosion of a grouse
taking flight. His wings are
short and capable of fast bursts
of speed. He has been clocked at
50 miles per hour in open coun-
try, but he seldom exceeds 30
miles per hour in wooded areas.

The grouse of Georgia are
found only in the mountainous
section of the state, and the ter-

rain is usually a hunters night-
mare. It penetrates deep into
the ravines of the mountains
where the laurel is so thick a
hunter can hardly push his way
through. A dog, unless trained
for this type of hunting is more
of a handicap than an asset.
Still, with these odds against
them, there are a few hunters
who make it an annual affair
to pit their skills against this
phantom of the hills.

After the mating takes place,
the hen begins looking for a
place to raise her family. She
builds her nest and lays her first
egg about one week later. Other
eggs follow at the rate of about
two every three days until she
has laid 10 or 12 eggs. Then

(Continued on Page 22)

(Left) A proud hunter holds up one that didn't get away. (Right) Typical grouse country in the North Georgia mountains.



Georgia's "DUCK MOTEL"

**Thousands of Ducks Now Use
Butlers Island as Their Permanent
Winter Resort.**

A few years after the Revolutionary War, Major Pierce Butler had no idea that he was laying the ground work for what is now one of the most modern and up-to-date waterfowl refuges on the Atlantic Flyway.

Major Butler purchased what we know today as Butler's Island and built one of the finest rice plantations in the colonies. It is said that he picked this spot because it was far enough from the ocean not to be affected by salt water and yet close enough to benefit from the tides pushing the water back to flood his rice fields. As years passed, the Island was passed from hand to hand until 1954 when it was bought by the State Game and Fish Commission for a waterfowl refuge. The old dykes, canals and flood gates were repaired and the Altamaha River Waterfowl Refuge came into being.

For years Georgia has been loosing many of its duck hunters because the State offered little protection to the ducks as they migrated to the South and back North again. It is felt that with the addition of this refuge along with our many ponds and reservoirs, the duck hunters of Georgia can look forward to a brighter future.

At the present time, the object of this refuge is to establish a permanent stopping place for the ducks as they migrate South. It will be comparable to Lake Mattamuskeet in North Carolina and the other large feeding and resting grounds in the flyways throughout the United States.

Last year after the experimental planting, there was an estimated 8,000 ducks to stop over and feed on the few plots of buckwheat that were planted.

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(1) A crane is used to clear off areas for planting and to dig ditches for irrigation. (2) Irrigation ditches such as this one weave in and out of the huge patches of wild rice and duckweed. (3) Over 15,000 of these ducks are expected to be around Butler's Island this year.

Outlook on The Piedmont

Prospects are Better This Year Than Ever Before

BY BOB CANNON

IN 1952 the Game and Fish Commission opened the Piedmont Wildlife Management Area to the deer hunters of the state for the first time. At that time, it was felt that this area would produce some of the largest deer in the state due to the excellent range and the fact that a number of the large northern white-tailed deer, imported from Wisconsin, had been released on the area some years previous.

On the first hunt in 1952, there were approximately 200 hunters, but since most of them were not familiar with the area, only 10 deer were killed. In 1953, there were 375 hunters and 33 deer were killed. The additional hunters and the permission for hunters to use rifles on this area for the first time were the main factors in an increased kill. The use of shotguns only the previous year resulted in a number of deer being crippled that were not recovered. Although only one-third of the hunters used

rifles during the 1953 hunts, they accounted for two-thirds of the total deer kill. Also, a check of the hunters revealed that of ten wounded deer that were not recovered, nine had been shot by hunters using shotguns.

The big year for the Piedmont Area thus far was in 1954. By then, hunters were more familiar with the hunting compartments, more experienced deer hunters were attracted to the area and more hunters were using rifles. During this hunt, there were 567 hunters and 57 deer were killed. The average weight of these deer was 175 pounds which was approximately 40 pounds greater than the average of deer taken in other areas of the state.

During the 1954 hunt, Mr. H. G. Carmichael of Macon, Georgia, came in from his stand and told his partners that he had killed a nice buck and needed some help to pull it in. After joking about every man for himself, they started out to bring it in. As they approached the kill, one of his hunting partners turned white and said, "Mike, you've killed somebody's Brahma bull." When they finally got him back to the checking station and weighed him in, he tipped the scales at 308 pounds. After checking, it was found that this was a record for the Southeast. He had fifteen points and his neck carried many scars from fighting with other bucks.

There is one deer, a big grey-



Here is the largest deer reported in the Southeast. Shot by H. G. Carmichael in 1954, this buck weighed 308 pounds and had 15 points.

T. W. Cannon poses with the 227 pound buck he bagged in the Piedmont Area last year.



sided buck with a rocking chair rack, that A. B. Briscoe, the manager of the area, has been watching for several years. Other hunters have seen this buck but so far no one has been lucky enough to bag him. Everyone that has seen this deer says that it will go over 300 pounds, and an adding machine would be needed to count the points. This old fellow has been named the "Phantom of the Piedmont." Mike says when he killed his record deer there were two bucks together, and he killed the smaller one. So maybe Mike killed the brother of the "Phantom of the Piedmont."

In 1955, additional deer hunting was made possible when the State Game and Fish Commission declared deer hunting legal

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IT'S ALL IN A DAY'S HUNTING

During the hunting season, these scenes will be common in the many hunting areas found throughout the state.

Capturing Deer With the Use

Georgia Develops New Technique for Transferring Deer From One Area to Another.

BY SHIRLING CALDWELL



Jack Crockford, of the Game Management division, poses with the weapon he developed to propel the darts.



Jack Crockford and Sam Caldwell watch as Dr. Hayes checks the heartbeat of a young buck after he was hit with a dart.

Dr. Frank Jones, of the Veterinary School, checks the heart beat, as Dr. Hayes injects penicillin into the deer.



ON a little island off the coast of Savannah, a group of men have been experimenting for the past two years on a new technique for capturing wild animals.

The men are from the Georgia Game and Fish Commission and the University of Georgia. On this 35,000-acre laboratory, known as Ossabaw Island, they have been shooting deer with drugged darts in an attempt to find the most effective drug.

On their most recent visit to Ossabaw, I went along to watch them complete the final stages of the experiment. Dr. Frank Hayes, of the Veterinary School, had tested strychnine and several other drugs before he finally discovered that nicotine would do the job. The gun used to propel the darts was devised by Jack Crockford of the Game and Fish Commission. He had converted a Crossman air rifle and attached a telescopic sight for night hunting. This type of hunting must be done at night, so the hunter can stalk the deer without being seen.

That night, we started out about 9 o'clock in a jeep. Jack sat on the hood of the jeep with his gun resting across his knees, so he could disembark quickly whenever we spotted a deer. Dr. Hayes stood in the rear of the jeep with a spotlight and shined it back and forth through the woods as we rode along. A deer is easy to spot at night for he looks directly into a light and his eyes glisten like two bright marbles.

In a short time, we spotted several of them in the woods about 30 yards from the jeep. Jack slid off the front of the jeep and started walking silently around to their flank, as Dr. Hayes played

This one's enjoying a nice snooze while under the effect of the drug. Tomorrow he'll wonder if it was all a nightmare.



on a New Look rugged Darts

the spotlight back and forth to hold their attention. As Jack drew a little closer, he switched on a light which was attached to the top of his head, and the spotlight from the jeep was turned off.

For the next few minutes everything was quiet, as Jack crept closer and closer. It was necessary for him to get squarely abreast of the deer, and close enough for a direct shot. Otherwise, the dart might go in at an angle and the deer would not get the full dose of the drug. Jack kept playing his light back and forth and, from the jeep we could see the deer as the light passed across them. When he came to about 25 feet of the deer he stopped and held his light steady on the rear shank of one of the bucks. We couldn't see him aiming in the dark, but we heard the sharp *ping!* as the dart left the gun. The buck jumped slightly as the dart went into his hip. Then he stood motionless as the nicotine began to take effect. The other deer scampered off into the woods at the sound of the shot.

Jack switched off the bright light and turned on a red one to watch the deer's movements. The bright light irritates the deer when it's held directly on him and sometimes he attempts to escape before the full effect of the drug hits him. But under the red light he stood very still as though hypnotized for two or three minutes, then he began to sag as if his body was too heavy for his legs. His rear legs buckled first, and he held on for a few seconds supported by his fore legs, then toppled over on his side.

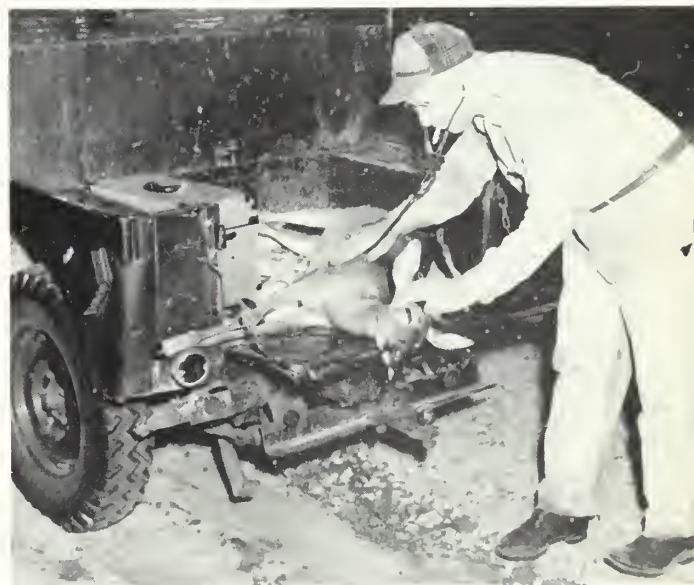
We stayed by the jeep until Jack had approached him and turned on his bright light. Then Dr. Hayes grabbed his medical bag and we ran toward the deer. He was out cold, but his eyes were still opened and saliva was coming from his mouth. Dr. Hayes knelt down and examined his heartbeat with a stethoscope then he shot him with a dose of penicillin to ward off infection. He also smeared the dart wound with screw-worm

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Here's a close view of the converted Crossman air rifle and the darts.



Jack Crockford makes a soft pillow for the deer's head as Dr. Hayes, Director Fulton Lovell and Dean Jones look on.



Dean Jones examines one that was held for observation to check the effects of the drug.

Dr. Hayes, who developed the drug, watches as the drug wears off and the buck tries to stand. He'll never explain his condition at home, so maybe he better sleep this one off.



MANY HUNTERS ARE LOSING THEIR "SQUIRREL FEVER"

BY BILL ATKINSON

A few years ago, many hunters throughout the state looked forward each year to that first day of hunting the bushytails here in Georgia. But now there seems to be a decrease in the number of hunters, and those who have stopped are missing some fine shooting because they have lost that old "squirrel fever."

Georgia is blessed with an abundance of squirrels. Not only is the grey squirrel found here, but also the fox squirrel is present in the southern section. The grey squirrel, however, is considered more important as a game animal because it is much more abundant.

Both species produce about two litter of young per year, which could account for the abundance found in our state. The first litter is born in late winter and the second in late summer. In these litters there are usually three or four young. The female squirrel will care for the young for about six weeks

A North Georgia hunter sits quietly, waiting for one to make an appearance.



If he poses like this when a hunter draws a bead on him, he'll wind up on somebody's table.

and then leave them on their own. It is certainly a sight to see when the young squirrels start playing. Their games resemble those played by children, such as follow the leader or hide-and-go-seek.

The main diet of the bushytails in Georgia is made up of nuts, acorns and seeds of different types. Usually a squirrel hunter will go out a few days before the season opens and find some old nut trees or oak trees with their acorns and then on the first morning of the season, he can go to these places before sunrise and be ready when the squirrels come to feed.

Whenever we have a long dry spell here in Georgia the food for squirrels becomes scarce in certain parts, and when there is a scarcity of food the grey squirrel will migrate to some other section where there is sufficient

food. These migration habits are found only in grey squirrels and usually are more pronounced in north Georgia where there are immense tracts of hardwood and food is easily found.

More squirrels are produced in the year following a good food production season, and fewer squirrels in the year following poor food production. This was found through the work of a technician named Trippensee in 1948.

Many of the farmers in Georgia have asked if planting trees will hold squirrels on their land. It will, but the growth of trees takes such a long period of time that it isn't practical. It is recommended when thinning out trees to leave one food tree and one den tree per acre.

Early in the morning during the fall, many people have heard the bark of a squirrel but few have known just what it was. When Mr. Bushytail is out looking for breakfast and a cat or some other animal is nearby, he will flatten himself out on a limb and start barking. Each time he barks, his bush will shake like a leaf in a heavy gale. Placing den boxes around the home is always considered a good conservation move when squirrels are desired in your neighborhood; also food planks nailed on trees is another way to bring the squirrels closer so the children can watch them.

People often say that they just can't cook a squirrel so that it tastes right. Here is a good re-

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GEORGIA



Allatoona Dam and Reservoir, one of the many reservoirs now under development in Georgia.



Fulton Lovell, director of the Game and Fish Commission, receives a plaque from the Woodmen of the World for outstanding work in conservation. Governor Griffin presents the plaque as John P. Blanchard looks on.

SNAPSHOTS



Avin Cannon holds up a piece of a coffin that was dug up in an old graveyard on Butlers Island.



Here is a scene from one of the more famous spots in Georgia—the Okefenokee Swamp.



This marsh hen can barely be seen as she scratches for food in the marsh grass.

BY DAVID GOULD

Mr. Clapper of the Rails

They're all wet, but it looks like their mission was accomplished.



To most Georgia hunters the name Clapper Rail means nothing, but at the mention of a Marsh Hen they immediately take notice, for this is the name used by all to describe the elusive rail that is found in the marshes of coastal Georgia.

Very often a hunter will look directly at this bird without even seeing him, for no other form of wildlife blends in so well with its surroundings as does the Clapper Rail when he stands in the middle of the marshes. And no other type of hunting requires the planning and the work and the hazards as does the hunting of this ungainly bird.

There has been a decrease in the number of Marsh Hen hunters during the past several years. This might be explained by the fact that it is a difficult game to bag, and the hunter has so little meat in return for his trouble. When a hunter begins picking one of these birds, he sometimes wonders if he just shot a lump of feathers.

The Marsh Hen is definitely partial to salt, usually the brackish marshes near the coast. Along the lower reaches of some of the larger streams they may be found sporting about the dense vegetation several miles inland, but still well within the areas affected by the tides. Clapper rail marshes are characterized by the presence of an aquatic vegetation, for it is under cover of this matted growth that these birds cavort with abandon.

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GEORGIA'S DEER POPULATION

(Continued from Page 2)

The big problem we are faced with is one of properly distributing deer throughout the state. For example, there are areas in Middle and South Georgia that could support more deer than they now have. There are other areas there and in North Georgia that have too many deer. The reason for this is due to the deer's reluctance to move out of his original area. When you move a group of deer into an area they usually stay there, and all of their offsprings do likewise. Consequently, after a time, the herd becomes so big that the available food is not enough to take care of them. The ideal situation would be to take some of these deer from one area and move them to another area. We did this several years ago by trapping deer in the Rock Creek Area and moving them to the Lake Russell Area. However, it took two years of hard work to trap only 105 deer, which was too slow to give immediate relief to the Rock Creek Area. Since that time we have carried on a continuous trapping program and have experimented with new methods for capturing deer.

Naturally, the same problems have presented themselves in other states throughout the country. None of them have come up with a method which is fast enough to move deer from one place to another. For this reason, many of them have legalized the shooting of does.

Conditions so far do not warrant a doe season throughout the entire state. We are beginning to have browse problems only in certain restricted areas. The most notable of these is at Rock Creek. Since the last doe season in that area, the browse problem has grown increasingly worse. The population of deer in this area should be cut down before they begin to die off again. A doe season is the only practical way of doing this. It is much better for the hunters to take the meat home than to leave it to die in the woods.

My Camera Was Loaded

By GLYNN T. WORLEY



Sometimes the life of a photographer can be a little exasperating. Take for instance, the recent assignment I had on a little farm near Crawfordville, Georgia.

We had received word that a gentleman by the name of Wayles T. Flint had imported three buffaloes from one of the midwestern states, and I was assigned to go there and take some pictures. There was a big stir in the office about buffalo returning to Georgia after an absence of over 150 years. I couldn't visualize big herds roaming over North and Central Georgia as they once did, or even enough to declare an open hunting season on buffalo. But as I learned later the news angle was that Mr. Flint and several other Georgia farmers were planning on cross-breeding the buffalo, or bison as some people call them, with a domestic cow to produce a heavy breed of cattle. I understand this experiment has been successful in several western states.

Anyhow, as I say, my job is

harmless enough, and I remember thinking that they must be a far cry from the wild stampeding animals of the days of Buffalo Bill. I was too far away to get a good shot and I stood there for a few moments debating on whether I should climb the barbed-wire fence. The three



grown buffalo glanced over in my direction but they seemed unimpressed and went back to their grazing. I loaded my camera and climbed the fence to see if I could get in front of them for a better shot. I walked cautiously around to the side, feeling a little uneasy about the distance I was putting between me and the fence. As I came closer, they turned around slowly and stared at me suspiciously while I adjusted my camera. I got a couple of angle shots, but as I came around squarely in front of them, they turned to the side and started walking toward the fence. I followed them back toward the fence until I was within 25 feet of the buffalo, and a little closer to the fence than I had been a few minutes before.

I knelt down and adjusted my camera once more and snapped a couple of shots. The two cows

(Continued on Page 25)



taking pictures, so I set out for Crawfordville to get a mug shot of these ugly invaders. When I arrived, I spotted them, a bull, two cows and a young calf, grazing lazily inside an enclosure about a hundred yards from the edge of the fence. They looked

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir:

Just looked over issue of "GEORGIA GAME AND FISH." Very handsome and interesting. I was impressed with a statement appearing in the article "Queen of the Muddy Waters" which read "The art of cooking this fish has become a lost art." This is not as it should be. If lost, it must have existed; and if it once existed, I believe it can be brought back. Certain it is, if the carp is a good table fish, it would be a great blessing to our people—and would greatly augment fishing for the carp and thereby keep down the crop without wanton destruction of the spawn. At any rate, why not offer a prize to the one who will produce the best recipe or method for preparing and cooking this ancient favorite of the great English sportsman?"

Judge Raleigh Eve
Tifton, Georgia

(Ed. . . . More people every day are turning to the carp as a food for their tables. Your suggestion for a contest is an excellent idea, and I wish we could follow through with it. However, we would be happy to pass on any recipes you might collect on the carp.)

Dear Sir:

I have thirty days vacation coming, and I have decided to come to Georgia and find out why people talk as if it were heaven. Would you please send me some information on sight-seeing, hunting, fishing, etc. I am also interested in whether the state pays a bounty on certain predators.

Robert C. Cleveland
1243 Davis Street
Jacksonville, N. C.

(Ed. . . . Glad to accommodate you with the information. You'll

find that the people were right—it is like heaven. As for the predators . . . at the present time, the state does not pay a bounty on any predator.)

Dear Sir:

I recently received a copy of "GEORGIA GAME AND FISH" and man! Oh man! I sure want to thank you. It is one of the finest magazines of its kind that I have seen. Please put my name on your mailing list, and if you have any back issues available send them along. I sure would appreciate this, thanks again.

Mr. Thomas J. Ludlam
112 Kearsarge Street
Pittsburgh, Pa.

(Ed. . . . Thank you for the enthusiasm. Your name is certainly added to the mailing list.)

Dear Mister Editor:

I have read your recent issue of the "GEORGIA GAME AND FISH" magazine, and am greatly impressed with its contents. I have read similar magazines from other states and this is by far the best I've seen. I feel sure that sportsmen all over Georgia are proud to receive this fine publication. Several men in my Department who have seen the magazine would like to receive a copy. If you could send me a few extra copies I would appreciate it very much.

H. T. Jenkins
Chief of Police
Atlanta, Ga.

(Ed. . . . Glad to oblige you, Chief . . . Would also be glad to place on the mailing list anyone in your Department who would like the magazine regularly.)

LICENSE FEES

COMBINATION:	
Hunting and Fishing	\$ 3.25
FISHING:	
Resident	\$ 1.25
Resident Shad	1.00
Resident County (under 16 and over 65 years old)	None
Nonresident	Reciprocal
Nonresident 1 Day	1.00
Nonresident 10 Days	3.25
Nonresident Shad	10.00
HUNTING:	
Resident	2.25
Resident under 16 and over 65 years old	None
Nonresident	20.00
Nonresident 10 Day or County	10.25
ROUGH FISH BASKET:	
Resident	1.25

It Is Unlawful

- to hunt any game over or in the vicinity or any baited areas.
- to molest, kill, hunt, or trap fur bearing animals out of season.
- to take sea turtles or their eggs.
- to trap, molest, or kill alligators except in opened counties.
- to hunt on any game refuge except on supervised hunts.
- to ship game except by permit from the State Game & Fish Commission.
- to shoot from public highway or railroad right-of-way.
- to take or sell plumage or eggs of game or song birds without a permit.
- to sell, offer for sale, barter, or exchange, any of the protected game animals, or game birds or parts thereof, taken in the State of Georgia.
- to take any game bird or animal for holding in captivity except by permit.
- to trap, net or ensnare game birds and game animals, except fur-bearing animals, in season.
- to poison game or non-game birds or animals.
- to use a light of any kind in hunting game animals and birds except raccoons, frogs, opossums, fox, mink, skunk, otter, and muskrat.
- to fail to report to the Game and Fish Commission any deer or turkey killed in the State of Georgia.
- to kill any deer other than bucks with spiked antelers or larger.
- to hunt on lands of another without permission from the landowner.
- to hold any game in cold storage longer than five days after the season has expired, without permit from the Game and Fish Commission.
- to take any fresh water fish with any device except hook and line, trot line, rod and reel, and set hooks.
- to fish in streams on lands of another without permission from the landowner.

TALKING TURKEY IN THE SPRING

(Continued from Page 5)

only once, then waits patiently for the gobbler to make his appearance. A turkey is an expert at locating the exact spot from which a sound emanates, but suspicious by nature, he always proceeds cautiously and slowly to the caller. For this reason, hunters have a tendency to lose patience and call too much, scaring him away.

One technique about calling that is very important is the matter of stationing oneself in a favorable situation — that is, taking up a position in line with the course that the bird would be likely to travel. It is a mistake to try and call one downhill or through a dense thicket, for they tend to walk uphill and they love big timber and open ground. In the mountains, turkeys often fly from the crest clear down to the level of the valley, then slowly make their way up again.

The Eastern Turkey, which is the type found in Georgia, is the largest of all turkeys and the largest of all upland game birds. The weight of these birds usually averages around 14 pounds, but some reach as high as 40 pounds. They are strong and swift of foot, and capable of walking long distances and running at a speed of 18 miles per hour. They spend very little time in flight and seldom fly as much as a mile without stopping.

Turkeys roost at night and usually make a leisurely, playful pastime out of the approach to the nest, scratching and looking for food along the way. But if one is behind schedule, he will run at full speed to reach the roosting area by dusk. Once in the area, they carefully check for any suspicious noises or changes since they left at dawn. If they are satisfied that all is well, they fly up into the trees, keeping well apart, for turkeys never bunch together.

A wild turkey is sometimes difficult to distinguish from a domesticated turkey because of frequent cross-breeding. Most hunters identify them by their copper-bronze color and the deep

chestnut tips on the tail feathers.

With the steady decrease in the number of these birds, turkey hunters have found them increasingly harder to bag. So much so that turkey hunters are almost in a class to themselves. One of the hunters in the North Georgia Spring hunt summed it up in these words: "I've hunted all my life. I've killed a deer almost every season for the past 25 years, but I never get as much satisfaction out of killing anything as I do when I bag one of these gobblers."

MOTHER NATURE'S KETTLE DRUMMER

(Continued from Page 10)

she starts her long incubation period which lasts for about 24 days. After they hatch, the little grouselets begin walking immediately.

The "pheasant," as the ruffed grouse is called by many people, played an important part in the economical setup of our forefathers. They are pictured in bountiful supply on the tables of the pilgrims and early settlers. The "fool hen," as most of the early settlers called it was considered second only to the wild turkey as a table delicacy.

Georgia's grouse crop, although limited to the mountain area, is plentiful at the present time. The open season on grouse is from November 20 to January 10, and the limit is set at 3 birds daily and 3 weekly.

FARMER-SPORTSMAN RELATIONSHIP

(Continued from Page 7)

4. If you are hunting, aim carefully before you shoot, for a rustle in the bushes could be livestock and maybe even children.

5. Don't be a litterbug. Clean up all trash and garbage before you leave.

6. Be careful with camp fires and cigarettes. Make sure your fire is out before you leave, and use the old army technique of field stripping your cigarette.

7. Be polite and courteous to the land owner and treat his property as if it were your own.

THE SWAMP PHILOSOPHER

(Continued from Page 6)

both taste better than the best chicken.

One is the American bullfrog, found over practically all of the United States. The other is restricted to a narrow strip from Louisiana to Florida and Southern Georgia.

The Southern bullfrog averages slightly smaller than his cousin. Adult Southern bullfrogs range from three and one-fourth inches to six and one-half inches. The adult American bullfrog is from about three and one-half to eight inches long. Females of both species average larger than the males.

Both bullfrogs have similar breeding and growth periods in Georgia. Breeding takes place from March to September, with a peak in June and July. Bullfrog tadpoles are very large, up to four inches long. They remain in the tadpole stage from one to two years, when they transform into tiny bullfrogs of one to two inches long. It takes about four years after this transformation for the bullfrogs to reach maximum size. Dependent upon location, climate, and other factors of nature.

Frog-giggers are not the only ones who have learned to appreciate the succulence of bullfrogs. Fish and flesh-eating insects stuff themselves on tadpoles. Water snakes and moccasins dearly love to sink their fangs in a plump bullfrog. Certain water fowls also like to include them in their diet.

Adult bullfrogs manage to pay back their natural enemies in a like manner. Although their main bill of fare consists of countless insects, bullfrogs will eat young fish and reptiles, and they occasionally manage to catch fledging water birds. As a matter of fact, bullfrogs are not above making a meal out of their little brothers.

Of all the kinds of frogs that sing in the night chorus on a Georgia river bank — peeping, gurgling, tremulous, plaintive, snoring—it's the grand old bass bullfrog that steals the show.

And when you hear that "brr-wump" shatter the night, its time to go gigging in Georgia.

OUTLOOK ON THE PIEDMONT

(Continued from Page 12)

in three counties adjoining the Piedmont Area. These counties were Jasper, Jones and Putnam. There was a slight increase in the number of hunters within the management area over 1954, but a noticeable decrease in the number of deer killed. Personnel familiar with the deer herd and range conditions attribute this decrease to the severe drought which hit Georgia in 1954. The drought caused heavy damage to crops and pastures, and as a result, many local farmers were forced to turn their cattle loose to forage woodland areas. This created a food shortage for deer on many areas of the manage-

The antlers shed by deer each year are seldom found. Mice, porcupines, and other rodents gnaw them for the minerals they contain.

ment area which forced many deer to move out to adjoining areas where food was more abundant. Consequently, only 31 deer were killed inside the management area by 600 hunters but field checks by wildlife rangers revealed that some 60 to 70 deer were killed during the open season outside the management area. If the number of deer killed on the outside are included with the deer killed on the management area it totals approximately 100 deer taken in this general area which is considerably more deer than taken during 1954. The largest buck killed in the 1955 management area was by T. W. Cannon of Greensboro. This buck was a 9 pointer and weighed in at 227 pounds.

This year, a larger group than ever is expected to turn out for the hunt. Manager Briscoe reports the food conditions are much better this year and he has seen a great many deer already. "Load up your guns, and put on your combat boots, for your chances of bagging a big buck this year are better than ever. And who knows, you might bring home the 'Phantom of the Piedmont.'"

CAPTURING DEER WITH DRUGGED DART

(Continued from Page 15)

preventive and sprinkled the deer with tick powder. By tomorrow, this would be the healthiest deer on the island.

We waited around for a while, and every now and then Dr. Hayes checked the breathing and heartbeat of the animal. After about forty minutes, the deer started regaining consciousness. We helped him up on his legs and he stood for a few minutes looking around to see what was going on. He was still groggy as he staggered slowly through the woods and out of sight.

We continued our hunt through most of the night and Jack shot five more deer, using the same procedure. On one occasion, a big buck sprinted through the woods after he was shot, but we found him a few minutes later lying unconscious in some thick bushes.

This hunt spelled success to the two years of experimenting. In all, they have tested about 25 deer and numerous goats with nicotine, and have been successful with every one.

The purpose of the experiment was to develop technique whereby deer can be quickly removed from one area and placed into another. "Until now, we've been using traps to capture these animals," says Jack, "but this method has proved too slow and expensive for us as well as the other states. Most of the states have experimented with darts, but so far none of them have come up with the right drug or an effective weapon to propel the darts."

The group first experimented with currare compounds. Dr. Jim Jenkins of the Forestry School and Dr. Hayes tested a currare drug known as flaxedil. The first tests were made on goats at the Veterinary School, but the drug was abandoned because it proved fatal to most of the goats. As Dr. Hayes explained it, "The currare drug did not have a wide enough range. It was difficult to prepare a dose that was large enough to put the animal to sleep within a few minutes, and at the same time, small enough not to be fatal."

After the currare drug failed, they used strychnine on several goats and deer. The drug worked when an antidote could be administered immediately after the deer was hit, but in some cases, the deer escaped before the antidote could be applied. While they were using strychnine, Drs. Hayes and Jenkins continued their research for a better drug. They tested nicotine on some 85 goats with excellent results. Of the 25 deer they have shot on Ossabaw with nicotine, not one has been lost. "The beauty of this drug," says Jack Crockford, "is that no antidote is required, and the deer is unconscious in a very few minutes with no harmful effects."

In October, Jack and his men will begin moving deer from Ossabaw with this technique. The first 50 deer will be loaded into carrying cages and transported to the North Georgia Management Area at Warwoman. There are over 2,000 deer on Ossabaw, and about half of these can be moved into less populated areas throughout the state.

Many of the other states have written to Jack for a chance to watch this technique in operation. Next month, Jack expects to release the details and the mixture of the drug to the general public, and many of these states will probably use this technique in capturing wild animals.

OLD DUKE

He was more than just a big old dog

Best friend I've ever known
He always did his share to help
To make our house a home.
There's an empty spot within my heart

I guess there'll always be
I thought an awful lot of Duke
And Duke thought a lot of me.

I sure do miss old Duke.

I'll always miss his welcome
whine

When I come home at night.
That waggin' tail that went in
circles

Sayin' everything's all right.
I miss his big old ugly head
A rubbin' close as he could get
His big brown eyes of deep
affection

How can I forget.

I sure do miss old Duke.

(Continued on Page 25)

THE NIMROD AND THE CAT

(Continued from Page 9)

have seen this critter and from what they say, I'm a mind to believe it might be a cougar." "A cougar! In this part of the country?" I asked. "Well, it is a bit unusual," he replied, "but every now and then one slips down from the Carolinas just before deer season and attacks some of the young deer. Jim Turner, from over in Habersham, tried to bait him a couple of times but didn't do much good. He hung up a big hunk of beef and hid out for a couple of days, but the cat never came around."

The first day of the hunt Bob went with me. I took my stand in a thicket on low ground and he circled above me with the idea of flushing a deer out into the open so I could get a shot at him. We used this system all day but never saw any signs of a deer. From the way Bob had talked, I had visions of deer running all over the woods, just waiting for someone to take a shot at them. That evening, back at the camp site, I reminded him of his remarks concerning the abundance of deer. "Oh, they're out there," he replied. "But don't think for a minute they don't know what we're up to. Why I'll bet at least a dozen of them saw us out there today. Just remember, it's a lot easier for them to see us than it is for us to see them." This made sense, and I decided that the next day I would be more cautious and observing.

I hunted alone on the second day, even though Bob had suggested it would be best to hunt in pairs. I knew it would be much easier if he were with me but this was my first deer, and I'd never qualify as a hunter without tracking him down and killing him by myself. So all day I wandered through the woods trying to find some signs of the spoor, but either it was not there or else I was not able to recognize it. By the end of that day I was beginning to get pretty discouraged. Maybe this deer hunting was too much for me, I thought. It seemed to be something that was inbred in these North Georgia hunters, for they could look at a broken twig or

scrapings on a tree or even the droppings on the ground and tell what kind of animal had passed. But to the eyes of a novice these indications were unnoticed, and all I could look for was the outline of a deer.

By the third day I had already accepted the fact that I would probably go the full week without so much as seeing a deer. But I was still hanging onto a faint hope

Toward the middle of the day I was beginning to get hungry, so I found a little clearing behind some thick bushes and sat down to eat one of the sandwiches I had brought with me. I leaned against a tree to ward off the strong wind that had begun to blow, and watched the leaves spin crazy patterns through the air as the wind lifted them and then passed on to let them glide lazily back to the ground. I don't know how long I sat there thinking of the

Wild geese live the longest of any of our game birds. Authentic records give them as much as 70 years.

beauty of the woods and letting my thoughts ramble on, but presently my body grew warmer and I began to drowse. Then, in the next instant I was on my feet, as I heard a distinct snapping of the bushes of to my left. My first thought was that I had been mistaken for a deer, and I had the sickening feeling that one of the hunters was taking a bead on me and was just before pulling the trigger. I began flailing my arms through the air so the hunter could see that I wasn't a deer. This, of course, was a ridiculous thing to do for no true hunter is going to shoot until he sees the antlers on the deer, but all I could think of at the time was to let whoever it was know that I was human. Then just about the time I was beginning to recover my wits I saw his head pop out from the bushes about 75 yards from where I was standing. Here was my deer! And there I was, doing my best to scare him away. My rifle was about six feet away from me and I ducked behind the bushes and

made a lunge for it. Then I stood up, half concealed by the tree, and looked toward the spot where I had seen him a few moments before. His head was gone but I could see a faint rustle of the bushes and I knew he was still there. The thought ran through my head that something was wrong with this situation. Why hadn't he run? Surely he saw me a few moments before when I was standing up in plain sight waving my arms like a madman. But then, maybe he didn't. Maybe even a deer gets careless sometimes. As he stuck his head out of the bushes again his nose was up in the air and his ears seemed to be pricked, as a rabbit sometimes does when scenting danger. I raised my rifle to my shoulder and took careful aim. As his head came into my sights and I began to squeeze the trigger, I got a funny sensation that I had been squeezing for hours; and just before I felt the rifle lurch, the deer seemed to make a last minute effort to leap clear of my sights.

Everything seemed to stand still for a few seconds. Then he lunged head first into the bushes. I hesitated for only a split second then leaped over the bushes and sprinted the 75 yards to where he had fallen. As I came close to him, I had my rifle ready, for I halfway expected him to jump up and start running. But then as I looked at him sprawled out on the ground I knew there was no need to worry about his ever running again. I laid my rifle on the ground and knelt down to see where I had hit him. There was blood all over his right side, from his neck halfway down his body. I could see where the bullet had gone through his neck just above the right shoulder. Then I discovered that all the blood wasn't coming from the wound in his neck. Just below his shoulders was a big gaping hole, from which blood still oozed down his side. It looked as if someone or *something* had ripped a piece of flesh from his body. Then everything came to me at once . . . The deer not running when I was waving my arms . . . The apparent effort he had made to move just before I fired. He had seen me but he was too exhausted or too near dead to act

Suddenly, my heart stopped, and I seemed to get a cold tingling sensation right at the base of my neck. The cougar! And then the frightening realization that he was nearby, for the wound was still fresh. Somehow I knew where he was. I could feel his presence behind me, or maybe it was the simple fact that I knew he had to be near. My arms turned to lead. My whole body was so heavy I couldn't move. I sat there helplessly staring at my rifle. Then I hear him growl, like the noise of a base drum as it starts softly and gains momentum until it becomes a rumble. The noise suddenly brought me to life. I made a dive for my rifle and rolled over on my back, bringing my rifle up in front of me. All I could see was one big black face with long whiskers and two big fierce green eyes staring at me. I pulled the trigger once, twice, and just kept pulling it as several more pairs of eyes loomed before me . . . And somewhere off in the distance I could hear a voice calling my name, faintly at first, then it seemed to get louder . . . louder . . . and all at once someone was shaking me. I opened my eyes and saw Bob kneeling down beside me laughing. "Come on nimrod, you'll never kill a deer in your dreams!" I looked out into the woods and the leaves were still floating lazily to the ground.

DUCK MOTEL

(Continued from Page 11)

This year, the refuge has planted 185 acres of buckwheat, millet and corn, and it is expected that over 15,000 ducks will stop over during the winter. In addition to the planting, there are 1200 acres of marsh land being developed for smartweed and wild rice. The men on the project have been busy drying out the marsh areas and spot burning them during the summer. This winter, they will again be flooded and cultivated, and the process of drying out and burning will be repeated again next spring. By the fall of 1957 the area should be well developed.

There are many species of waterfowl seen on this refuge during their migration southward, but the two most common types found can be classified as

puddle ducks and diving ducks. Included in the puddle duck class are the mallards, black mallards, wood ducks and blue wing teal ducks. Most common among the diving ducks are the ringnecks, bluebills, redheads and canvasbacks. These ducks fly into the Delta Area and the waterfowl refuge sometimes in October. A great many of them spend their entire winter in this area, leaving for their northern nesting area around the first of April; others stay a short while and then go on further south into Florida and the Caribbean Area.

Alvin Cannon, Manager of the Refuge at Butlers Islands, says that a few wild geese stop at the Island each year on their way south and back again. Since geese usually feed on upland dry fields, those stopping at Butlers Island are probably a few stray ones that have broken away from their flocks. Another interesting point is that most of the ducks which visited the Island in 1954 returned again last year. This is not a new discovery concerning ducks, but it is an indication that they approved of the area. Ducks show a definite tendency to return to a suitable resting and feeding area and also to bring newcomers each year. It is expected that each year more and more ducks will stop over at Butlers Island and the hunters should reap big dividends from this modern "duck motel."

MY CAMERA WAS LOADED

(Continued from Page 19)

kept looking at me but the bull turned so much I couldn't get a front view of him. I finally grew impatient and picked up a small pebble and threw in his direction to attract his attention. He turned toward me and I looked at him through my sights and pressed the shutter. When I looked up from the camera, I suddenly realized that he wasn't standing still any longer. In fact, he was running hard, and in the wrong direction for me to make any further attempts to improve my photography. The fence looked a hundred miles away, but I must have broken all records getting to it. I reached out and grabbed the barbed-wire,

sinking one of the prongs into the palm of my hand, and half rolled over the fence.

When I recovered myself on the other side of the fence, about the only thing still intact was my camera. The side of my trousers was ripped and I could feel a sharp sting in my leg. I looked back toward the buffalo and noticed that he had stopped some distance from the fence. I guess when I started running, he felt that his mission was accomplished, so he gave up the chase. He just stood there looking at me, and from the expression on his face I thought he was going to burst out laughing.

Old Buffalo Bill must have been a pretty cagey fellow, and I can't say that I envy him. In fact, the only way I want to see another buffalo is when I look at the back side of a nickel.

OLD DUKE (Cont.)

Duke wasn't any fancy breed
With fame or pedigree
But his heart was big as the
open fields
He used to hunt with me.
In some strange way it seems
He always understood
My changing moods, and tried to
please
The very best he could.
I sure do miss old Duke.
The Indians told of hunting
grounds
Beyond the setting sun
Where spirits of the faithful
hunters
Lived when life was done.
And so I pray this may be true
Some strange eternity
Where dogs like Duke, with tail
a waggin'
Wait in hope for guys like me.
I sure do miss old Duke.

PAUL THYGESON GILBERT

HUNTERS LOSING "SQUIRREL FEVER"

(Continued from Page 16)

cipe that is worth trying the next time you bring a squirrel in: After dressing the squirrel, salt him good after the body heat has left him, put about a cup of water in a pressure cooker and cook until tender; then take out and barbecue over some low coals until brown. A good barbecue sauce poured over the squirrel will make a dish "fit for a king."

MR. CLAPPER OF THE RAILS

(Continued from Page 18)

Now and then they are seen rustling for food along the edge of the mud flats, and an occasional swimmer may be spotted several miles from shore, but otherwise they seldom venture outside their habitat. It is for this reason that hunters usually wait for high tide before trying their skills against the Marsh Hen. As the water comes up over the marshes, the birds are flushed from their protective canopies and the hunters take aim as they fly from one point of high ground to the next.

The Willet, which is another member of the rail family, is often mistaken for the Marsh Hen. Many people riding along the highways near the coast have seen these birds perched on the telephone wires, and have thought them to be Marsh Hens. But the experienced hunter, who has studied the habits of Marsh Hens, knows how unlikely it is for a flock of them to be near a highway, or even in an open field.

It is surprising to some hunters to learn that rails can, and do, make extended migratory flights. This surprise is due to the Marsh Hen's apparent struggle to become airborne and remain that way for short distances. Some members of the rail family have been known to migrate across the wide reaches of the Caribbean Sea on their way from the Jersey marshes. Major movements of these birds are made under cover of darkness and for this reason they seldom make long flights.

The Marsh Hen is able to swim with considerable ease, and can remain under water for some time. If hard pressed, it often sinks below the surface and may remain for some period with only the bill extended above the water. But its swiftness in the water cannot be compared to its fancy foot work on the ground. The Marsh Hen's ability to weave through a seemingly impenetrable maze of rankly growing vegetation never fails to impress the observer.

Marsh Hens apparently lay two or more clutches of eggs each season, with from 4 to 15

GEORGIA GAME AND FISH COMMISSION

412 State Capitol

Atlanta, Georgia

S. MARVIN GRIFFIN, *Governor*

The Commission is a constitutional body, responsible only to the Legislature and the Governor.

Eleven in number—one from each Congressional District—the members of the Commission are appointed by the Governor for staggered terms of seven years and the Commission in turn appoints the director.

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The heads of the various departments and all employees are appointed by the Director on the approval of the Commission. The Director is a bonded state official and directs the entire program, which is established, and ways and means approved for its operation, by the Board of Commissioners at regular meetings.

eggs per clutch. Their nests are constructed of dry rushes or marsh grasses with an inner lining of finer material. They are usually built on a foundation of similar material and high enough to not be washed away by high tide. The nesting period in Georgia usually begins during the first part of April. After hatching, it takes about 50 days for the young Marsh Hens to attain full growth. The young birds remain with their parents until they are about half grown and then strike out on their own.

Although Marsh Hen hunting is best during high tide, there is some hunting done at low tide as the birds come down from the grass to feed upon the mud flats. The hunter kills the birds as he moves along the water edge in his boat. This method is much easier than high tide hunting but the birds are not as abundant along the edge of the water as they are in the marshes.

Sportsmen who hunt Marsh Hens often do not find any birds. For this reason they are inclined to believe that the population is low. Usually what happens is that they have hunted on a high tide that did not quite rise to the

level of a good "Marsh Hen Tide." Since the water did not rise above the Marsh Hens cover, the bird would not flush as the hunter approached. In 1947, the Game and Fish Commission began a research investigation of the Clapper Rail so that proper management practices could be put into effect. This investigation proved that Georgia has an abundance of Marsh Hens and will continue to do so unless conditions change. An average of 52,160 of these birds were killed each year for a three year period. Research figures showed that the yearly population is 282,265, birds in Georgia, so the annual kill does not approach the kill that could be made without damaging the stock.

So the birds are there, deep in the thickness of the marsh; and the characteristic sounds of CAC, CAC, CAC, CAC, CA, CAHA, AHA, is their challenge for you to come and find them and flush them out of their hide-out.

The common shrew eats its own weight in food every day.



By BILL ATKINSON

LET THE WHEEL OF NATURE TURN

If a man should decide to dismantle his watch and on reassembling it he should leave out a small screw or wheel, then the clock or watch would be useless to him.

This same thing could easily happen to the clockwork-like precision of nature's wildlife design. In these days we find that more and more people are screaming for the extermination of a few of the predatory animals without thinking the problem out.

Take for instance the fox. A farmer has a fine grain field, but along comes a group of insects that begin to ruin his crop. Nature will then send rats into this field to help control the insects, but they, in turn, start eating the grain. Then the fox comes in and eats the rats. The farmer decides that the foxes are bad for his place so he exterminates them and then the rats come back and he is right back where he started. The point is that each animal plays a very important part in each acre of land.

Stocking farms with game and birds has been quite popular in the last few years. Still, if there is not enough cover and food for the birds, they in time will leave. If there are too many animals on one acre of land, disease or some other means will reduce these animals to the carrying capacity of the land.

There are no other animals or birds living that have the number of predators working against them as the quail. From the time the eggs are laid and they start to pip, skunks, crows, 'coons, foxes, turtles, hawks, ants, dogs and cats are all working against this one small bird. Still we make up our minds that there is only one of these doing all the damage. How can we put our finger on just one of this number and say that he is the one responsible?

Many states up North have advocated the shipping in of rabbits from out of state to areas that they say are depleted of these animals. Shortly after the stocking period, many of the rabbits killed in this area were found diseased and the situation was worse than before man tried to come and take over the job of nature.

Take the case of one pond owner that was having trouble with coons around a pond that he had made into a duck preserve. He knew it was the 'coon that was doing the damage because he had seen where the nests were broken up. He carried on an extermination program on coons and found that it wasn't the coon at all, but turtles. The coons were helping the man by digging the turtle eggs up when they were laid and controlling the

number of turtles but it was too late to do anything about it then. The turtles would crawl on the bank and eat the eggs of the ducks and also the young, so this is another example of throwing the wheel out of balance.

What should we do? One of the best answers for this question is to plant food for the species of game or birds desired and let Ol' Mother Nature take over from there. Whenever you see a hawk or owl or fox just remember that he is placed there for some purpose.

One of the worst predators we have here in Georgia is the two-legged animal called man. With his greed he can kill off more in a season than nature can replace in years.

Let's be sure that we aren't the ones to loose that little screw that makes the great wheel of nature turn.

Located far back up the shore line of Clark Hill Reservoir, away from the many public swimming and boating areas, there is a small wire enclosure of about an acre that holds in captivity some turncoats that are helping biologists in their quest to learn exactly where the wild goose goes.

This area is the Georgia Game and Fish Commission's goose farm and these traitors are geese that have been trapped and used to decoy their brothers and sisters into the enclosure to be banded. Around this area are planted many crops that rate high on the goose menu as fine eating, such as corn, milo and other types of grain.

The main object of this farm is to entice the migratory geese to stop over and use this area as a resting place. After they have established it as such, the banding program will begin. A number of geese were brought in from a trapping area and were put into this enclosure where they have their own private pond and plenty to eat. A few months ago, Mr. Roper, the caretaker, reported that two geese got out and flew away. These he marked down as gone, never to be seen again, but, in a few days these two geese returned with a third goose.

This was doing it the hard way—the idea is for the geese to sound off with their honkers when their wild brethren fly over and give them the clear signal to land. So far, there have been only a few stray flocks to fly over the area, but with the establishment of Butler Island Waterfowl Refuge, the flyway will swing over to include this area.

The University of Georgia
Acquisitions Division
Athens, Ga.

KNOW YOUR WILD TURKEY

Black, Smooth Tip



Brown, Fringed Tip



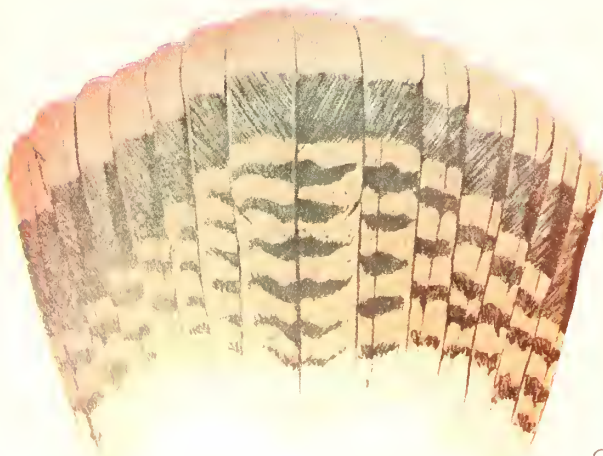
Breast
Feathers

MALE BIRD

FEMALE BIRD

Regular Edge

Irregular Edge



Spread
Tail

OLD BIRD

YOUNG BIRD

GEORGIA GAME *and* FISH

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FISHING EDITION

1957

COVER PAGES

FRONT COVER:

Two Anglers Enjoy An Afternoon in Picturesque Okefenokee Swamp Near Waycross.

BACK COVER:

Lake Burton's vivid Scenery Paints a Beautiful Picture from High Along the Appalachian Trail.

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Commission Makes Rapid Progress In War Against Rough Fish

Military leaders have long been in agreement on one battle plan. Best way to defeat an enemy, they all say, is to reduce it in number.

The same strategy must be worked in the war against rough or undesirable fish. The only way we can improve our stand of game fish is to reduce the rough fish population or, as military men do their enemies, cut off supplies essential to their well-being.

For several years, the Georgia Game and Fish Commission has opened up an all-out offensive against those fish which hinder the growth and development of bass, bream, crappie and other game fish. Fish Management biologists work strenuously toward equalizing the population of game and rough fish. Fish baskets have been legalized, making it within the law to trap under the limits set up by the Commission.

Still, we are faced with a rough fish problem. Progress has been made toward keeping our streams and lakes more suitable for game fish, but there is more to be done. Intensive study and research have been done in quest of more suitable methods of combating our enemies.



FULTON LOVELL

Director, Game and Fish Commission

One sore spot between the Commission and fishermen is the process of population studies where sometimes as many as two acres of fish are chemically poisoned for observation. Many people are under the impression that when fish are poisoned in a certain area, it results in disaster for the entire lake. This is not true. To be more specific, chemically poisoning fish in a certain area of a lake does not affect the productivity of the water in the least. The fish are dead, yes; but the information derived from one population study is well worth their lives.

For example, last year a population study was conducted at Lake Allatoona. Biologists found by aging fish, a two-year old bass was far smaller than one the same age taken from another lake. The situation was grave; it was time to correct the cause of bass' stunted growth. If the bass were to be saved, something had to be done. Threadfin shad, a small fish that serves as food for bass, were put into the lake. In one year's time the results were amazing. Allatoona bass were as plump and full of pep as those from any other lake.

We have learned from our work with farm pond owners that, if rough fish can be controlled, fishing improves immensely. Fishery biologists worked free of charge with pond owners in the study of fish population, showing them the dividends in properly stocking without rough fish. Many ponds furnished first rate fishing in a

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GEORGIA GAME AND FISH

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BOB SHORT, Editor

GLYNN WORLEY, Photographer

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Georgia's Water Wonderland

In south Georgia, where the Suwanee River forms amidst the entanglement of cypress trees and spanish moss, lies the Okefenokee Swamp, the Seminole Indians' "Land of the Trembling Earth."

This wildlife paradise consists of over seven hundred square miles of charred water and quaking earth. It embraces areas of fresh-water lakes; pure, dark water lakes; forested islands and acres of tangling jungles whose pseudo-earth has swallowed men alive.

Before Georgia was discovered, aboriginal Seminoles roamed the swamp, capturing wild animals for food and fishing for bass, bluegill bream, pike, perch, stump knocker and panfish. To the Redman, the swamp was an evil spirit; a weapon against those who sought to disobey the wishes of the gods. It was a Seminole belief that evil-doers who went into the swamp could never return. Their bodies were thought to be swallowed by the Okefenokee's quaking and pregnable sod.

The Seminoles named the swamp "Land of the Trembling Earth" because of its shivering motion when a foot is touched down. Actually, there is no soil in the swamp. Areas that appear to be sodded are not sod at all, but clumps of evergreen grasses supported by water. Men who entered the swamp and never returned were presumed to have been swallowed up by the "Trembling Earth." It has been said that man could break through the growth and die of suffocation rather than drowning, because the grass is so strongly knit that an ordinary person could not break through it from beneath for air.

The Okefenokee was once an ocean floor, geologists say, that was brought to the surface when the ocean vacated the area and moved farther south. But despite its history, the swamp is fresh water. And unlike a swamp, all its rivers and streams are continually flowing rhythmically toward the sea.

Inside its vast areas of heavy forestation, the Okefenokee supports almost every wild animal known to north Americans. Its deer, raccoon, bears and opossum grow to gigantic dimensions, a compliment to the swamp's ability to carry out Mother Nature's plan.

Thousands of visitors visit Okefenokee Swamp Park each year, leaving the place fully convinced they have seen the real Okefenokee. The truth is that they have seen only a portion of the rambling wilderness. Only a few people have actually seen

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The Okefenokee's narrow channels lead into a mysteryland retarded by nature.



Billy's Lake is a popular spot for bass fishermen in the Okefenokee swamp.



White Bass

A Real Party

For Fishermen



White Bass are easily identified by their silvery scales and longitudinal lines.

ON A Sunday afternoon in South Carolina, traffic is as thick as flies on a molasses jar. Nobody seems in a hurry to get anywhere and at first glance it appears they creep along the highways for no reason at all. After you have become so annoyed you feel like punching a tiger in the nose, you suddenly realize what's taking place.

Through the traffic jam you can see hundreds of anglers jerking white fish out of the water as fast as they can get their hooks wet. They laugh and raise sand to such an extent that you feel like you must take out your rod and reel and join the party.

You fight your way through the mob, take a seat and put a minnow on your hook. No sooner does your hook hit the water than you get a strike. You reel in your prize and stand amazed at its features. It is a bass—that's for sure—but it is white. A white bass? Two and two are four aren't they? If it's a bass and white it must be a white bass.

You have discovered the most

prolific striker of them all—the white bass. Until recently, this “ghostly” creature was sparse in Georgia waters, and anglers had not enjoyed the pleasure of tangling with a running school. Now, since they have been stocked in Lakes Allatoona, Jackson, Blackshear, Blue Ridge, Nottely, Chatuge, Burton, Rabun Tugalo, Lake Worth and Chestatee River, fishermen are beginning to get the meaning of a real “white bass party.”

These pale cousins of the rock bass live in deep, still water and slow moving rivers far removed from the raging currents of a rambling stream. They are voracious feeders and provide fishermen with excitement in spite of their small size. To the cane pole fishermen these are sweet words. It means he, like the rod and reeler, has a chance to come home with a stringer caught with red worms. To the fly fisherman, it's a deal, too. His

favorite bait is also included on the white bass' favorite menu. In fact, he probably will fall for any lure available.

About the only thing fishermen dislike about the white bass is his size. While most members of his family reach “whooper size” during their lifetimes, he never scales more than three or four pounds. This is mainly because of his short life. For some reason, yet to be explained, white bass seldom live more than four years, but during its lifetime one may brood as many as a million young.

White bass differ from the rock, or striped bass, in color only and chances of mis-identification is very remote. Silvery white in color, the white is marked with longitudinal stripes with the lowers broken. Nobody can call him a big mouth, either. Its buccal cavity nowhere near approaches the size of a large-mouth, nor is it as large as a smallmouth bass. Its young is identified only by their whiteish cast, since the longitudinal lines do not become characteristic until later life.

The thing that makes white bass so popular with fishermen is the fact that they travel in schools. As any good angler will tell you, you have a treat in store when you tangle with a school of running fish, especially when food is scarce. It is the competition that makes schooling white bass vulnerable. When four or five of them get excited over a single minnow, they may be in a mood to hit everything that moves—and a few things that don't move.

Like Salmon, white bass have a peculiar spawning habit. In every case, they migrate up-

Fishery Biologist Wayne Thomaston releases first white bass in Lake Allatoona.



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Insects lurk in forested areas like this one, awaiting a chance to nab an innocent victim.



Stop Those Pests!

IF YOU have ever spent a day in the woods, chances are you have been occupied the following week scratching those "infernal chigger bites."

In most cases, discomforts produced by chiggers, wood ticks, fleas and mosquitos could have been reduced, and even stopped altogether, by a few safety measures before you left home.

The chigger, sometimes called the jigger, or red bug and oftentimes called much worse names, is the most annoying of all wood pests. In real life, this minute animal is the immature stage of a small mite and not a true insect. He is the first cousin of the wood tick although he never approaches his kin in size.

Contrary to what most people believe, the chigger does not bury itself beneath its victim's skin. Upon contact with flesh, he buries only his mouth under the epidermis and secretes a poisonous substance that causes an intense itching. This itching usually starts a day after coming in contact with the little varmint and little can be done to give relief.

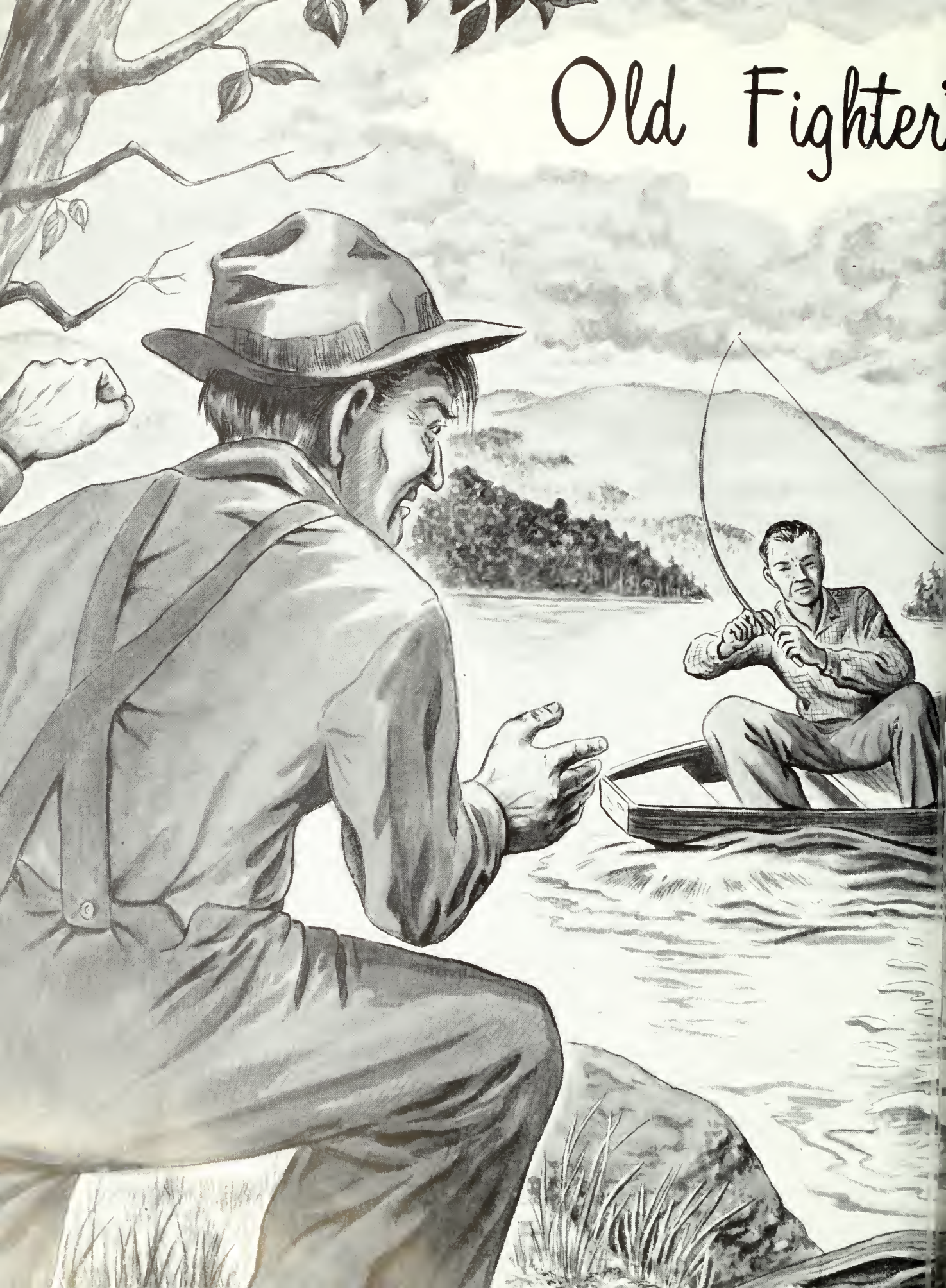
Chiggers can usually be found in grassy spots. They are invisible, so there's no way of knowing when several are following you home on your clothes, shoes or even on your skin. Alcohol (taken externally, naturally) gives some relief to the itching, but once you have begun scratching, there is little hope for complete relief.

Prevention is the most successful way to avoid infections by chiggers. Country folks use plain flowers of sulful or powdered sulfur. They sprinkle the dry powder in their socks, on their ankles and in other places where their clothes fits tight.

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Mrs. Nell Taylor of Atlanta makes sure no insects will ruin her picnic by using an insect repellant.

Old Fighter



Last Fight

By BOB SHORT

IT WAS six o'clock in the morning. The last call of a nocturnal owl echoed through the pines and left Lake Burton surrounded with deadly silence, except for an occasional rumble from a cloud suffering from indigestion. It was easy to see that the rain was on its way.

Change in the weather came as a blow to Harry and me. We had planned this trip for three months. We had even convinced ourselves we could catch Old Fighter, a tremendous bass that had long been a legend among mountain folk. We were so sure that we brought along our "super-duper" stringer.

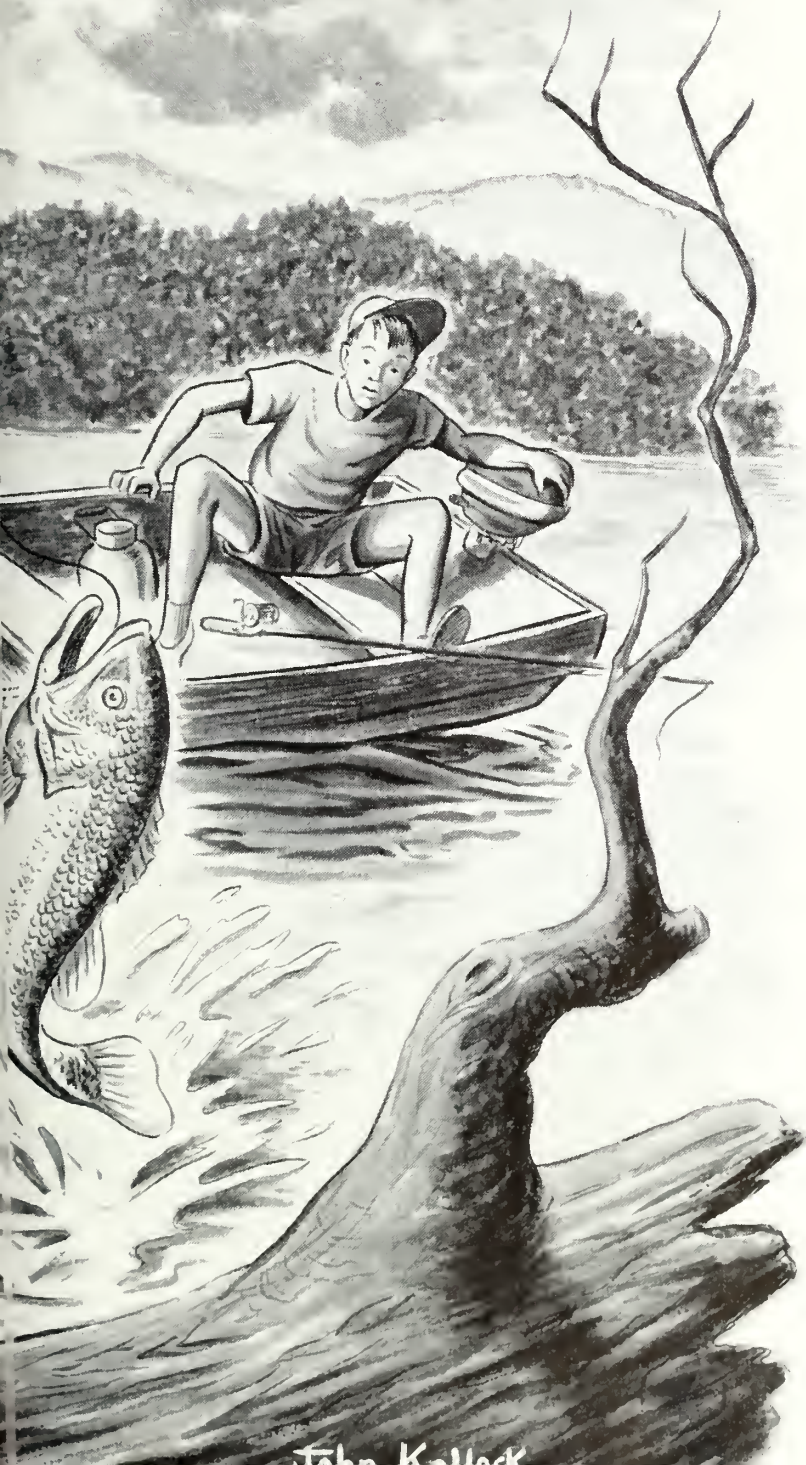
Harry looked at me with a mask of disappointment hiding his juvenile face. "Cheer up," I told him, "don't look so downcast. There'll be other days. We might not get out there today, but we'll be back." He gave me a toothpaste ad smile, picked up his rod and reel and headed for the car.

"Well, if we can't fish," he said, "let's go up to that little restaurant and get some coffee." It sounded like a good idea and practical, too, since the rain would probably catch us if we attempted to brew our own. We packed the rest of our equipment into the car and headed for food.

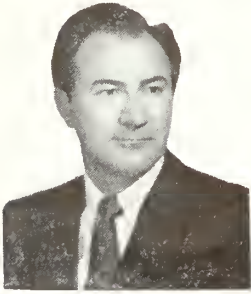
The thunder grew louder and an occasional bolt of lightning broke across the sky. When we arrived at the Travelers Inn, a tiny cafe on the Timpson River, the bottom fell out of the cloud nearest us and the rain began to beat a rhythmical music on the sun-baked earth.

Inside the Inn, the rain played a Calypso melody on the tin roof. We ordered coffee and sat back to relax and wait until the weather cleared. Ordinarily, we would have fished during the rain, but not this one. The lightning cut didoes around the

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HOW EFFECTIVE IS EDUCATION IN THE FIELD OF CONSERVATION?



(This article is taken from an address by Mr. Blanchard to the International Association of Game and Fish Commissioners in Toronto, Canada. Mr. Blanchard, the first southerner ever to speak to the group, is superintendent of schools in Columbia County, an active member of the Woodmen of the World's conservation program and one of Georgia's leading conservationists.)

BY JOHN PIERCE BLANCHARD

In determining the effectiveness of present adult education in wildlife conservation, it is first necessary to determine what media are being used. According to my survey, which was taken from 37 states, one territory and three Canadian provinces, the following are being used for disseminating information and education to adults: wild life conservation magazines, newspapers, special bulletins, audio-visual programs, public addresses, demonstrations and participation in meetings, associations and conventions at local, state and national levels.

Most of the states in the United States publish wildlife conservation magazines. The number of issues vary from one to twelve and several states distribute them free. Most departments supply their magazines to schools, libraries, newspapers and legislators, as well as to sportsmen and other interested individuals.

Although the total yearly circulation is reportedly one million, sixty seven thousand and one hundred, it is the consensus of opinion that the full value of the magazine as an educational force is not being realized. It is apparent that, if the total potential is to be reached, more attention must be given to subject matter, better writers and better distribution. The channels of distribution should be broader and more consistent.

The newspaper is considered the best means of reaching the largest number of people. All departments report extensive use of their newspapers. It has been found that most departments

average several hundred articles and news releases per year, with some reporting several thousand. More people are reached at a lower cost through newspapers.

Departments indicated the desired results are not being realized, with the newspapers, just as with the conservation magazine. Several states warn against using newspaper releases for propaganda purposes. It is suggested that more features should be of local and sectional rather than state, territorial or provincial interest.

Again, if effectiveness is to be increased, there is a need for more and better writers and editors, wider circulation, greater use of pictures and for more effective liaison between conservation people and newspaper editors. Editors must be made aware of the conservationists point of view. Need for more accuracy of factual information is stressed by all departments.

Some of our states issue special bulletins, whose distribution is more selective than that of their magazines. These bulletins usually present detailed information on a single subject and are distributed through game clubs, libraries, newspapers and interested individuals upon request.

Some feel that special bulletins can play a more effective role in adult education and conservation by utilizing more and better talent in the preparation of the bulletins. Also, there is a need for more bulletins of interest to the lay reader, with a broader and more consistent program of distribution.

Most of the State Game and Fish Departments in the U. S.

use films in their education program. These movies are used with speeches before various groups, with the idea of using them to create enough interest to hold and answer session after the film. For this phase of audio-visual program to be more effective, it has been suggested by the departments that we recognize the great need for more films and adequate personnel to present them.

Television has stepped into the limelight as an important part of the wildlife educational program. More and more departments use it as a method of broadening the view of wildlife conservation among the citizens of our country. This method, like the magazines and bulletins, can be improved by more qualified personnel and a more varied and interesting subject matter.

It is very encouraging to find that excellent results have been reached through the various channels of information and educational ideas employed by our wildlife branches. If adequate funds were immediately available, the effectiveness of the program of adult education would be increased and the hopes for improvement in the future could be viewed with more optimism. But before such funds become available, the citizens of our states, territories and provinces must fully realize the need for the restoration, conservation and preservation of our natural resources. For our citizens to realize this, they must be educated to the needs, the hope of every state's Education and Information department.

LAKE BURTON

Wins Many Friends With Rainbow Trout, Unmatched Scenery

TOURISTS call Lake Burton the most picturesque body of water in America. Its calmness creates an eerie feeling to those who do not know its staggered points and hidden coves. Yet, it beckons to them with the friendliness of a young child.

This lake, cradled in a valley among Georgia's towering mountain ranges, has been called the Granddaddy of them all. Its still, blue water feeds two other lakes

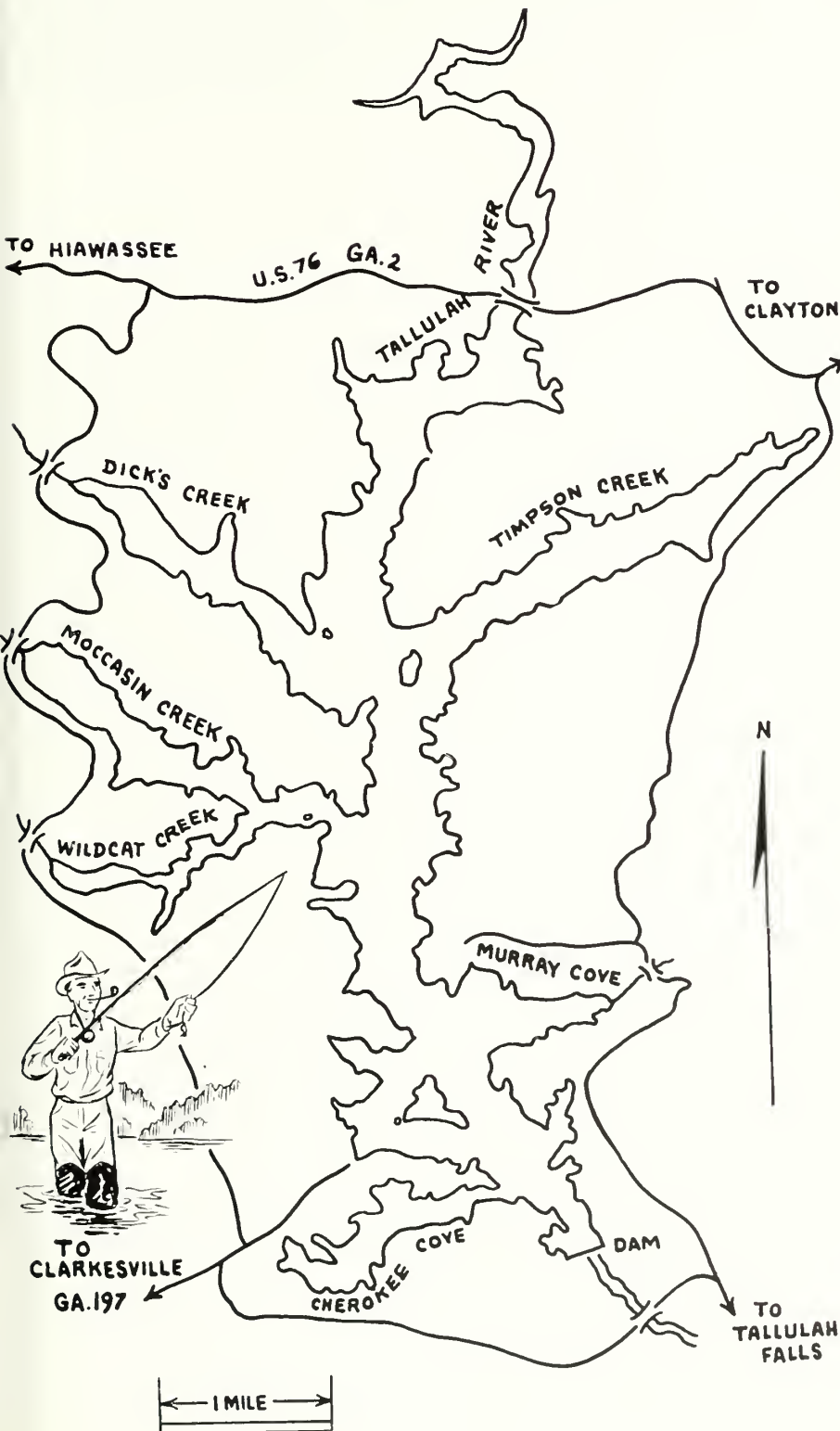
*First in a series of stories on
Georgia Lakes*

and turns the turbines that generates electricity for thousands of homes. But above all, the water of this mountain paradise provides fish that keep a steady flow of anglers from all parts of the south.

Once known as a mecca for bass fishermen, Lake Burton is one of the few lakes in Georgia where a fisherman can land a big trout. By big, it is meant a nine or ten pounder. More than one lucky fisherman has planted his lure for a bass and surprised to the Nth degree by the jarring tug of a Rainbow near the mouth of the Timpson River.

Nearby Lake Burton Hatchery, operated by the Georgia Game and Fish Commission, indirectly keeps the 2,275 acres of water full of Rainbow and Brown trout. Game and Fish Commission rangers stock Dicks', Moccasin and Wildcat creeks, management streams almost within rock throwing distance of Burton, weekly or bi-weekly. The

(Continued on Page 24)





Marginal weed growth is one of the major problems with today's farm pond owner.

Weed Growth Big Pond Problem

Fish Biologist Tad Lane (L) instructs owners on how to properly manage and preserve ponds and fish.



BY FRED J. DICKSON

Chief, Fish Management Division

JOHN BROWN is a farm pond owner and like the 35,000 other owners in Georgia he strives to keep his water filled with bass and bream to help accommodate the fishing public.

One spring morning, bright and early, Brown went to his pond to check on weed growth. He was rocked off his feet by the sight of hundreds of dead fish floating in the water. It came as a surprise to him, but to the Game and Fish biologist who helped him develop his pond, it was another lesson in the importance of "keeping abreast of the times in farm pond management."

After partially recovering from his shock, Brown came into my office for advice on the proper method of restocking. We were glad to oblige—after we had discovered what had killed his fish.

We arrived at Brown's place about noon, just as the sun reached its high point on its daily trip around the earth. The water was tested for poisonous substances, and the area checked for additional information which would tell what happened. Finally, we picked up one of the dead fish and examined his gills.

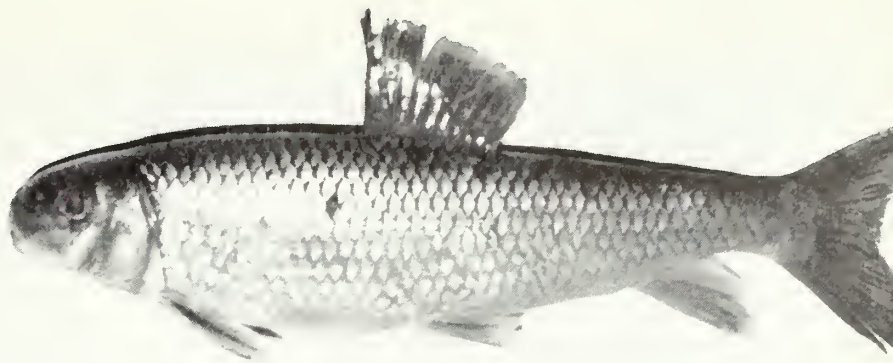
The fish, a bluegill bream, had swollen gills, heavily dotted with ruptured veins. From experience, we knew the fish had suffocated. We walked around the edge of the pond to check on the weed growth. Weeds on the sides of the ponds caused no reason for

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Mr. Sucker:

MUDDY WATERS'

'UGLY DUCKLING'



Suckers are identified by their long, hideous snouts.

CAN you imagine catfish without hush puppies or corn pone without blackeyed peas? If you can't, it probably would be equally hard for you to imagine Georgia's lakes and streams without suckers.

The sucker, whose technical name is *Catostomidae*, has been a rambler in Georgia waters since before General Oglethorpe claimed the colony for "merry olde England." Chances are there will be a great number of them around for many years to come.

Indians found suckers very cooperative and tasty. In the days when Redmen hunted and fished for food and clothing, suckers were table-grade. The thing that made them such a favorite, besides their taste, was their eagerness to grab the Redskins' bait. Nowadays, few folks realize what a tasty morsel the creature is when properly scored and fried in deep, hot grease. Small bones magically melt and leave the meat pleasing to the most exacting epicure.

Through the years, suckers have changed very little. They still have that hideous look; their feeding habits and reproduction rate have varied little and their willingness to make a fisherman's line zing still make them a favorite to some sport fishermen. However, with the increase of true game fish, suckers have taken a back seat and are no longer the object of a fisherman's search for adventure, relaxation and an occasional fish fry like they once were.

Identifying a sucker is as easy as looking into a mirror and know at whom you are looking. A large, snout-like mouth is the giveaway. Despite its appearance, the sucker's snout is a

vital tool. Without it he could not strain his food from the mud-infested area near the bottom of a stream or lake, nor could he root in the mud to search for the menu Mother Nature has prepared for him. He is able to screen food through his powerful set of comb-like teeth. After a school of suckers has rambled through the mud for their lunch, it is possible that the entire area become muddy. They have even been known to stir up enough mud to discolor several acres of water.

Main species of suckers found in Georgia are the smallmouth buffalo, redhorse, blackhorse, quillback, white and the possibility of several others without technical names. Just last year, two unidentified members of the family were given proper names when discovered in streams. They resembled quillbacks, but had several different characteristics. We named them *Carpiodes Asper* (or rough nose) and *Carpiodes Fluvius*. Other members of the family tree, which are found in Georgia but on a smaller scale, are the hog sucker, chub, spotted sucker, and carp sucker. They, like the rest of their kinfolk, can be found in shallow, muddy water.

Various species of the sucker family spawn at different temperatures but usually the first one is the redhorse. When the water reaches about 65 degrees Fahrenheit, redhorses leave their home and travel up smaller streams to deposit their eggs. Most of the other species begin their annual "run" during late winter and early spring into small headwaters where they spawn. In both cases, an unusual rise in spawning waters seem to

speed them upstream to swifter water, where the current stimulates them to greater activity.

It is almost impossible for a fisherman to latch onto a sucker during spawning periods, but little trouble is encountered any other time. Since suckers do most of their travelling at night, they may be found in deep holes during fishing hours and are usually caught at that time. Best bait is dough balls, mounted on a small hook and dangled on the bottom of the stream or lake. If this method fails, try redworms, but be sure to put them on the bottom of the water since suckers always get their food there.

Although suckers have hearty appetites, few species reach over 22 inches in length or weigh over two pounds, depending on the fertility of streams. In some cases, one of the scaly-backed creatures may reach as much as four pounds, if the conditions are right. In another case, it may never grow over a pound and a half when a pond is at its lowest ebb of fertility. Young suckers grow on the average of one pound in their first year, again if the stream is fertile enough, and may never get over two pounds in a lifetime.

Suckers are classified as "rough" fish because of their expanding population that hinders the growth of game fish. Surveys by Game and Fish Biologists reveal that as much as 45 per cent of the population of some streams are suckers. In streams where they are so dominant, it reduces the chances for survival of a young bream, trout or crappie.

However, there are exceptions to every rule and loads of fishermen take exceptions to this one.

KAMP KOALS

No Fish Fry Complete Without Hush Puppies, Baked Beans

If there is anything more Southern than a good, old-fashioned fish fry it has yet to be discovered. Even those dead-panned old Yankees agree to that. Fact is, best way to show off Confederate living is to throw the doors open to a catfish fry, complete with hush puppies.

Everybody knows how to fry catfish, but there is a secret behind making those golden brown, tasty hush puppies. If you're one of those characters who subscribe to the theory that everything should be done in a hurry, there is a prepared mix you can buy. But you will probably find that there is no substitute for the original, so here's

a recipe for enough to feed four hungry people:

HUSH PUPPIES

*3 cups corn meal
2 tbsp. white flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1 tbsp. shortening (bacon fat is better)
¼ tsp. salt
1 small onion grated (optional)
2 tbsp. whole milk*

Add enough cold water to make the batter mix thick enough to drop from a spoon into a smoking fat, a spoonful at a time.

When you have your catfish and hush puppies on the fire, it is time to think about the other food on your menu. No fish fry could be complete without slaw

These beauties, caught in Boggs Creek in the Chestatee Area, made a panful of good eating for this Atlanta angler.



Cliff King, Photographer Glynn Worley have the right idea—there's nothing like a good fish fry.

and baked beans. Old fashioned cream- and -vinegar dressing over chopped cabbage, sweetened to taste with granulated sugar, is a salad that is mighty hard to beat.

Baked beans are easy to fix. All it takes is a can or two of commercial pork and beans and a little fixing from the chef.

BAKED BEANS

To two large cans of pork and beans (or beans in tomato sauce) add two tablespoonsful of yellow mustard, salt and pepper to taste, and a dab of grated horseradish. Chop in a couple of small apples which have been peeled and cored, and a few raw tomatoes, cut in small pieces.

Place ingredients in a baking dish or bean pot, pour sorghum molasses over the top, garnish with bacon strips and bake slowly in a moderate oven for at least an hour, uncovering the last 20 minutes to brown.

If you are one of those gourmets who insist upon that "foreign" taste, you probably will want to substitute one of the following dishes for catfish.

Here is one from Austria.

(Continued on Page 21)

GEORGIA



Lake Rabun provided this 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ pound bass for J. B. Hudgins and Jack Cooper of Toccoa.



Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Pernell of Columbus landed this stringer of bass and bream on Goat's Rack Lake.



This is a sign fishing season is here.

SNAPSHOTS



J. C. Martin shows off his trout taken from Lake Burton, two Rainbows, and Brown trout.

Bait Farming To Thousands of

LIKE the Stanley Steamer, The Charleston and the antics of Jean LaFitte, digging your own fish bait has gone out of style. In these days of two-car families, color TV and prosperity everywhere it is much easier to buy it from a Worm Rancher and eliminate all that futile scratching in the ground.

With the spread of fishingitis (the incurable disease first introduced to us Americans at Plymouth Rock in the days of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas) red worms, spring lizards, Catalpa worms and other forms of fish food have become a standard item on the shelves of sporting goods stores.

Used to be a fellow could step into his back yard, clear out a good sized spot and dig all the fishing worms he could use. That was before someone discovered a good market for red wigglers. Nowadays, it is much easier and more practical to pick up a can of worms at a local store. It's even reached the point where some fishermen have thrown away their shovels.

It took just a few worms, plenty of imagination and seven acres of land for W. S. Rainey of Eatonton to build the largest worm ranch in the South. Rainey begun his farm strictly as a hobby, with only a few scattered beds, but soon the unlimited future had developed his ranch into seven full acres, shipping half a million worms a day.

You, Rainey says, can do the same thing if you get started correctly and keep your mind on your business. The recipe, according to Rainey, is plenty of elbow grease and enough funds to set up several beds, from which you can expand slowly into a large money-making plant. With new ideas cropping up almost daily, ranchers are finding easy answers to the questions that once had them stymied. Rainey's biggest problem, for example, was shipping. He tried all sorts and shapes of containers before he decided to have them made to his specification. Now he's able to fill mail orders anywhere, and

Left: Workers harvest wiggler crop on W. S. Rainey's farm near Eatonton.

Georgia wigglers' popularity as bait has reached as far south as South America and as far north as



Big Business Georgia Ranchers

es. Orders come in from as far as South America and as far north Alaska. It won't be long until you can buy Georgia wigglers in Japan or China.

Successful ranchers agree that the most important step for the "dude" is the choice of the proper site. They suggest a spot that will provide enough natural shade to protect your product from Old Sol. However, if you're going to raise worms in large quantities for export, it is practical to build your own awnings. Be sure there is enough water nearby. While Mother Nature may provide plenty of free material to get you started in her earthen breast, the moisture in the sod will not be sufficient to supply your beds with the proper amount of water. Be sure, too, your beds are not located near any natural noises, such as passing trains or automobiles which will cause your worms to look for another home.

Worms reproduce fast. Under ideal weather conditions, in which the temperature lies between 50 and 55 degrees Fahrenheit, each worm will lay an egg approximately every 10 days. From this egg between five and twenty worms will hatch. Since worms are asexual, it is possible for every one in your bed to reproduce. You must remember this, the experts warn, so your beds will not be overloaded. An overloaded bed makes for undernourished worms.

One of the biggest setbacks suffered by a dude rancher is his haste in striving for the top rung on the business ladder. Don't blow your luck—or your business. One rancher passes along this tip: "It is easy to become discouraged from the outset if you make big plans and are unable to fill them. Establishing a big mail order business makes plenty of time—and work." It has been found that one acre of beds require the attention of two men. Unless you are able to bear the financial burden of two helpers per acre, it is best to work your way into a bigger ranch. In other words, start from the bottom.

(Continued on Page 22)

Right: These photos show proper awnings, water supply and beds for good ranching.

Super markets have nothing on bait ranchers—they have self service, too.



Fish Scales Tell Many Tales

By GLYNN V. WORLEY

"Don't come back unless you have a good story."

With those words ringing in my ears, I set out for Greensboro to interview Game and Fish biologist Wayne Thomaston for a story for the Georgia Game and Fish magazine. I am the departmental photographer and writing stories is a little out of my line, but since the editor of the magazine asked me to do it just this once, I decided to give it a try.

When I reached Thomaston's laboratory, he was waiting for me and immediately took me into a darkroom where his apparatus was set up. With all the eagerness of a cub reporter, I took out my notebook and began jotting down notes.

"Believe it or not," Thomaston said, "a plain fish scale plays an important role in the development and improvement of Georgia's many lakes and streams."

gia's many lakes and streams."

"We determine — from this minute scale, mind you—how old a fish is—how much he has grown in a year—condition of the water in which he lives—what can be done to improve his habitat—and how fishing can be improved."

Thomaston picked several scales from an envelope containing perhaps a hundred. He placed one on his microscope and adjusted the screen so I could see what he was doing. On the screen, the scale looked like a large thumb print. Its features were easy to see.

"This bass is three years old," Thomaston told me. "If you will look closely, you can see three 'year rings' (annuli) stemming from the center of the scale. That's how we age a fish—by those rings."

I jotted that down in my notebook.

Dr. S. F. Sniesko, a noted authority on fish diseases, studies scale of Georgia trout.



Bob Carnes weighs trout and gets ready to pluck scales for reading.

"Now this is just the first step in the process," he said as he began rambling through his files. "Next step is to find when this fish was hatched and how much it has grown since we released it in Lake Allatoona."

Thomaston placed his file on the table and thumbed through it until he came to a section marked Richmond Hill Hatchery.

"This bass came from our Richmond Hatchery," he told me. "If you will notice, the tag we took from the fish when we captured it was a Richmond Hill tag. This particular fish was released in January of 1955, when it was about a year old and weighed a little over a pound."

That, too, went in my notebook.

He weighed the fish when it was taken from Allatoona, he said, and found it weighed four pounds—above the average compared to a fish its age taken from Lake Jackson.

"The reason this bass is larger than an average one its age from Lake Jackson," he said, "is because there is more food in Allatoona. Last fall we placed threadfin shad, a small fish suitable for food for bass, into Alla-

(Continued on Page 20)



GOOD FISHIN'



This string of fine bass were taken from Lake Rabun.

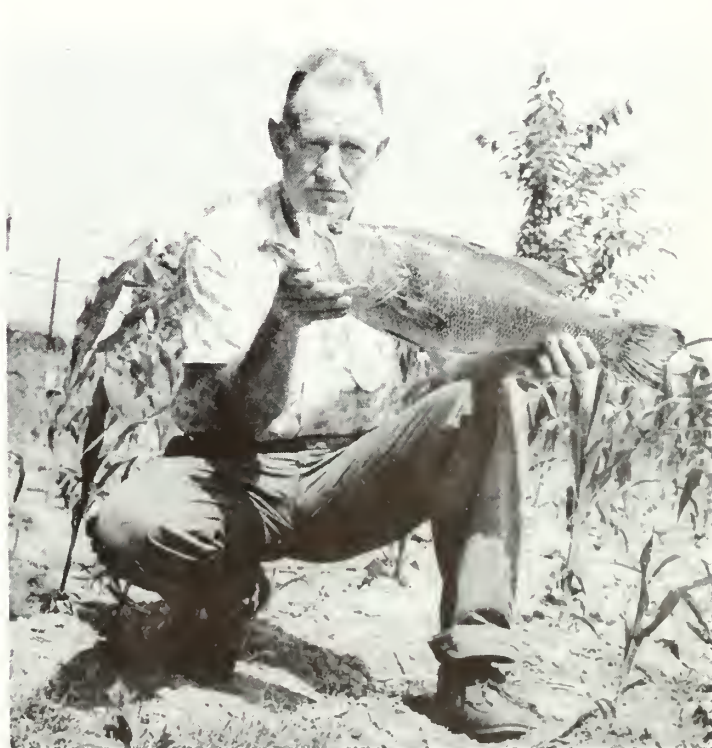


Robert West (R) and friend admire large catch of sea bass.

GEORGIA STYLE



Sara Woodall of Atlanta landed this walleye pike, weighing 23 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds, from Lake Rabun.



This 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ pound beauty came from Lake Rabun, too.

A HATCHERY IS BORN

STEVE COCKE MEMORIAL RUNS GEORGIA'S TOTAL TO 6



Governor Marvin Griffin dedicates Steve Cocke Hatchery near Dawson.



One of the Steve Cocke ponds after work had started.



This crystal clear pool is one of the 17 ponds at the hatchery.

For many years Representative Steve Cocke and the people of Terrell County wanted a warm water fish hatchery to supply bluegills and bass to the people of Southwest Georgia. So intense was their desire that they donated 40 acres of Terrell County soil, fee simple, to the State for a hatchery site.

On December 12, 1956, their dream came true. Governor Marvin Griffin, together with Game and Fish Director Fulton Lovell and officials of the Game and Fish Commission, officially dedicated Georgia's newest and most modern fish-rearing plant, The Steve Cocke Hatchery. It was named for Representative Cocke, whose untiring efforts and cooperation brought it to Terrell County.

The new hatchery is one of the most modern warm water hatcheries in the nation. Its fifteen surface acres of water break into seventeen ponds, where bream and bass abound in harmony. Two modern residences for the superintendant and his assistant are part of the plant, and a utility building, which houses a tool shop, carpenter shop, garage for trucks and tractors and a fertilizer storage room gives workmen a modern place to carry out their jobs. Upstairs in the utility building are sleeping quarters for visiting rangers and personnel who are called to the hatchery.

A model fish holding house was constructed to store fish safely until they are delivered to pond owners. A wayside park will be constructed for the convenience of visitors who stop at the hatchery with their picnic lunches.

Steve Cocke Hatchery was built at a total cost of \$159,000. Its value to pond owners and fishermen, however, can not be measured in dollars and cents.

In the future, Steve Cocke will produce over a million and a half bream and eighteen thousand bass yearly, which, combined with other hatcheries in the State, will supply enough fish to fill the demand of Georgia pondowners. Too, the addition of Steve Cocke Hatchery to our system of warm water hatcheries will relieve some of the pressure on some of the other hatcheries in south Georgia.

Southwest Georgia bass fishermen are already slurping over the possible increase of catches in ponds and reservoirs in their section. For several years bass fishing in the southwest corner of Georgia has been climbing rapidly. With the Steve Cocke Hatchery to provide more fish for ponds and lakes in the area, more catches are anticipated than ever before.

I Hunt With a Mike



BY CARLTON MORRISON

I am a hunter, but unlike most outdoorsmen my favorite weapon is a microphone and not a gun. I hunt for sounds of deer, turkey and other animals rather than the animals themselves. I am producer of the Game and Fish Commission's weekly radio program, "Georgia Outdoors," and one of my favorite projects is to give the program realism by recording sounds of the outdoors.

One of my most successful attempts at wildlife recording was during a quail hunt in South Georgia. Using a shoebox sized battery-operated tape recorder, I went with a group of hunters into the fields, my trusty mike on my shoulder. As the hunt progressed, I picked up the conversation between the hunters, their commands to the dogs, the beat of wings when a covey of birds were flushed, the blast of shotguns when they were fired, and even the rustling of foliage when the dogs retrieved the kill.

After we had processed the tape and broadcast the program on our 40-station hookup in Georgia, the National Broadcasting Company honored us by using it again on "Monitor," their weekend radio program.

Lake Blackshear was the scene of one of our most interesting fishing programs. The portable recorder "carried" our listeners out onto the lake where they heard the fisherman's exclamations when a big bass grabbed his plug and the splashing and flapping of the fish as it was

hauled into the boat. One particularly appealing sound which was captured was the plop, plop of a topwater lure as it was reeled slowly across the water.

It is "hunting" like this that makes the task of producing a radio show full of fun. But sometimes it can draw you into a ticklish situation and leave you with a pair of knocking knees.

That is what happened when I recorded a rattlesnake's warning for one of our shows. Before I get too far along with the story I wish to say that the snake was not in the wilds but in captivity and on display in Okefenokee Swamp Park near Waycross. That was of little comfort to me, however, because I had to hold the mike frightfully close to the deadly rattler to receive a good pickup. I shoved it nearer and nearer the snake until I had picked up all the "rattling" I needed for the show. The rattler never made a move to strike me, thank goodness, but it was still an unnerving experience.

Maybe the reason I didn't get snake bit was the same reason I didn't fall out of an airplane on another one of my experiences. I was flying with a load of paratroopers to do a radio pickup of a practice jump (this, of course, was not for the Game and Fish program). The jumpmaster asked me if I would like to look out of the door through which the troopers would jump. I must have been a little hesi-

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Rough Fish

(Continued from Page 2)

short time. In others, where the rough fish had not been eliminated, it took several years for the fish to grow large enough to give the fisherman a good fight.

As extra aid, Georgia operates five warm water hatcheries to provide pond owners bream and bass for their waters. In return, the State receives the pleasure of knowing its lakes and ponds are continually improving in game fish. Someone once asked why the State did not operate private fishing ponds to compete with commercial farm pond owners. The answer to that question is a simple one. We are not interested in commercial fishing... it's our job to improve fishing and we are doing it through work with the reservoirs and farm pond owners.

Some states, particularly Florida, use a shock-type treatment against rough fish. From a boat, a Florida Wildlife Ranger dips an electrical apparatus into the water and electrocutes the fish. The electricity takes control of the fish's muscles and leads him in to a death trap. Each four-hour operation yields up to 1500 pounds of rough fish, Floridians report. Florida has been successful with this method. Several states have not. Georgia has not used this weapon. Chances are we won't.

Fishermen are a vital ally in our war against rough fish. Without them we would be lost. Regular fishermen, who ask nothing more than an afternoon on a good lake, can be useful simply by occasionally fishing for, and keeping, rough fish. Many anglers throw fish they do not wish to keep back into the water. By doing so, they increase the rough population by several thousand a year. That's the speed with which many rough species reproduce.

Georgia's best answer to the rough fish problem so far has been the commercial fishermen, who are supervised by Game and Fish Commission Rangers. By using gill or commercial nets and catching rough species when they are spawning, these fishermen remove a large number of streams.

WEED GROWTH . . .

(Continued from Page 10)

alarm, but the bottom of Brown's pond was covered with submerged aquatic growth.

Warming of the water had caused the weeds to decay, which caused chemical reactions to tie up the free oxygen in the formation of hydrogen sulfide and sulphur dioxide. Without oxygen Brown's fish had no chance to survive.

Brown and I returned to the office and began steps to restock his pond later in the year. Since his pond had been wiped out complete'y, it was necessary for him to start all over. Some owners have been more fortunate, though, and saved their fish with a suggestion given by the Game and Fish Commission personnel.

Technicians advise owners whose fish have begun to die from suffocation to apply 50 to 75 pounds of super phosphate per surface acre of water to increase the free oxygen in the water.

The above case was hypothetical, of course, but is happening right now to owners who have failed to properly develop and manage their ponds. Control of weeds is one of the major problems today's pond owner faces, if he has not properly fertilized his pond. By using recommended fertilization process, an owner can prevent and eliminate excessive weed growth.

Some people are under the impression that fish eat fertilizer, which is as far from the truth as a belief that a stalk of corn directly devours the fertilizer in a field. What actually happens is this: fertilizer is put into a pond to aid growth of microscopic plant life (algae) which serves as food for insects in the worm stage; fish, in turn, devour the insects.

Fertilization aids the curbing of weed growth, too. As long as the algae is in the water, it is impossible for the sun to reach the bottom of the pond, leaving aquatic plants without sunlight—and element vital'y necessary to growth and reproduction. If a plant cannot grow and reproduce, then owners will have little fear of fish kills from weeds.

Technical advice is essential

to conquer and control weeds, plus a knowledge of the suitable chemicals to use. Few pond owners know how to correct their weed problems without the advice of a trained biologist. That is why the Game and Fish Commission keeps a force of specialists working, free of charge, to improve fishing in farm ponds in Georgia.

Tad Lane, Howard Zeller, and Alex Montgomery, three farm pond specialists, work hand and hand with pond owners in a research program designed to eliminate some of the problems connected with development and management of farm ponds. In the case of weeds, they have offered several ways to prevent their spread and how to eliminate them.

Submerged weeds, or the ones found on or near the bottom of a pond are easily killed with Sodium Arsenite, particularly during the spring and summer. Sodium Arsenite should be used by experienced personnel. Their counterpart, floating weeds, may be controlled with ester forms of 2, 4-D. Results from experimental treatment of this type of plant indicate that from one to three applications are necessary for complete control.

Water lilies and cattails, two weeds commonly found in south Georgia, can be controlled with ester forms of 2, 4-D and 2, 4-5-T using fuel oil-chemical mixtures. In most experiments, fuel oil proved more satisfactory than water as a carrier. In most cases, a second or third application was needed to completely wipe out the weeds.

Several plants belonging to the emergent group have not responded satisfactorily to normal chemical treatment. Manna Grass and summer type algal scums are particularly tough to control. Zeller and Montgomery are busy with experiments to find a cure for spread of these weeds at the present time.

John Brown had problems—so will any other pond owner who fails to realize the importance of proper fertilization and control of weed growth in his pond.

FISH SCALES . . .

(Continued from Page 16)

toona to improve our bass there. We are happy to see that they are doing 'em some good."

With that he closed his file, placed it back in the cabinet and turned back to me.

"Each year," he said, "we conduct population studies in connection with this project. We find out exactly what types of fish are in our lakes and what we can do to improve conditions for game fish. When we know what needs to be done, we do it."

"I have a question for you," I told him. "How do you age a catfish? They don't have scales."

He grinned and said, "Somebody always asks that question. But we are able to tell the age of a cat even though he doesn't have scales. We do it by reading a section of his backbone just like we do the scale of any other fish."

"A cat is no different from any other fish when it comes to 'year marks,' except that his backbone is the giveaway. A cat's spine has rings almost like those of a tree and we determine his age from those."

That answered my question, but I had another one.

"How does all this improve fishing?" I asked.

Thomaston drew on his pipe for a second then answered:

"Anytime we can increase food material for game fish in any lake or stream," he said, "we are improving fishing. Every fisherman wants to catch large fish. By providing more food, we make 'em bigger. We also reduce the number of rough fish, when possible, to leave the game fish better pickings."

I closed my notebook, bade adieu to Thomaston and set out for home—with my first story. Whether or not I could sit down and punch out a good story on the importance of this phase of fish management was, and is still, problematical. But I was convinced that it is a mighty important process.

The Okefenokee . . .

(Continued from Page 3)

the center of the swamp and these have lived their lives in and around the swamp.

It is possible to visit the swamp's heart by boat. Narrow passageways of water leads into open lakes and rivers on the journey into the center of the swamp. In these natural, clear lakes bass and bream fill any fisherman's lust for adventure. Sometimes it is possible to cast near the base of a cypress tree and land a prize gar or grindle, or even a native stump knocker, from beneath the coat of water lilies, iris and maiden cane the water wears as a mask.

As you wind your way down the open water paths, a water turkey swoops down, then heads aimlessly toward a tall cypress. Looking around in astonishment at the incredible swamp, you may hear a wild turkey sending a vocal note to its mate or an alligator grunting his satisfaction after devouring a meal of fish. Another sharp twist of the head might find a deer running from the sound of your motor.

Over 180 species of birds hover in the skies around the swamp and on a clear, warm day an observer might see at least half of the different types that make their homes there. In addition to its vast assortment of birds, the swamp is also a home for twenty-eight different breeds of snakes, twelve species of water turtles and forty different mammals. All this is in addition to the thirty species of fish that are found in the back Okefenokee water.

Since it has been taken by the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service and protected from hunters, the swamp's ever-growing population of animals is at its peak. It has been estimated that a person could live over 100 years on the animal and plant life of the Okefenokee, if he had knowledge of how to use its survival facilities.

Fish and Wildlife Rangers are constantly working to protect the inhabitants of the swamp from the hunter's gun and the fisherman's lures. Hunting and trap-

ping are forbidden and fishing is permitted only in special areas and with approved guides.

One of the most fascinating things about the swamp is its mysterious and colorful alligator population. Giant 'gators may be found in all areas of the swamp, preying upon fish and wild animals for food. Despite their constant threat to fish and turtles, as well as land animals, alligators make it possible for fish to live and travel by opening up the narrow passes between lakes and streams. It is in this sense, a united effort by all animals to live together, that makes the swamp a part of nature's picture.

Most popular fishing spots to the natives of this wonder of nature are the clear, warm water lakes that shoot out suddenly from the rows of water paths through the swamp. From Cow Island, where the swamp is entered on the Wavercross side, to Fargo on its back side, numerous lakes offer the best a fisherman could ask for in game fish. Although fishing in other parts of the swamp is sometimes extraordinary, most of the largest catches have been recorded in lakes, where floating growth is swept aside by moving water.

The water in the Okefenokee's narrow streams is a ruddy color, dyed by the tannic acid created by decaying plants and water shrubs. However, it is not detrimental to the growth of fish or their reproduction. If it has any effect at all, it aids in growth. Bits of debris from rotting plants serves as additional food for the underwater population of the swamp.

By taking a boat at the beginning of the Suwanee River, a person may travel, surrounded by cypress trees and moss, to the Gulf of Mexico, where the river unites with the ocean. Along the way, he will see scenery few minds can imagine.

The Okefenokee is indeed Georgia's water wonderland. To a sightseer, it is a thing of unsurpassable beauty—a wonder of the world. To the wildlife lover it is a challenge, and to the conservationist it is a blessing.

I HUNT WITH A MIKE

(Continued from Page 19)

tant because a moment later he urged me:

"Go ahead," he said, "you won't fall out."

"Why won't I fall out?"

"You just won't."

Sure enough, I stood in the door and didn't fall out. Fact is, I doubt if that whole load of paratroopers could have pushed me out. I found out, though, right then and there why a paratrooper sometimes freezes in the doorway before a jump. It is dizzying to look at the earth whizzing by you thousands of feet below.

Getting back to the rattlesnake, I don't believe he could have touched me, regardless of how hard he tried. As scared as I was, I probably could have outrun a dozen rattlers.

The variety of wildlife sounds heard on "Georgia Outdoors" are by no means endless, but we take pride in the ones we have recorded. Alligators, snakes, bird calls of all sorts, waterfalls, guns, fishing tackle in operation—these are just a few. They all combine, I hope, to give the Game and Fish Commission—and Georgia sportsmen—better than a run-of-the-mill hunting and fishing program.

WHITE BASS . . .

(Continued from Page 4)

stream, or in the case of our lakes up the tributaries, to spawn. The female seeks out a gravel or weed bottom to deposit her eggs. After she has done this, the male fertilizes them and off they go back to their starting point, making no attempt to protect their young. After they are hatched, the young bass remain in shallow water for some time before schooling up in deeper water.

If you have never run across a school of white bass, you have a treat in store. If you happen to catch one without premeditation, don't be alarmed at its color. It is not a ghost so stick it in your creel and plan to have bass for supper. White bass makes a tasty dish.

PESTS . . .

(Continued from Page 5)

City slickers, not used to rural life, usually rely on commercial products for prevention. They splash it (it is usually a liquid) around their cuffs, on their wrists, necks and ears.

After a trip into chigger territory, a hot, soapy shower will help you rid yourself of any chiggers bumming a ride home with you. It will save you many hours of torment later.

The wood tick is a common forest pest that resembles the chigger magnified several times. It is found more often in the early spring and early summer and spreads one of the most feared diseases in the land—Rocky Mountain spotted fever. They're small (about 3/16 inch long), flat, grayish-colored and eight legged. Although the tick circulates freely, it prefers moist, bushy areas where it can feed on foliage and drop down on its victim unnoticed. Unlike the chigger, the tick buries its head beneath your skin and feeds on your blood until it becomes too corpulent to move. After two or three days it reaches the size of a large bean.

For some unexplainable reason, certain individuals are immuned to an attack by a wood tick. Others, however, are less fortunate and attract them quite easily. Regardless of how you stand with the demon of the deep woods, it is a good practice to pick up some oil at a drug store to keep the critter off your skin. There are a number of preparations available and some of 'em even come in easy-to-apply spray cans. If for any reason a tick becomes attached to your skin after you have used oil, it may be removed by dabbing it lightly with turpentine.

Ever have a picnic, fishing, or camping trip ruined by a dive bomber with a piercing bite? If not, you're one of the few outdoor lovers who has not encountered the mosquito, the most common of all summer pests in the southern half of Georgia. These notorious varmints are known more widely for their night raids, but do make consid-

GEORGIA GAME AND FISH COMMISSION

412 State Capitol

Atlanta, Georgia

S. MARVIN GRIFFIN, Governor

The Commission is a constitutional body, responsible only to the Legislature and the Governor.

Eleven in number—one from each Congressional District—the members of the Commission are appointed by the Governor for staggered terms of seven years and the Commission in turn appoints the director.

The present Commissioners are:

COMMISSIONERS

ALVA J. HOPKINS, JR., 8th Dist., *Chairman*

J. T. TRAPNELL, 1st Dist.
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JAMES GOETHE, Coastal

ADMINISTRATIVE

FULTON LOVELL, *Director*

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GEORGE C. MOORE, Game Management

TOM SANDERS, License Div.

FRED DICKSON, Fisheries

TAD LANE, D&J Coordinator

JACK CROCKFORD, P & R Coordinator

DAVID GOULD, Coastal Fisheries

The heads of the various departments and all employees are appointed by the Director on the approval of the Commission. The Director is a bonded state official and directs the entire program, which is established, and ways and means approved for its operation, by the Board of Commissioners at regular meetings.

erable nuisances of themselves in broad daylight.

Like the chigger bite, little can be done to relieve the itching after mosquito has made a tasty morsel out of you. Again, preventative medicine does the best job. Several mosquito preparations are on the market and may be purchased at most drug

stores. Most common one is called 6-12. A good soaking of exposed parts before and after your trip into the woods will give you several hours of protection.

Remember what Ben Franklin said. An ounce of prevention is really worth a pound or two of cure. If you don't believe it, take on a chigger bite—and scratch yourself half to death.

BAIT FARMING . . .

(Continued from Page 15)

The easiest and most economical way to enter the business, Rainey contends, is by purchasing an entire bed, complete with bedding, material, worms, eggs and food. Anytime between December to April is a good time to do it for best results, when worms are at their peak of reproduction. Some youngsters at the game have bought a bed and spread its contents in four or five beds, fattening the worms so they would be in more demand when fishing season opened.



"Gee, I'm tired. I only slept
2,841 hours last winter."

IN MEMORIAM

CLEVE E. HARPER

1913-1957

*"Let us pass over the river and rest
in the shade of the trees."*

—STONEWALL JACKSON



Death is always sad and unexpected, but it must eventually come to every living thing. It is tragic to have the young taken from us before they have lived their lives and had their chance in the world. It is equally saddening for one to die, even after scores of years on this earth, although we know they have had their chance, completed their tasks and can rest on their laurels. But should we not rejoice that they have been with us for so long?

This partly expressed the thoughts and feelings of Georgia sportsmen toward their departed friend, Ranger Cleve E. Harper, who passed away February 2 at his home on Lake Burton. We are sure he would wish us to carry on the work in which he had so much interest—conservation.

Ranger Harper joined the Georgia Game and Fish Commission in July, 1948 and became one of the most respected law enforcers in history. He was a faithful and untiring worker, devoting his life to the conservation and preservation of wildlife. His record as a Ranger is flawless; his unselfish efforts carried him far beyond the call of duty. Ranger Harper was a friend to the sportsman and a friend to the wild animal. He was a pioneer conservationist with a mighty love for his work and collected his reward from the satisfaction of knowing he was doing his part to conserve wildlife and to help sportsmen.

Ranger Harper was born in the mountains and died in the mountains, but not before he had accomplished his mission on earth. During the nine years with the Department, he came in contact with over 12,000 sportsmen and every one that knew him had a deep respect for his sincere effort to carry out his duties.

As appreciation for his work in the refuges of North Georgia, the Toecoa Deer Hunters Club gave him their special award last year for his work in Conservation.

Time will pass and we will grow older with our memories of the past, but those of us who love and appreciate wildlife and its conservation will always remember Cleve Harper.

LAKE BURTON . . .

(Continued from Page 9)

adventure-seeking trout wind their way down mountain pathways into the lake where they become residents until some fisherman interrupts their life.

Although Burton is primarily known for its abundance of trout, it has also provided fishermen with several record bass catches. Ten-pounders have been pulled from areas surrounding the fusion of Timpson River and the lake proper several times. Alton "Smitty" Smith, the corner druggist in nearby Clayton and a local expert on the lake, says it cannot be surpassed for either bass or trout.

During a certain period of its 33 year life, Burton's bass population was a far cry from what it is today. Corrective procedures, however, and addition of shad for the bass to nibble on between meals of bream aided the rebirth of bass. Now, it's nothing to spend an afternoon yanking out bass, if you know the spots.

Not too long ago, abundance of bream and yellow perch in Burton had fishermen worried. That is when the Rainbows made their appearance on the scene, feeding on the perch and whitling down the population.

Bream fishing, too, is a pleasant pastime in Burton. Local anglers find them a shady spot, rig up their cane poles and sit, sometimes for a whole afternoon, indulging in the sport from the bank. Occasionally, one hauls in a large crappie from around the fallen trees on the edge of the lake. Though they were not abundant in Burton a few years ago, Crappie has definitely become a wide-spread inhabitant of the lake.

To the south of Lake Burton is Lake Nacoochee, or Seed as it is known to the people of Rabun County. This small lake, sandwiched between Burton and Lake Rabun, is a continuation of its originator. Rainbow trout wait like vultures to nab a piece of bait during certain parts of the year. Brooks are here, also, and bream and crappie are available for the set that prefers to fish from the bank.

One problem paramount to several of Georgia's reservoirs is

missing at Burton. Speedboats, the monsters that have wrecked many a man's afternoon fishing trips, are few and far between. Occasionally, one will pass, but its driver slows down on the throttle to keep the waves from slapping fishermen's boats around in the water. It is a silent and unwritten agreement, this pact between speed-boaters and fishermen. Very seldom is there a hot-rodder who fails to bend over backwards for fishermen.

The friendliness of the folks who live around the lake is a mark of southern hospitality. They are always nearby to offer suggestions to the amateur, to words of advice to the angler who is making his trip to the lake. Most of these folks fish in the lake every day the weather permits and an angler who is unfamiliar with the area will profit by asking and heeding their advice.

Thousands of people visit Lake Burton and the nearby Appalachian Trail annually just to observe the scenery. There is plenty of it there, enough for you, your children and your children's children. Heavily populated forests border the lake on all sides and several areas are available for camping trips.

Some anglers come to Burton prepared to sink their mittens in a good afternoon of bass fishing, then decide trout is their aim. For these souls, this advice is offered:

Best method in lake trout fishing is similar to that used by bass fishermen with a top-water plug. Cast a shiny spoon toward the bank in a cove and wiggle it back and forth and up and down, reeling it in as you do. If you are not successful with your first cast, try again. And again. If there is a trout in the cove, chances are sooner or later he will hit your spoon. Success has been enjoyed, too, with spring lizards and sometimes even earth worms.

If you are a fisherman, and if you would like to try your luck with lake trout, Lake Burton is your best bet. Or if you love scenery, you can look far and wide and probably will never find any as peaceful and restful as Lake Burton.

RECIPES . . .

(Continued from Page 12)

home of good music, better beer, and unexcelled cuisine:

FRESH FISH BOILED IN SAUCE

*3 to 3½ pounds of white fish
(any brand—you catch 'em)
1 tbsp. whole pickling spice
2 stalks celery
1 small onion sliced
1 lemon sliced
1 tsp. salt
pepper*

Tie fish in cheese cloth bag. Cover with boiling water, bring rapidly to a boil then reduce and cook slowly for about 35 minutes. Carefully remove fish from cheese cloth and place on hot platter. Quickly melt:

*¼ cup butter and
2 tbsp. salad oil together, and add:
2 tbsp. chopped parsley
1 tbsp. lemon juice
1 tsp. vinegar from capers
2 tbsp. capers*

Stir briskly over medium flame and pour over fish. Serve immediately.

Our next recipe for those with the "continental" taste comes from Hungary.

BAKED FISH

Butter baking dish or casserole.

Cover bottom about an inch with thinly sliced potatoes. Add sour cream, dot with butter and season with salt and pepper. Lay filets of fish—or whole fish, if small ones are used—on top of potatoes. Salt and pepper and, if small fish are used, be sure to season inside of fish.

Place thin rings of onions on top of fish, and add enough sour cream to make moist. If cream is too thick, thin with a little cold water. (Milk will make it curdle.)

Bake in a moderate oven covered for about 30 minutes or until potatoes spear easily when done. Uncover and brown for a few minutes before serving.

In 1880 fish caught in Georgia were valued at \$120,000. In 1953, they were valued at \$3,211,000. During 1954, \$252,332,000 worth of fish were imported into the United States, compared to \$31,527,000,000 worth of fish exported.

1957 Trout Schedule

ROCK CREEK

Directions: Go to Dahlenega, travel 3 miles north on U.S. 19, turn left on Wahsega Road, go 7½ miles to Three-Notch Gap, turn right and go 3½ miles to Cooper's Gap then left and go 4 miles to Hightower's Gap, turn right and go 4 miles to checking station.

OPEN DATES

April—Saturday and Sunday, 20-21, 27-28. May—Saturdays and Sundays, 4-5, 11-12, 18-19, 25-26. June—Wednesdays and Thursdays, 5-6, 12-13, 19-20, 26-27. July—Saturdays and Sundays, 3-4, 6-7, 13-14, 20-21, 27-28, 31. August—Wednesdays and Thursdays, 1, 7-8, 14-15, 21-22, 28-29, 31. September—Sundays and Monday, 1-2.

NOONTOLLEY CREEK

Directions: Go to Dahlenega, travel 8 miles on U.S. 19, turn left on Camp Wahsega Road, go 7½ miles to Three-Notch Gap, turn right and go 3½ miles to Cooper's Gap, turn left and go 8 miles to Winding Stair Gap, turn right and go four miles to checking station.

OPEN DATES

May—Wednesdays and Thursdays, 1-2, 8-9, 15-16, 22-23, 29-30. June—Saturdays and Sundays, 1-2, 8-9, 15-16, 22-23, 29-30. July—Wednesdays and Thursdays, 10-11, 17-18, 24-25. August—Saturdays and Sundays, 3-4, 10-11, 17-18, 24-25.

NIMBLEWILL CREEK

Directions: Go 9 miles west of Dahlenega on Highway 52, turn right at Grizzle's store, go 3 miles to Nimblewill church, then go straight ahead three miles to Nimblewill Creek checking station.

OPEN DATES

May—Saturdays and Sundays, 4-5, 11-12, 18-19, 25-26. August—Wednesdays and Thursdays, 7-8, 14-15, 21-22, 28-29.

JONES CREEK

Directions: Go 9 miles west of Dahlenega on Highway 52, turn right at Grizzle's store, go three miles to Nimblewill Church, turn right and go 2 miles to checking station.



OPEN DATES

April—Saturdays and Sundays, 20-21, 27-28. June—Saturdays and Sundays, 1-2, 8-9, 15-16, 22-23, 29-30. July—Wednesdays and Thursdays, 3-4, 10-11, 17-18, 24-25. August—Saturday, 31. September—Sunday and Monday, 1-2.

MONTGOMERY CREEK

Directions: Go to Dahlenega, travel 3 miles north on U.S. highway 19, turn left on Camp Wahsega Road, go 7½ miles to Three-Notch Gap, turn left and go 1.7 miles to checking station.

OPEN DATE

May—Wednesdays and Thursdays, 1-2, 8-9, 15-16, 22-23, 29-30. August—Saturdays and Sundays, 3-4, 10-11, 17-18, 24-25.

CHATTAHOOCHEE AND SPOIL CANE CREEKS

Directions: Travel 3/10 mile from Robertstown on Highway 75, cross river bridge, turn right and travel ½ mile north to Chattahoochee River checking station.

OPEN DATES

April—Saturdays and Sundays, 20-21, 27-28. May—Saturdays and Sundays, 4-5, 11-12, 18-19, 25-26. June—Wednesdays and Thursdays, 3-6, 13, 19-20, 26-27. July—Saturdays and Sundays, 2-4, 6-7, 13-14, 20-21, 27-28. August—Wednesdays and Thursdays, 1, 7-8, 14-15, 21-22, 31. September—Sunday and Monday, 1-2.

DUKES CREEK

Directions: Travel 3/10 of mile north of Robertstown on Highway 75, cross river bridge, turn left and travel 3.2 miles west to Dukes Creek checking station.

OPEN DATES

May—Wednesdays and Thursdays, 1-2, 8-9, 15-16, 22-23, 29-30. June—Saturdays and Sundays, 12-13. July—Wednesdays and Thursdays, 10-11, 17-18. August—Saturdays and Sundays, 3-4, 10-11.

SMITH CREEK

Directions: Turn right in Robertstown on Unicoi State Park road, travel 3.1 miles east to head of Unicoi State Park Lake to Smith Creek checking station.

OPEN DATES

June—Saturdays and Sundays, 15-16, 22-23. July—Wednesdays and Thursday, 28-29.

CHESTATEE AREA

Directions: From Dahlenega travel north 15 miles on Highway 19 to Turner's Corner, where you will find Checking Station for Boggs Creek and Chestatee River.

OPEN DATES

June—Saturdays and Sundays, 1-2, 8-9, 15-16, 22-23, 29-30. August—Saturdays and Sundays, 3-4, 10-11, 17-18, 24-25.

WILDCAT CREEK

Directions: Go to Clarksville, take



Highway 197 to the end of pavement, turn left and travel past LaPrade's Camp and pass first creek to top of first hill, turn left on dirt road which will lead to Wildcat Creek where permits may be purchased from Wildlife Ranger.

OPEN DATES

April—Saturdays and Sundays, 20-21, 27-28. May—Saturdays and Sundays, 4-5, 11-12, 18-19, 25-26. June—Wednesdays and Thursdays, 5-6, 12-13, 19-20, 26-27. July—Saturdays and Sundays, 6-7, 13-14, 20-21, 27-28, 31. August—Wednesday and Thursdays, 1, 7-8, 14-15, 21-22, 28-29.

MOCCASIN CREEK

Directions: Go to Clarksville, take Highway 197 to end of pavement, turn left and follow main road to Lake Burton Hatchery where permits may be purchased from Wildlife Ranger.

OPEN DATES

June—Saturdays and Sundays, 1-2, 8-9, 15-16, 22-23, 29-30. July—Wednesdays and Thursdays, 3-4, 10-11, 17-18, 24-25. August—Saturdays and Sundays, 3-4, 10-11, 17-18, 24-25, 31. September—Sunday and Monday, 1-2.

JACKS RIVER

Directions: Go to Blue Ridge, turn left on Highway 5 and go 4 miles and turn left on Highway 2. Travel 9.4 miles to Watson Gap checking station.

OPEN DATES

April—Saturdays and Sundays, 20-21, 27-28. May—Saturdays and Sundays, 4-5, 11-12, 18-19, 25-26. June—Wednesdays and Thursdays, 5-6, 12-13, 19-20, 26-27. July—Saturdays and Sundays, 3-4, 6-7, 13-14, 20-21, 27-28, 31. August—Wednesdays and Thursdays, 1, 7-8, 14-15, 21-22, 28-29, 31. September—Sunday and Monday, 1-2.

CONASAUGA RIVER

Directions: Go through Chatsworth to Eatonton, Ga., turn right on Holly Creek Road. Go 10.6 miles, take left fork and travel 6.3 miles to Conasauga checking station.

OPEN DATES

April—Saturdays and Sundays, 20-21, 27-28. May—Wednesdays and Thursdays, 1-2, 8-9, 15-16, 22-23, 29-30. June—Saturdays and Sundays, 1-2, 8-9, 15-16, 22-23, 29-30. July—Wednesdays and Thursdays, 3-4, 10-11, 17-18, 24-25, 31. August—Saturdays and Sundays, 1, 3-4, 10-11, 17-18, 24-25, 31. September—Sunday and Monday, 1-2.

OLD FIGHTER . . .

(Continued from Page 7)

spindly pines that surrounded the lake, and thunder roared like a paining lion. We were quite right in delaying our start until after the rain ceased. The tanned fellow, who fished here regularly, almost daily, told us so. He should know. He had spent his entire life on the lake.

"Now, if it was me," he said as he pulled his stool nearer our table, "I would-a got out a bit earlier this morning if I was planning to catch Fighter. He hits early in the morning and just about sundown. O' course, sometimes he'll toy with your bait during the midday, but that's just to play with you. I believe the feller that catches him, if there's a man in the world that can, will get him about sundown."

That was music to our ears. This fellow had several bouts with Old Fighter himself, but had never been able to land the wild-eyed old scrapper. Once, he told us, he brought him topwater and played him almost into his net when the Fighter seemed to wink at him sheepishly and swirl water into his face before the line snapped.

"There was a lady through here just last week," he told us, "who almost caught Fighter. She was fishing with her husband. Well sir, he put a spring lizard on her hook and slid it into the water in the cove where Fighter usually hangs out. The lady held onto the reel for a few minutes and then complained to her husband that it was hung on something. He took it and commenced to jerk it loose. By George, Fighter took off back and forth across the cove and that feller turned white as a sheet. It scared his wife, too. 'Bout 15 minutes later, Fighter snapped that line and took off. Nobody's been able to get close to him since."

We finished our coffee and waited nervously for the rain to stop. It seemed like an eternity. But soon the sun began to play hide-and-go-seek with us from behind a big, dark cloud. We headed for the car.

"If you'll go down to the Meet-

ing House Cove," the old man advised us, "you'll probably see The Fighter. I ain't a-telling you you'll catch him, but I'll bet he's hanging 'round there somewhere."

We backed the trailer down to the water and lifted the boat to the ground. Harry guided it into the lake and soon we were off. We decided to head straight for "Meeting House Cove" instead of fishing along the way.

I told Harry to turn off the motor about 200 feet from the mouth of the Cove. We glided in, still and quiet, almost motionless. We dropped anchor near a big stump and baited our hooks. I decided to use a spring lizard, since the fellow back at the Inn told us Fighter likes them. I made my cast near a big stump about 75 feet from the boat and sat back with my fingers crossed. About 10 minutes passed. No luck. I reeled in the lizard and exchanged him for a fresher one. I casted again, this time aiming at a point where a small spring emptied into the lake. Ten, twenty, then thirty minutes passed. Still no luck. Fighter had not even teased us. We fished here for about two hours without the first inkling of a strike.

Finally, we decided to set out for the lower part of the lake and try our luck there, completely giving up on The Fighter. With Harry at the helm, we took the boat down the lake, cove by cove, until we reached the point of No Return. With six bass on our string, we started back up the lake just as darkness came from behind the motionless clouds. As we approached Meeting House Cove, I signaled Harry to pull the boat into the still water for a final cast.

I felt around in my tackle box for a plug, figuring I must make plenty of noise if I hoped to attract Fighter's attention. I got my best topwater lure and cast it near the spring. As I reeled in, slowly and methodically, I got a terrific jolt. I saw the tremendous fish leap into the air, then dive brazenly back into the water with a tremendous surge of power. I became slightly nauseated; no, not nauseated,

sickened with fright. I had Fighter on my hook! I was afraid to look at Harry, but I know his graven face must have been a humorous sight. I was shaking as the big fish cut capers to and fro across the blue water. Finally, I wore him down. As I began to reel him toward the boat, Harry stood with the net. He wanted to make sure, too, that the fish did not make another escape.

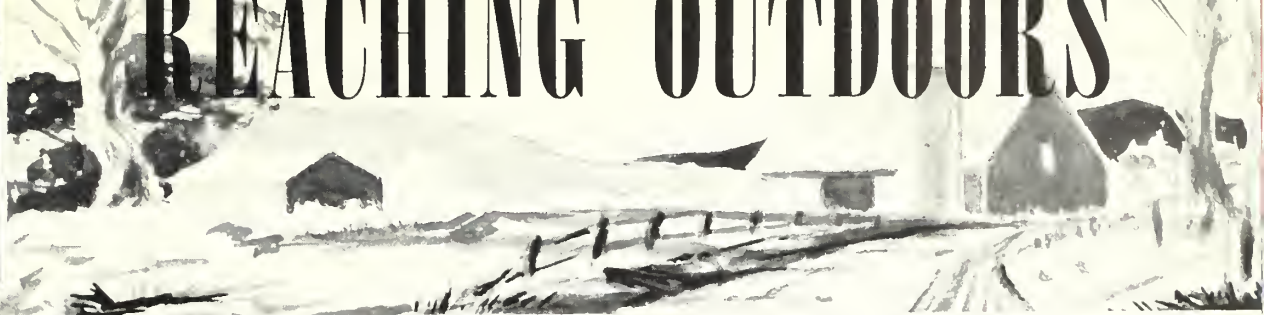
"Quickly, Harry," I told him, to be sure he didn't waste too much time. "Let's not let him slip by us like he has done so many other folks."

Harry put the net in the water and I maneuvered Fighter toward the white cords. Just as Fighter drew near, he swirled once and seemed to give me that same patented wink. My heart skipped another beat. Wasn't that the same thing he did to the fellow before me? Did he plan to make another attempt to escape? I worked him diligently toward the net and finally Harry slipped it beneath him and lifted him into the boat.

Fighter leaped and twisted until Harry placed his foot on him to make sure he didn't jump too high. After he had gasped his final breath, I let out a hoop that must have rocked Screamer Mountain, five miles away. Then I saw our friend standing on the bank.

"I feel like half my life ended today," he said when we had reached the shore. "I vowed I would be the one to catch The Fighter. Now, it seems I have little to live for. Almost every day for the past five years I have tried to do what you did out there today. It'll be funny around here with Fighter gone."

I looked into the fellow's soft, frustrated eyes. I saw a million different things—warmth, pain, understanding, woe. Again my heart sank. What had I done? I caught Old Fighter, the fish this man had become friends with and cherished for a decade. I wanted to take him to the lake and slip him back into the water. A feeling of guilt tugged at my backbone. I felt like a criminal. A happy criminal!



REACHING OUTDOORS

By **BOB SHORT**

Editor, Georgia Game and Fish

Being a newspaper man of sorts, your editor here is always entertained by stories passed around by men with noses for news. It would be pleasant someday to gather all these humorous tidbits into a cover and print it. Until then, I am content with just passing them along to an interested audience.

This first story happened in Greensboro, N. C., several years ago. It stars a young sports writer who had just taken his first job and was an eager-beaver to please his boss, an elderly gentleman whose only real knowledge of sports was how to spell it.

The boss, as the story goes, left the office to cover a sporting event and left the youngster in charge of the place, which meant he was to write headlines, edit copy and send both to the composing room. This was no problem to the eager-beaver. He wrote the headlines, edited the copy and sent both to the composing room.

About ten thirty the telephones began to ring, which is a custom, particularly to those who dare to wager a few odd dollars on the outcome of athletic contests, and several interested souls dropped by the office for tidbits of information.

Our friend, still an eager-beaver in every sense of the word, answered telephone after telephone, talked to person after person and just when he felt his job was about over, an elderly chap, clad in overalls and a pair of brogans, came in.

"Say Young man," the chap said, "Who is the hunting and fishing expert around here?"

Our friend, snapped almost to

attention and answered briskly "Why, I am, Sir."

"Good," the old man said, "I've been a-wondering about these two 'plants' (pronounced plants in Georgia), this here wildlife feller gave me to put on my land for quail feed. Do you know anything about it?"

The timid reporter took both plants in his hands, looked them over and handed them back to the gentleman. "What did you want to know about them?" he asked the man.

"Why, I want to know which is bi-color lespedeza," was the reply. "This wildlife man gave me just one plant to try and I've forgotten which one it was. I planted it in this little spot and both these plants (pronounced plants in Georgia) came up. Now, which one is this here lespedeza?"

The reporter was stumped.

"What you want to know is which one is bi-color lespedeza? Yessir, I'll fix you right up."

He turned, went into the sports library, picked up an encyclopedia and began to ramble through the pages for an illustration.

"How do you spell it, Sir?" he asked.

"I don't know how to spell it," the man said. "If I knew that much about it, I wouldn't be here a-asking you."

The reporter shrugged and continued his search. After about fifteen minutes of rambling without success, he had a brainstorm.

"Say, mister," he said, "let's you and I call that wildlife ranger and ask him to come up here and answer your question."

The ranger, like always, was glad to oblige. He came into the office and easily identified the two small plants.

"This one," he said, "is a bean. And this one is bi-color lespedeza."

The farmer told the ranger he was much obliged and started for the door. The reporter gave his thanks and began to close the office.

When the visitor reached the doorway, he met the boss on his way back from the ball game.

"Hello, Mr. Graves," the boss said, "how's everything down your way?"

"Fine, sir," the man replied. "How's things with you?"

After he had been assured "things" could not have been better by the editor, he asked him aside.

"Mister," Graves said to the editor, "how long have you had than young feller working in yore office?"

"Why, he just came here tonight," the editor told him.

"Well there shore must be a shortage of sportswriters," Graves snorted, "fer this here feller don't know bi-color lespedeza from a hill of beans."

Thus went the first night in the genesis of a sports career for a man who, since that night in Greensboro, has made quite a name for himself as an author. He passed this story along to us, but asked that we withhold his name to spare him a flushed face. He insists, though, that the story is true. His only comment was, "I really didn't know that plant from a hill of beans, but I wasn't TOO embarrassed. The boss didn't know the difference either."

GEORGIA GAME AND FISH COMMISSION

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GEORGIA GAME *and* FISH



HUNTING EDITION

1957

COVER PAGES

FRONT COVER:

Marion Johnson's camera caught this trio squirrel hunting in north Georgia's colorful forests. Undoubtedly, the background caught Mr. Johnson's fancy, too, for he captured the autumn leaves before their spectacular beauty is wasted on the stillness of the earth.

BACK COVER:

This is a rare scene, indeed. A full grown White Tail buck is shown while his antlers are in velvet. Very seldom does an average outdoorsman come close enough to observe a deer during this period.

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Dove Baiters Tie Noose Around Own Necks

By FULTON LOVELL

Violations of federal and state laws against using bait to attract doves have been heavier this season than ever before. More and more hunters, it seems, choose to take the sport out of dove shooting by resorting to such foul practice.

Hunters would benefit themselves by thinking before they bait fields. They should realize the more they abuse their privileges, the more necessary it will become to tighten migratory bird laws.



FULTON LOVELL
Director, Georgia Game and Fish Commission

Some hunters fail to realize, unfortunately, that ninety-nine percent of Georgia's hunters are penalized because the other one percent insists on violating the rules and regulations. Field baiters take unfair advantage of true sportsmen, their neighbors and friends.

Granted, there are loopholes in the existing baiting laws, which make it possible to employ seemingly unlawful practices to attract doves, if hunters wish to take unfair advantage. The old practice of scattering grain in fields and, after doves have been attracted, plow the grain under one day before a shoot forced laws restricting shooting over any plowed field where seed that attracts doves has been placed or planted.

Majority of our sportsmen are not violation-inclined. Occasionally, a case comes up where an unknowing person is prosecuted for shooting over a baited field yet he is just as guilty as the person who puts out the bait. No provision can be made in the law to protect such an individual and leave it with any teeth.

All violations, be they telephoning fish, nighthunting, baiting doves or taking over the limit, have an effect on animal and fish populations. And, they rob true sportsmen of additional pleasure.

Our game supply is not just for today's hunter. It is necessary that it be rationed to assure future generations of enough to hunt. By using legal hunting methods, sportsmen harvest only that amount of game that is harvestable. By using illegal methods, our crop can be harvested quickly thus robbing sportsmen of many hours of hunting pleasure in the future.

It behooves all sportsmen to think of these things before they use underhanded methods to hunt and fish. If each would realize that by employing unsavory tactics to harvest game they are doing nothing but forcing more restrictions upon themselves, then the rules and regulations that grip them would soon be loosened.

In a telephone conversation the other day, an upset gentleman suggested that courts should give hunters who slaughter doves the same treatment given murderers.

Perhaps his suggestion is a little stringent. Yet it offers food for thought.

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GEORGIA GAME AND FISH

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BOB SMITH, Editor

BILL ATKINSON, Assistant Editor

GLYNN WORLEY, Photographer

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White Tail Deer, such as this doe, combine with turkeys as the easiest game to manage on selected areas.

Game Management Areas

**Deer, Turkey Management
Pay Off For Georgia
Sportsmen**

BY GEORGE C. MOORE
Chief, Game Management Division

IF you hang around enough barber shops and drug stores, sooner or later you'll be called into a conversation about game management.

It happened to me the other day and, as if I didn't have enough to do already, the results of said topic of conversation inspired me to sit down and write these lines about game management areas.

My reason is this (if Ripley will excuse the stolen lines): believe it or not, there are many sportsmen in Georgia who do not know the exact definition of a game management area.

Some feel that game management areas are only places where the state puts game for easy shooting. If you're one of these, please don't feel offended for there are several thousand who share your belief. There are other weird ideas about them, too. Ideas we hope to end by

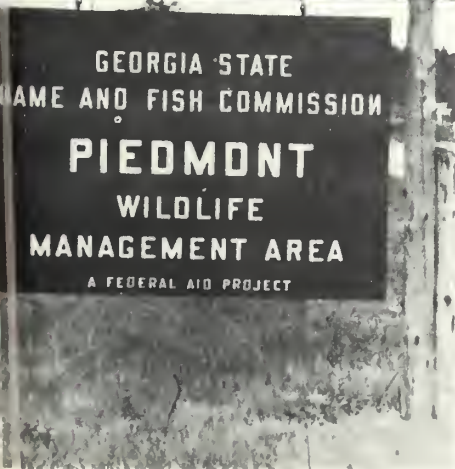
pointing out the usefulness of a game management area.

A game management area is simply an area where the game thereon is managed. Such management may take any one of several forms. It may include protection, stocking, planting, altering food and cover plants, control of competitive species and control of the wildlife crop through harvesting.

Game management areas are known by several names. They are called refuges, reserves, preserves and sanctuaries but, despite the name given them, the aim and end result are the same. They differ only in the amount and intensity of management. For example, an area may be managed to protect animals or it may be managed to guarantee a greater harvest without affecting brood stock.

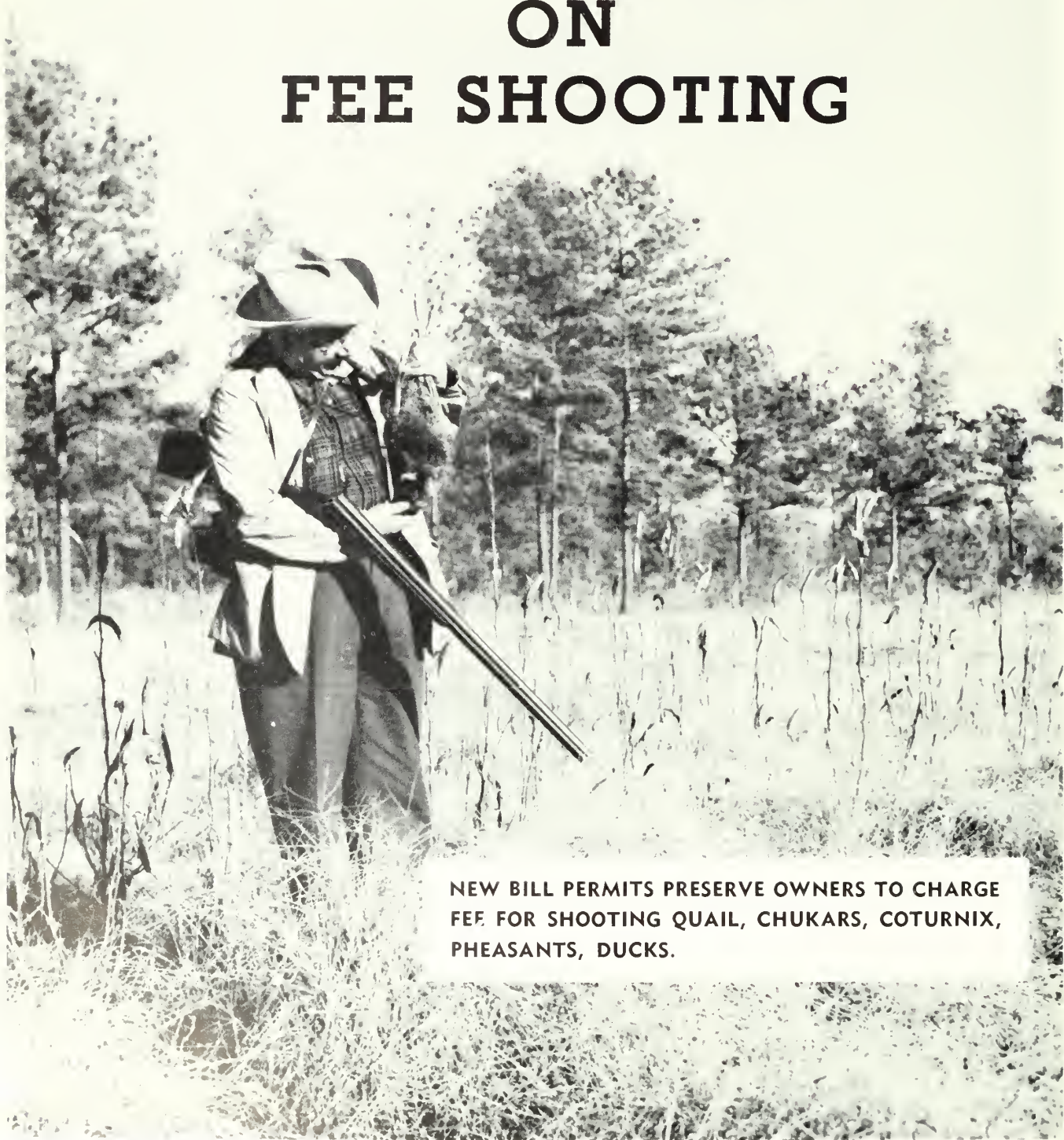
Game management areas are not easy to establish. A great deal of planning, plus the exist-

(Continued on Page 17)



Big Bang to Urban Hunters

THE LOWDOWN ON FEE SHOOTING



NEW BILL PERMITS PRESERVE OWNERS TO CHARGE
FEE FOR SHOOTING QUAIL, CHUKARS, COTURNIX,
PHEASANTS, DUCKS.

New Commercial Preserves Open to Georgia Hunters From Oct. 1—March 31

By CHARLEY DICKEY

Field Representative, Sportsman Service Bureau

THERE are ten shooting preserves open to the public in Georgia. They are places where pen-raised game birds are released, mainly during the hunting season, for a fee to the hunters who pay by either the number of birds bagged or the number released.

Shooting preserves are operated by private ownership for a profit. Since the operators do not depend on native birds, an extended season of six months is allowed on pen-raised birds and there is no bag limit. The raising-pens take the place of natural reproduction in the wild.

The bill authorizing the use of ring-necked pheasants, bobwhite and coturnix quail, chukar partridge and mallard ducks was passed by the Georgia Legislature this year. Contrary to what some sportsmen think, shooting preserves are not something new. New York legalized them back in 1911 and many eastern states, with heavy hunter populations, have allowed preserves for 20 or 30 years.

Before the bill was entered, the Georgia Game and Fish Commission made a thorough study of existing laws in the other states. Basic legislation which would be fair to the operators, the Commission, which has to administer the preserves, and the general public had to be decided upon. One of the basic protections for the average sportsman was a maximum number of acres which could be included in a single preserve. This was to prevent an operator from tying up more land than necessary for his hunting. The Legislature set a maximum acreage of 1,000. This is enough for a sporty preserve but does not close off a lot of land to general hunting.

The Georgia law also requires minimum releases to insure that the operator is depending on pen-raised game, that all birds be tagged before releasing, a well-defined boundary and other requirements based on sound game management practices.

Only a few years ago shooting preserves were controversial and started many arguments at sportsmen's meetings. But 38 states now allow preserves to operate on an extended season for one or more species. Game management experts now realize that shooting preserves are necessary to help take care of hunters.



Two youngsters prove that Shooting Preserves are popular with the young folks, too.

No one feels that shooting preserves will solve the many problems facing today's sportsmen. Preserves are a partial solution but they will in no way substitute for any plans for public hunting areas, land acquisition, food and cover planting and farmer-sportsmen relations. Georgia now furnishes a technician to help anyone interested in opening a preserve or improving game on their land.

There are two main reasons why hunters are reluctant to try shooting preserves. They have the idea that pen-raised birds are like "shooting fish in a barrel." The preserve operators know this and raise their birds in long, exercising pens where they have room to fly. Where conditions permit, the birds are released several days before the area is hunted to allow them to get conditioned to the wild. Ring-necked pheasants never tame down and can be released 30 minutes before the hunt begins and 99 percent of the flights will be satisfactory. Special care must be taken with quail and chukars or they will not make suitable targets. The secret of sporty preserve shooting is raising game birds conditioned to flying.

The second reason hunters won't try shooting preserves is the cost. The average hunter doesn't consider what a hunting trip costs. At a preserve, it's paid out in one lump sum; but, in the wild the cost is stretched out over a day of driving, meals and often lodging, plus other factors. A day's hunting in the wild may produce few shots but hunting on a preserve assures a certain amount of shooting and game to take home.

Most preserve hunters are from the cities. Sportsmen living in small towns usually know

(Continued on Page 26)



Female wood duck—not as handsome as mate, but dazzling color still striking to the eye.

HOO-EEK, HOO-EEK -- Wood Ducks Make Slow But Sure Comeback

AN irate voice breathed dragon-fire into the telephone.

"Tell me, sir, if you would be so kind," the man said dryly, "why citizens like myself and my friends are allowed to shoot only one wood duck a day. It doesn't seem right to us.

"I would like to bring to your attention, sir, the fact that wood ducks are the only species we see around our neck of the woods. Come on, mister, let us have some fun, too."

That one-way conversation has been carried on by many Georgia Game and Fish Commission district offices. Everybody wants to know why strict limits are imposed on wood duck shooters.

The answer takes us back to 1918, the year the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service prohibited the taking of wood ducks for any purpose. At the time, the birds were too scarce to be included in the category of harvestable waterfowl.

Due to protection and management by the federal government and many states, though, the nation's wood duck population increased to the point that a limit of one per day was permitted in most states in 1941.

Since that day, seasons on the multi-colored bird has varied, depending on the population and the number felt safe to harvest in various flyways.

Wood ducks have long been considered the most beautiful species of waterfowl. Their color pattern is resplendent with rich chestnut, spots of black and white, golden flanks and red eyelids

arrayed in the midst of greens, purples and bronze. The female, less colorful than the male, has a brown body and grey-crested head with a prominent white ring around her eye.

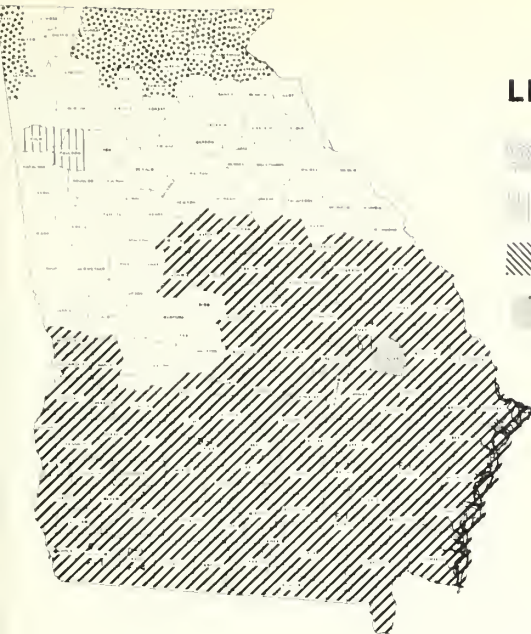
Wood ducks formerly reigned throughout the entire eastern half of the United States with a general movement from the northern part of the nation to the south during winter months. During the past fifty years, however, much of wood duck's favorite habitat has been destroyed by the clearing of bottomland hardwoods by agriculturists. This has been particularly true in the upper Mississippi, Illinois and Ohio bottom country.

Because of destruction in its range, more and more wood ducks are being raised in the Southeast, where considerable timber remains along large rivers and streams. In addition to this, thousands of beaver ponds, begotten during the past quarter of a century, have created additional range.

Before the Fish and Wildlife Service placed a forbidden sign on wood ducks in 1918, they were harvested with equal fervor by meat-seekers and plumage-gatherers. Connoisseurs of roast duck still consider wood ducks as the tastiest dish of all. And no one can deny that their many-colored plumes paint a beautiful picture.

Wood ducks are one of two species of waterfowl that nest in trees. The other is the Hooded Merganser. Wood duck nests are usually found in

(Continued on Page 20)



LEGEND

LEGEND	
	November 5, 1957 - November 20, 1957
	November 7 & 9, 1957
	November 1, 1957 - January 5, 1958
	December 17, 24, 31, 1957
	No Open Season

MANAGED HUNTS

AREA	DATES	LIMIT
Burton	Nov. 25-26	One Buck
	Nov. 28-30	(with visible antlers)
Chestatee	Nov. 25-26	One Buck
	Nov. 28-30	(with visible antlers)
Chattahoochee	Nov. 25-26	One Buck
	Nov. 28-30	(with visible antlers)
Blue Ridge*	Nov. 25-26	One Buck
	Nov. 28-30	(with visible antlers)
	Dec. 2-5	
Lake Russell	Nov. 25-26	One Buck
	Nov. 28-30	(with visible antlers)
	Dec. 2-5	
Piedmont	Nov. 18-19	One Buck
	Nov. 21-23	(with visible antlers)
	Nov. 25-28	

* Archery hunt will be held in the Blue Ridge Area only Nov. 18-23. Limit: One Deer, either sex.

Wild hogs may be taken in above management areas, except Lake Russell and Piedmont, during deer hunts. No limit has been placed on number of hogs. Hog hunting must end when hunter bags limit of deer.



Deer Aplenty . . .

Hunting Outlook Good

THIS is no prognostication, it is fact. Georgia hunters will harvest one of the largest game crops in history this season.

Dove shooters found a large crop awaiting them on Sept. 12, the day the season opened. Three days later, on Sept. 15, north Georgia hunters were greeted by an abundant squirrel population on opening day in that area.

Georgia game management technicians predict a large harvest of deer this year, due mainly they say, to an abundant food crop which carried the animals over the winter in good shape.

The outlook on quail is equally bright. Reports say nesting conditions in all areas of the state were satisfactory. More quail have been seen early, some rangers reported, than in any year recently.

Rabbits, opossum, raccoon and wild turkey also appear to be on the increase.

The Game and Fish Commission ordered a large harvest of deer in central Georgia to avoid overpopulation and possible death by starvation to the herd there.

At its June meeting, the Commission voted to extend the season in Jones, Twiggs, Putnam, Baldwin, Wilkinson, Laurens, Hancock, Washington, Johnson, Treutlen, Glascock, Jefferson, Emanuel, Burke and Jenkins counties. New season was set from Nov. 1, 1957, to Jan. 5, 1958.

Bag Limit in those counties has been set at one buck with visible antlers. A complete run-down on deer seasons in other areas may be found on page 25.



The P



cher

"I came from tough stock," Doc screamed, "and I ain't above blasting that feller's head off—you know that. Tell him if he isn't careful, I'll fill his backend full of buckshot."

By BOB SHORT

ON the square in the small town where I grew up is a statue of a fellow named Doc Hampton. It is the spitting image of the man I knew when I was a child and the townspeople are proud of it, just as they are of the man in whose honor the bronze was shaped and erected.

I knew Doc Hampton rather intimately when I was young. In his saner moments, Doc used to ask me to hunt with him. I always wanted to, but I never did. My father was always against it for Doc Hampton was considered an unsavory character. That is, to everyone but me. I liked him.

I guess I'll never forget the series of events that changed old Doc from a greedy, rabble-rousing old cuss into the man for whom the monument was erected. I like to think I have a reason for remembering. I played a small part in it.

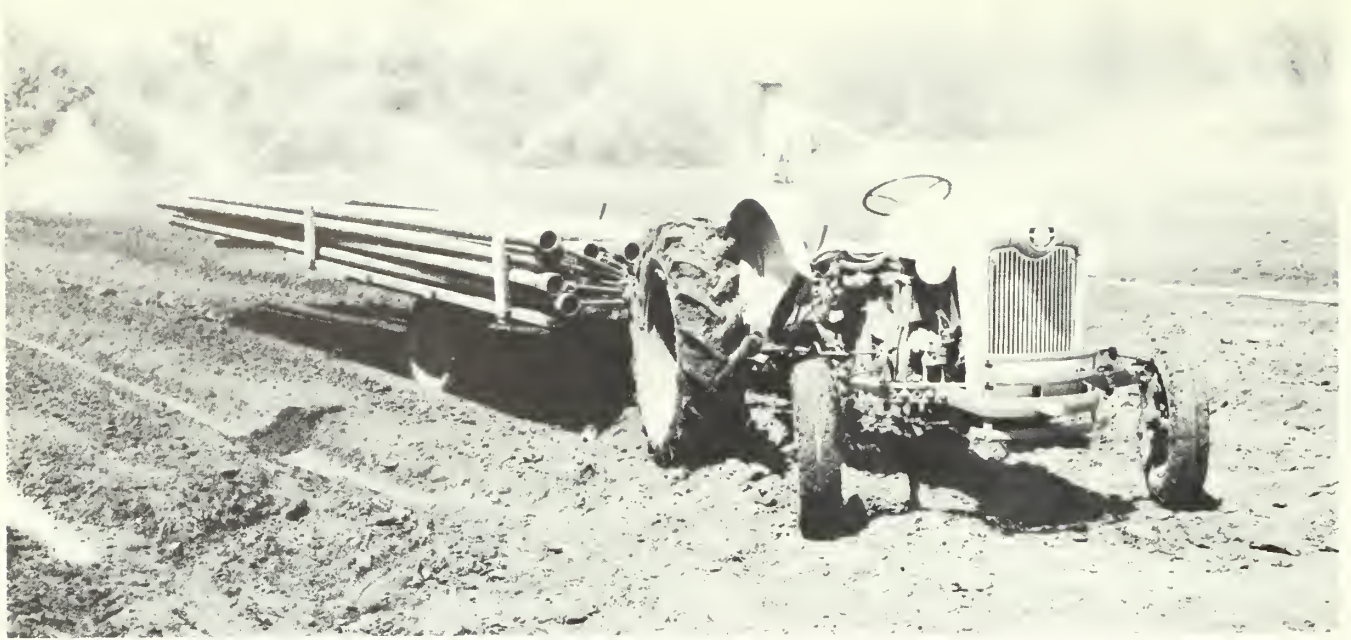
When I am at home, I often walk down to the park to stare at Doc's image. As I look at it, it all comes back to me . . . Doc's silly mustache, always filled with tobacco juice . . . Pop's soft, blue eyes droopily baring down on some innocent object . . . Mom and her housekeeping—I still swear I'd eat off the floors—and Game Warden Jim McDuff's understanding but stern manner.

It seems like only yesterday when Doc Hampton paid us a call at four-thirty one morning. The reason I remember it so well is that Doc got himself in hot water with Mom for flopping down on her new sofa. Ordinarily Mom wasn't the fussy type. It was just, she explained later, that she had no place on her new sofa, or the old one either for that matter, for a fellow like Doc Hampton.

Doc Hampton wasn't really a doctor, folks just called him Doc. Some folks said he was the next thing to nothing, whatever that is. He didn't have a job. He didn't even want one. He provided for his family by killing deer, squirrels, rabbits, quail, wild turkeys and pheasant. He never believed in seasons for game and had no use for game warden's or hunting licenses. When he wanted meat for his smokehouse, he bagged it. He asked no questions and gave no answers. He was smart, he thought, and had few peers as a poacher.

The reason Doc Hampton honored our house with a visit so early that frosty November morn-

(Continued on Page 18)



Pittman-Robertson Coordinator Jack Crockford watches as young bicolor plants get daily water ration.

FARMING *for* QUAIL

Farm Supervisor Johnny Jernigan inspects grown stand of Bicolor on farm border.



FROM a far corner of the field came the rhythmical chant of working men, hushed somewhat by the swirling and ever-flowing water from the irrigation system.

All around them were thousands of green plants, each holding the key to future bob white populations in Georgia and each bowing its head in thanks as the refreshing water slithered down its heated brow.

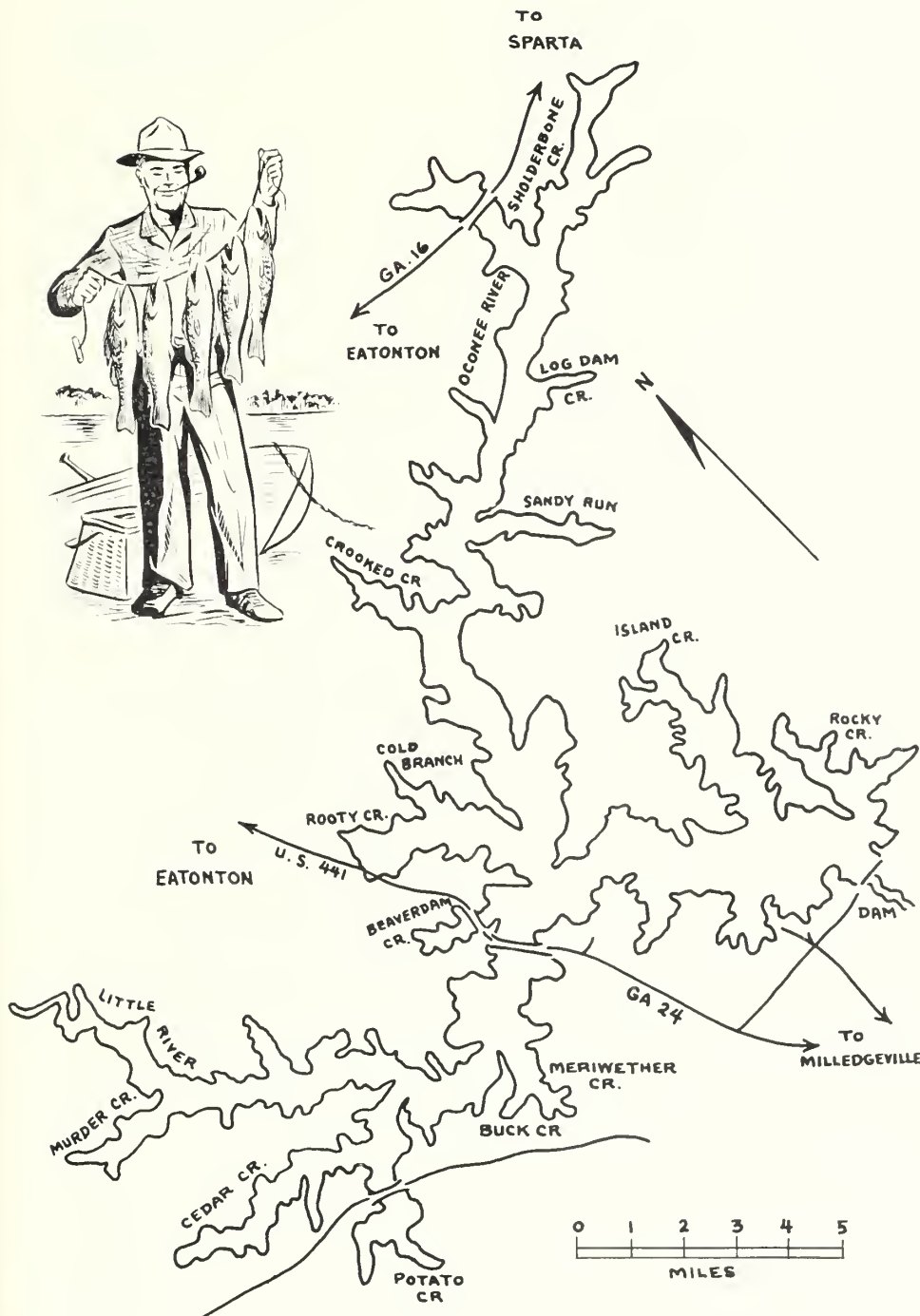
The scene is the Game and Fish Commission nursery near Albany and the workers are employees who farm for quail. The plants are bicolor lespedeza.

Each year, the Game and Fish Commission distributes over three million bicolor plants to farmers who are interested in improving quail habitat. All three million plants are grown on the 320 acres that compose one of the few "quail farms" in the South.

Johnny Jernigan, a tall farm boy, well schooled in wildlife management, is superintendent

(Continued on Page 22)

LAKE SINCLAIR . . .



A NOT-TOO-MODEST Lake Sinclairian, somewhat overtaken by civic pride, has been accused of describing the Georgia Power Company's mammoth infant as "a lake where the fish are the biggest and the water is the wettest."

That's a new approach. Several lakes boast of being "Georgia's finest fishing lake," and "Georgia's top recreational spot." None, though, have yet claimed to have the wettest water.

Actually, before Lake Lanier was constructed, Sinclair was the largest body of water wholly inside the state. It now ranks

(Second in a series of stories on Georgia lakes. Next: Clark Hill Reservoir.)

second in size and age to Lanier. Until this year, Sinclair was the youngest. It was completed in 1953.

When the Sinclairian boasted that the fish are biggest," he wasn't exaggerating. Technicians who have studied the lake report that it is able to produce around three hundred pounds of fish per surface acre, a staggering amount. However, the same people say most of the population is tied up in rough fish. If such fish can be removed or controlled, Sinclair will be among the top fishing spots in Georgia.

Sinclair contains, among other things, three types of bass — largemouth, spotted and Coosa; crappie, bluegill, redbreast, shell-cracker and warmouth bream; channel catfish; speckled bull-head; shad; carp; a few eels, and a tremendous supply of gar.

The nice thing about Sinclair, from fisherman's standpoint, is that it is easy to reach and has good boat, tourist and restaurant facilities. Entrances to the vast reservoir may be made from

(Continued on Page 20)

COON-ON-A-LOG

WHEN the doors of the Northeast Georgia coon-on-a-log trials finally swung open, a hundred baying hounds dragged their masters into the arena.

They took their places in one corner of the big ring and snarled hateful challenges across a pond of water to a peaceful-looking raccoon.

This was to be, in the words of a mountaineer, the "battle of the century."

This was coon-on-a-log.

The game is not a new one. Our pioneer forefathers used to play it regularly, not because they derived any special pleasure out of a coon and dog fight. They liked to show off their dogs and this is the safest way to do it. Neither the 'coon nor the dogs ever get hurt.

On the other side of the arena that afternoon sat Mr. Raccoon, wiping his face confidently and paying no attention whatsoever to the nasty comments of the dogs.

The 'coon was not to be pitied for he always holds the upper hand in this test of strength and cunning. Some people think it is not humane to pit 'coon against dog in such a fashion. They fear for the 'coon. Only a scattered handful have ever been heard talking of the safety of the dogs.

But real fans of coon-on-a-log feel that the 'coon, not the larger dogs, has the advantage. The 'coon has the security of a log to cling to. Hounds have nothing, save their sinewy paws with which they keep their heads above the water.

Sponsors of the big show made ready to get the feature attraction underway, that July afternoon, by pushing a big log into the water. The champion, Mr. Raccoon, took his place on the log. The challengers, all of 'em, doubled the velocity of their vocal attacks.

Coon-on-a-log was about to begin.

When all preparations had been made, the ring



announcer took his place and called for the first challenger.

Here came a big black and tan, his master right behind him.

"Sic 'im, boy," the master said to the dog. "Go get him."

The dog tore across the water toward the 'coon, barking at the top of his voice.

The air became filled with barks and words of encouragement.

"Yeeeeeeeeeeee-hooooooooooooo," one mountaineer cried.

"Burrrrrrruuuuuuuup," the dog answered.

"Get 'im, boy. Sic 'im, sic 'im, sic 'im. Hoooooooo-eeeeeeeeeee," another sideler shouted.

The dog gave the same reply: "Burrrrruuuup."

The 'coon sat on the log.

Soon it was canine against 'coon, no holds barred. The dog rushed valiantly toward its target, splashing and barking with all its might. He made an attack on the 'coon, which by now had been splashed with just enough water to get its dander up.

The 'coon didn't budge.

After a few minutes of battle, the dog relented and the 'coon was declared the winner. But just for the moment.

"Next challenger," the ring announcer begged.

"Let's keep 'em moving. Let's have your dogs

Coons are able to withstand attacks by dogs by staying firmly attached to floating log.



Mr. Coon gets a ride, sort of piggyback, on yelping dog.



Mr. Coon outlasts hounds in battle royal

ready when their turn comes."

A small man, who led a big dog, walked briskly toward the water's edge.

"I'll guarantee you this dog will get 'im," the man said to the audience. "Bet you a dime to the hole in a doughnut."

A few jeckled but nobody would risk the hole in a doughnut, so the man got no takers. He rolled up his britches legs and walked with his dog until the water almost reached his knees. He held the dog back momentarily, then leaned over and whispered something in his ear.

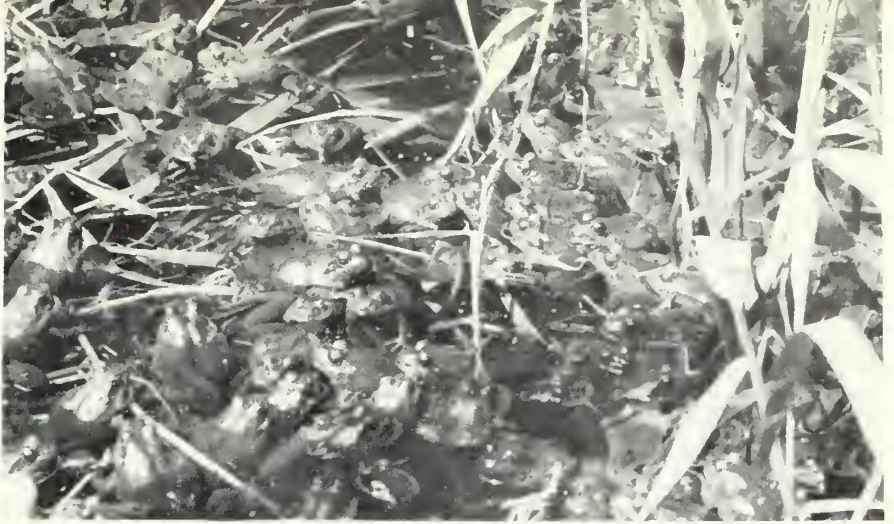
"WOOOOOO-ha!" he yelled, straightening up from his crouched position. "Go take the mask off that 'coon, Blue."

Old Blue went after him. He sprang through the water like a jet-propelled U-boat. Mr. Raccoon stood up on the log, looked around in amazement but stayed glued to his position. He wasn't about to budge for Old Blue or anyone else.

Blue went about his work for about five minutes. But he, like the one before him and several after him, could not dent the 'coon's rugged defense. He soon tucked his tail and was called back to the bench.

So went the afternoon.

The 'coon outfought one dog, then another and another. He refused to give one inch of ground, not even to the largest and loudest dog on the lot. He wanted no part of that water and no one could blame him for it.



Thousands upon thousands of frogs, lying in the reedy growth that surrounds an open lake in the Okefenokee Swamp.

Okefenokee Travelogue

FROGS, FROGS, FROGS!

BY GLYNN WORLEY
(As Told to Bob Short)

I HAVE often heard of the vast, spectacular beauty and prolific wildlife in the great Okefenokee Swamp but before I went there in search of photographs, I never fully realized what a many-splendored sight it really is.

Together with Tom Smith of Pearson, a local expert on the weedy wonderland, I set out early one May morning on the Fargo side to try for some unusual outdoor photos to use in education and information work.

Smith had chosen the middle Suwannee River channel route and we boarded our boat at dawn. As we trolled cautiously up the channel, Smith inserted one of his infamous "chaws of tobacco," which is his trademark. Smith weighs in at 250, the tobacco at one-half pound.

This was not my first visit into the swamp, but it's the one that I'll always remember. As the sun began to burn its way through the haze that separated the swamp from a clear, blue sky, I watched the turtles peep out from under their blanket-shells, looking for a log or stump to take a sunbath.

One poor turtle, the largest in the group, found him a choice spot on the end of a log and waited until we were almost upon him before he decided to move. He suddenly found himself perfectly balanced by his bottom shell on a slick log and we laughed at him when all four legs swept furiously in an attempt to move. He finally dug a toe-nail in the log and flipped himself in the water. But not before I had snapped my picture.

The next fifteen miles I will always classify as the most dangerous of my life, despite the fact that I have sailed the seven seas for Uncle Sam. Smith had settled down peacefully to run the motor at full speed. It was necessary for him to do it, since the growth along the channel hampered our progress.

When we reached the first open water, I spotted a bald eagle's nest in a cypress just off the water's edge. The eagle, a rare bird, stood nearby protecting its young and screaming at us every breath. We stopped the boat long enough to capture this vivid scene with my camera.

As we moved toward Big

(Continued on Page 22)

Old Formula For Turner R



Henry Hodges turns quail eggs in his home-hatchery at Turner Air Force Base.



After they hatch, Hodges keeps a twenty-four-hour-a-day vigilance over birds.

Hodges places feed in self-feeder for quail on Rod and Gun Club Range.



A GROUP of Air Force quail hunters have licked a big problem by using an old formula. Good sportsman-farmer relations plus sound management, they found, equals good hunting.

Not too long ago, Turner Air Force Base's Rod and Gun Club, a band of avid shooters from all parts of the country, had no place to hunt. Now, thanks to a good conservation program and good relations with Dougherty and Lee County farmers, they have a large area on which to search for quail.

The club, of which Major William McClure, a Pennsylvanian, is president, began its operation in September, 1955, by calling on landowners and asking to lease their land. To return the favor, club members promised to release birds on the property and to improve quail habitat. Farmers were eager to cooperate.

"It all seems like a dream," McClure says of the progress his charges have made. "It just goes to show you that being on good terms with landowners and farmers will help hunters find good places to hunt."

As soon as they got some land on which to start work, the club bought quail feeders and hatchery equipment to get started. When told that stocking birds was not the surest way of increasing population, McClure and his men began a habitat improvement project. Bi-color lespedeza, multi-flora rose and a few annuals went into the ground for the quail to feed on.

Although the Turner club has quail hunting improvement as its No. 1 project, it has made other recreational improvements on the base.

Rod and Gun funds bought two house trailers for use by club members on their fishing junkets to streams requiring overnight facilities. The base skeet range was renovated by the club and a new pistol range, boat docks, riding stables and kennel now help club members spend idle hours doing worthwhile things.

"We haven't had too much luck with it yet," McClure quipped, "but we've built a duck blind on the Flint River. Maybe one of these days one of us will slip up and bag a honker."

Rod and Gun Clubbers maintain kennels where dogs are kept for use on hunting trips.



s Jackpot and Gunners

Rod and Gunners put many hours behind their projects, there's no doubt about it, but all of their efforts may have been in vain had they not had the full cooperation of the base commander, Colonel Gordon Graham.

Graham, an avid Georgia quail hunter, helped with the organization of the club and is one of its charter members. His ideas and experience with Rod and Gun clubs at other military installations helped iron out some of the Albany club's early problems.

"I had but one wish at the start," modest Graham says, "and that was to find a place for base personnel to hunt and fish without stomping around on someone else's land.

"We did that by talking with farmers, giving them an honest answer and backing it up. There's no substitute for good relationship with farmers—we can all vouch for that."

As an added attraction, Graham, McClure and the Rod and Gunners throw open their 2,700 acres to hunters, civilian or military, who are club members. Their land is not posted, nor do they disturb local hunters who are taking pot shots at quail inside their fences.

McClure had little trouble in finding a qualified person to place in charge of the club's small bob-white hatchery.

Henry Hodges, who hails from South Carolina, literally lives with the project. Inside his trailer home a short distance from the base is an incubator, usually full of eggs.

In a fenced area back of his home, Hodges works diligently with young birds. He feeds 'em on schedule, waters them on schedule and has even been accused of weighing them daily to see how much they have grown.

Hodges says the biggest trouble with pen-raised birds does not occur in the pen, but in the wild.

"We have been using self-feeders," the Palmetto State native said, "and have found that predators are a big problem around our feeding areas.

"So, we decided to plant bi-color and some peas in our hunting areas and eliminate feeders. I

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Major Bill McClure (foreground), and his men inspect Club's Rifle Range.



Rod and Gunners participate in Rifle and Shotgun matches with local Civic Organizations.



Turner Air Force Base's Skeet Team is considered one of the top in the South.

Game Management Chief George Moore talks over quail problems with Hodges, the keeper of the pens.



The TRUTH About *Coturnix*

WILL coturnix quail, those wily imports from the Old World, be a bonanza to Georgia hunters? . . . will they shed their migratory tendencies long enough to become a permanent resident? . . . is Georgia's climate suitable for them?

These are not the closing lines of an afternoon soap opera. They are, indeed, important questions the Georgia Game and Fish Commission expects to answer during the next three years, the time it will take to get a good line on "Experiment Coturnix."

In probing into the possibilities of introducing a new game bird into the state, Georgia game management technicians came up with coturnix or, if you prefer, Japanese, European or Biblical quail. Experiments in other states proved the bird may be adaptable to grassland areas—a situation this state has plenty of, thank you, due to sharp increases in improved pastures.

Coturnix have been stocked in sixteen study areas in scattered areas over the state. The tedious task of finding out whether or not they are suitable game birds is underway.

Are they as migratory as other states say they are? . . . will they hold for dogs? . . . exactly what does the future hold for them? . . . will Mary Backstage find happiness with Noble Larry, the bedridden stagehand?

Early reports from field workers indicate that the situation is not as bright as most hunters had hoped. In several cases, it has been proven that coturnix are migratory. Last season a bird wearing an Ohio band was killed in south Georgia.

Another one, this one banded in Tennessee, was harvested in Florida.

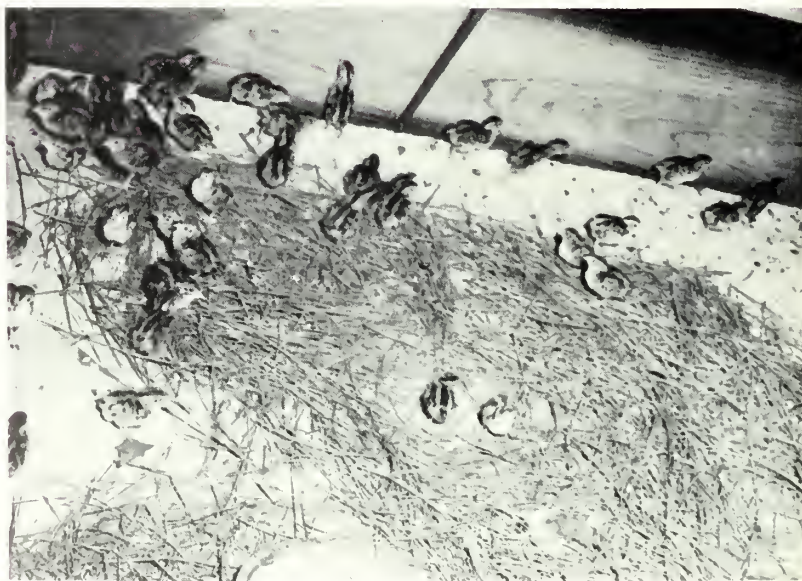
But despite migration, coturnix



It is hoped Coturnix, the original "Biblical Quail," will prefer grassy areas such as this improved pasture.



Coturnix eggs, speckled with dots of purple and brown, have an incubation period of 16 days.



In only seven weeks, these hatchery-raised chicks will be growing families of their own.

Will Coturnix Quail Prove Bonanza To Georgia Hunters?

nix, if they prove themselves capable, may fill the bill as an additional bird for quail hunters. As a matter of fact, the chief concern to date has been the rumor that coturnix will not hold long enough for a dog to come to point.

Robert (Slim) Howarth, the project's leader, says he has proven on several occasions this slam at the bird is not true. He says coturnix hold and they are quite a bit of fun to hunt.

In all of the areas where the birds were stocked, they have been seen or flushed in grassy areas or bushy strips along pasture edges. However, no coveys have been found, adding more truth to the theory that coturnix must be harvested singly and not in coveys.

There is no evidence, Howarth has been quoted, which indicates coturnix are nesting. "On one area," he said, "I searched for nests in the general vicinity where several birds were flushed. I found no indication the birds are reproducing."

None of the birds have exhibited a "broken wing antic," Howarth said. When with young and afraid of danger, coturnix often fake wing injuries to beg sympathy from their tormentors. Occasionally, they do the same trick to lead enemies away from their nests. The fact that they do not attempt this trick is also proof that they have no nests or no young, Howarth said.

Coturnix, which are smaller than native bobwhites and slightly larger than field larks, are natives of the Old World and are believed to be the same quail mentioned in the Bible. Until several states began research on them around 1900, they had never been stocked in the United States on a large scale, although they are plentiful in other parts

of the world.

There's one nice thing about coturnix, though, the way they reproduce. Each pair is capable of having three sets of young a season, which is encouraging enough to paint a mental picture of quail flying haphazardly between the sights of an awaiting shooter. Young coturnix require only seven weeks from birth until they begin raising their own families. The bird usually lays a clutch of eight or ten eggs, it's been found, and the eggs are the same size as bobwhite's, except for coloring. Coturnix eggs are beautiful things with mottled red, brown and purple combining to add color to a pale white background.

This untested species of quail was chosen for stocking, not to replace bobwhites, but to aid them in making Georgia an even "happier hunting ground." Coturnix and bobwhites will not cross, experts have found.

It's too early to predict the outcome of coturnix and their role in making "the Quail Capital of the World" a more lucrative hunting spot.

It is not too early to say, though, that if coturnix reproduce in the wilds as they do in captivity they will add greatly to quail hunting for their home life blends in with Georgia's terrestrial pattern perfectly.

In any case, if you're interested in coturnix, you may help the Game and Fish Commission enrich their knowledge by sending the bands from the birds you harvest to the Game Management Division Office in Atlanta; giving specific location and date the bird was killed and describe the type of cover where the bird was found.

By weighing the data from such a report, technicians will be able to find out the real truth about coturnix.

Management Areas

(Continued from Page 3)

tence of certain conditions must be present before a successful area can be started.

Whatever the needs, when the Commission sets up an area it formulates a plan that will improve the carrying capacity yet not interfere with owners' land use program.

Presently, the Commission has 13 management areas under the watchful eyes of technicians. Several others are being studied and may become managed areas before long, depending on whether or not the Commission feels that they will provide hunters with enough game.

Most of Georgia's areas are managed principally for deer and turkeys except the Altamaha Refuge, which is mainly a waterfowl area. Public hunting is allowed on 250,000 of the total 325,000 acres and, if plans don't fall through, more will be added in the near future.

Many people ask how management areas serve sportsmen. The answer is simple. Besides giving them a place to hunt without fear of trespassing, it assures them of an abundance of harvestable game, yet promises them more in the future through a retained breeding stock.

Because hunters sometimes are overly cautious in protecting certain species on an area, it results in waste and poor management of other species. A good example is the situation on many deer areas. Some hunters object to other types of hunting on an area devoted to deer, which results in waste of harvestable raccoons, squirrels and other small game.

Maybe the result of my conversation in the barber shop hasn't done anything to clarify or defend game management areas. If it hasn't, nobody can ever say I didn't try. If it has, I'm sure some sportsmen will have a better idea and respect for areas and what they mean to other sportsmen.

THE POACHER

(Continued from Page 9)

ing was to see my father, the circuit judge. Seems Doc had been involved in a ruckus with our new game warden. I'd been expecting it for Jim McDuff was sent to our county to put a stop to Doc's game slaughtering.

Jim McDuff was a prince of a fellow, I'd heard some of the girls around the drug store say. He was tall, dark and had bulging biceps and a cool set of nerves. Doc resented McDuff's being here, everybody knew that. That's why he came to see Pop.

"Judge," Doc told Pop after Mom had shoo-ed him off the sofa, "I've come to tell you you'd better tell them fellers in the state capitol that they'd better send for this here game warden before he gets into something he'll never get out of. Ain't nobody, Judge, gonna tell me what I can do and what I can't do with my rifle. It's my rifle, ain't it? Sure, it is. And I'm gonna use it anyway I want to.

"I come from a tough stock, Judge," Doc screamed, "and I ain't above blasting this feller's head off—you know that."

Pop, a real mild fellow with the heart of an elephant, looked at me, looked at Mom, then at Doc Hampton. He was a pensive fellow, my Pop. He always weighed his answers before he gave them, a trait not too many inhabitants of this good earth are guilty of. I guess he got it from his many years of service as a judge, listening to the trials and tribulations of frustrated people like Doc Hampton.

"Doc Hampton," Pop says to Doc after his thinking session, "I'm a patient man. I don't care what everybody says about you. I think there's a little bid of God-given goodness somewhere beneath that tough hide of yours.

"I'm willing to forget all the wrong-doing you've done in the past. Your trial next week, if you'll promise me you'll bury your hatchet and leave our game warden alone."

Doc Hampton's thin smile

changed into a smirk. It was easy to see Pop's suggestion had brought out the bull in Doc Hampton. His burning hate for game wardens was hotter than ever at that particular moment.

Before Mom could ask Doc to get his bloody hunting clothes out of her house, he was up and almost to the door. "Ain't nobody gonna tell me what I can and what I can't do," Doc yelled back to Pop. "You, a game warden or nobody else.

"And another thing, Judge," he said. "That game warden will wind up with a backend full of buckshot if he isn't careful. Why don't you tell him that? Tell him I'll fill his rear full of buckshot and put a hole the size of a 30-30 bullet in his head. Think he'd like that, Judge?"

Pop didn't say anything. He just stared into space as Doc bounded out the door. But Pop wasn't through with this case, he was just thinking. His answer would come sooner or later.

It wasn't long before there was another rap upon the door.

"No, not Doc Hampton again," Mom said, partially hiding it under her breath. "So help me, if that fellow sits down on my clean sofa again in those dirty, bloody clothes I'll . . ."

"No you won't," Pop broke in. "Just be a lady, now and answer the door."

You know, it's not true of all families but here Pop definitely wore the pants. Mom seldom even offered an argument and when she did, she usually lost.

She moved toward the door to greet our visitor.

"Howdy," the tall man said to her when she finally got there. "My name's McDuff and I've come to see Judge Jennings."

It was the game warden, Jim McDuff. Had he been earlier, he would have met Doc Hampton head-on in the doorway. I thanked my lucky stars they didn't cross paths.

"Come in, Mr. McDuff," Mom invited, examining his green uniform carefully before she asked him to take a seat on the sofa. "Please sit down. The

Judge will be with you in a minute."

"Thank you, M'am," McDuff answered and took his seat. He fumbled in his pockets for his pipe and a penny box of matches. When he got his tobacco in place, he lit up and sat back on the cushions.

Pop peered at him through the curtains for a second, then came bursting out, shook McDuff's hand and they chatted for a few minutes on such subjects as the weather, deer season, hunting licenses and Pop's rheumatism. Finally, McDuff got to the point.

"I came here to see you, Judge," McDuff told Pop, "about this fellow Hampton. You know him I'm sure. I guess you've been told that I have been clamping down on him to try to stop his poaching. I'm having a hard time, frankly, and I need your help."

"What can I do?" Pop asked. "I don't enforce game laws."

"No," McDuff fired back, "but you do pass sentences. It would help me and all the sportsmen in this area if you would make it rough on Hampton. Sort of discourage his kind.

"If you ask me," McDuff continued, "the guy's a little off his rocker sometimes. He has threatened to put a hole in my head. I don't want that, Judge, and I don't think you do either."

"I should think not," Pop replied. "Surely Doc Hampton wouldn't go as far as to kill someone over a few dead deer carcasses. He's a bad fellow—that's true—but he's not that bad."

"Yes he is too," Mom broke in. "Anybody who would sit in a decent home on a new sofa and let animal blood drip all over the floor is nothing but a . . ."

"Mamma, Mamma," Pop ejaculates. "Stop that talk and tend your own business."

Pop went into one of his thinking trances. He looked clear through me, then McDuff. When he came to, he said to McDuff, "Why don't you, Doc Hampton and myself get together and set-

tle this little matter among ourselves? I'm sure Doc will consent to talk to us if I ask him. I've heard the state game and fish department has some good films and literature made just to educate people like Doc Hampton. I'll tell you what, let's get Doc over here Thursday night and begin our conservation classes. Maybe a little education will solve his dilemma."

McDuff agreed and promised to contact his department's education and information officer for the necessary equipment. Their plans set, Pop bid farewell to McDuff and set out to find Doc Hampton and extend to him an invitation to a party in his honor at our house on Thursday night.

The following afternoon I was down by the river, watching a young buck and a fawn drink water from one of the creeks that flows into it. I saw Doc Hampton standing in a clump of bushes drawing a bead on the buck. "Don't shoot, Doc," I yelled. When I did, the buck threw his head into the air, did a jig while shifting his feet and took off into the woods only four or five steps ahead of the fawn.

"Why'd you want to kill him, Doc," I asked him. "You've already got your limit this year." Doc didn't answer. Maybe it was because he was ashamed. I had never seen Doc do anything to violate the rules, except this time.

"I'm ashamed of you, Doc," I told him, "for even thinking of killing more than your share of game. What if everybody did it? Then we'd have very little left for the future. Doc, I hope my father puts you under the jail after your trial. You deserve it!"

Doc sort of tucked his chin under his hunting coat and we both went in our separate directions. On the way home, I thought about Doc Hampton. I wished there was something I could do to help him stay out of trouble. It wasn't long before I got the chance.

After Doc came to our house and he, Pop and McDuff talked

over his case and trial, he seemed to be somewhat of a changed man. He reduced his hunting by a half; stopped fishing altogether and went to a meeting of the local sportsman club. I began to sense that the once-a-week lectures and movies Pop sentenced Doc to were paying off. Pop didn't want to see Doc go to jail, but he wanted him cured of his poaching, so he passed a sentence that called for two one-hour classes in conservation each week at our house. McDuff was the teacher and I was his assistant.

After a few weeks of it, Doc sidelined me one night and asked me if I thought the things McDuff had been telling him were true. I told him yes. He asked me if I thought Pop, McDuff and his enemies around town would ever forgive him for the damage he had done. I told him yes, but he would have to apologize for it and promise to be a better citizen. Doc didn't say anything, just took off home.

Another year passed and I went off to school. I hadn't thought too much about Doc Hampton during those months, mainly because I had too much other stuff on my mind. But one weekend when I came home from school, Pop handed me the news.

"Son," he said, "I guess you knew the sportsmen club elected Doc Hampton president last week. Doc told me that you were the one who helped him make up his mind about it. He's no longer a poacher—he's now a leader in conservation."

It was good news, that's for sure. But somehow I doubted it. Just for fun, I decided to go to Doc's house and ask him to go trout fishing with me. The season had been closed for five months.

"Can't go, son," Doc told me. "It's out of season. Besides, I've got to go down to the high school and work with some FFA boys on their wildlife projects. Ain't got time to trout fish."

Doc's case just goes to show, I guess, that you can teach an "old dog new tricks," and that,

with the right attitude, even the toughest game law violator can become a good conservationist.

The rest of Doc Hampton's story is like any other success story. His work in conservation made him a national officer and finally, after two decades of hard work in improving wildlife, the statue that's now in the city park was dedicated to him.

The statue I'm looking at right now.

It Is Unlawful

- To hunt any game over or in the vicinity of any baited area.
 - To molest, kill, hunt, or trap fur bearing animals out of season.
 - To take sea turtles or their eggs.
 - To trap, molest, or kill alligators except in opened counties.
 - To hunt on any game refuge except on supervised hunts.
 - To ship game except by permit from the State Game & Fish Commission.
 - To shoot from public highway or railroad right-of-way.
 - To take or sell plumage or eggs of game or song birds without a permit.
 - To sell, offer for sale, barter, or exchange, any of the protected game animals, or game birds or parts thereof, taken in the State of Georgia.
 - To take any game bird or animal for holding in captivity, except by permit.
 - To trap, net or ensnare game birds and game animals, except fur-bearing animals, in season.
 - To poison game or non-game birds or animals.
 - To use a light of any kind in hunting game animals and birds except raccoons, frogs, opossums, fox, mink, skunk, otter and muskrat.
 - To fail to report to the Game and Fish Commission any deer or turkey killed in the State of Georgia.
 - To kill any deer other than bucks with spiked antlers or larger.
 - To hunt on lands of another without permission from the landowner.
 - To hold any game in cold storage longer than five days after the season has expired, without permit from the Game and Fish Commission.
 - To take any fresh water fish with any device except hook and line, trot line, rod and reel, and set hooks.
 - To fish in streams on lands of another without permission from the landowner.
-

Lake Sinclair

(Continued from Page 11)

U. S. 441 from Eatonton, the Uncle Remus Highway, or from Sparta or Eatonton on Ga. 16. From the South, again U. S. 441 takes you there and U. S. 129 and Ga. 22 are good routes from Macon and Gray.

Best bass this spring and summer were caught on Little River on the western side and Island River on the eastern side. Most Sinclairians use lizards, but artificial lures do an equally good job with largemouth, local anglers say.

For a lake so young (it was completed in 1953) Sinclair has its share of large fish. Bass and crappie, it's been proven, have grown rapidly, due to, perhaps, the introduction of treadfin shad into the water. Bream, though, do not grow as fast as they do in other reservoirs. However, they are there and in abundance.

Although its beard is not gray with age, Sinclair also has had its share of fishing fables.

One such story involved a channel cat and a fisherman's trot line. The cat, which later weighed out at 10 pounds when dressed, attacked the man's lines and snipped his hooks, bait and all, until he was too tired to go on. When the culprit was finally caught, ten hooks were removed from its insides. Fishery biologist Wayne Thomaston, under whose watchful eye the lake was kept until recently, was present when the hooks were removed.

One of the top, yet most underrated, spots on the reservoir is the upper region, made up of Shoulderbone Creek and the Oconee River. In these waters are found large bass and crappie and, during their annual run, white bass. The headwaters are found by taking Route 16 out of Sparta or Eatonton.

The never-ending problem of fish in Lake Sinclair has been aided some by commercial fishermen who, according to fish

Wood Ducks Coming Back

(Continued from Page 6)

trees at varying altitudes, sometimes as high as fifty feet above ground. The nest cavity itself may be quite shallow or as much as six feet in depth. Mother duck transports no material to build her nest, relying entirely on down plucked from her body to shelter her young. Her nest completed, the female lays from ten to fifteen eggs and the young are born in about twenty-eight days.

Sportsmen can help to restore the diminishing wood duck population by learning to identify

waterfowl. Occasionally, it is possible for a hunter to kill wood ducks by mistake, for it is not easy to identify birds from the confines of a blind. But hunters can easily identify wood ducks, even in flight, by their unmistakable characteristics.

Wood ducks hold their heads high in flight, with their bill pointed at an angle. Its long, squarish tail and short neck are also characteristics that make it easy to identify. If these fail, the sudden *hoo-eeek*, *hoo-eeek*, uttered in flight should erase any doubt.



Male duck is easily identified by "ducktail" haircut, many splended colors.

technicians, have removed considerable numbers of scavengers from the water. Only drawback has been that their catches always contain numbers of small fish, which indicates that there are probably more of the rough species there than at first expected.

If figures mean anything to you, it's safe to say that rough fish's lock on the habitat has decreased from 90 percent to 75, leading one to believe in years

to come Sinclair will harbor excellent game fishing.

As is true of many other Georgia impoundments, Sinclair has its share of recreational-seekers. Water skiers, yacht and power boat enthusiasts and swimmers swell its weekend population with little interference to fishermen.

Sinclair is fastly growing into the mecca for weekenders. Its recreational facilities are tops and fishing is not far behind.



What Crops Can I Plant To Increase Rabbits?

Dear Sir:

Please furnish me with information on cover and feed for wild rabbits. I would like to know what types of planting I could do to improve habitat on farms. We have several places that are going to let us plant cover and food for rabbits.

Sincerely yours,
Paul E. Camp
Rome, Ga.

(Ed's Note: Rabbits respond to management better than most game animals. There is no great shortage of food during the summer, but it is sometimes necessary to supplement the native winter food supply.)

Rabbits are known as briar patch animals. Anything that you can do to encourage conditions that will create plenty of briars, phums, sumac and various vines will help your rabbit population. Adjacent to briar patches and other thick tangles, it is good to have foods such as sericea lespedeza, annual lespedeza and soy beans. Oats, wheats and various clovers serve as ideal winter foods.

Please remember that these food and cover plants must be located adjacent to each other to have maximum value. Large open fields and large dense wooded areas have little carrying capacity.)

Here's Good Advice On Treating Chigger Bites

Dear Sir:

The 1957 Fishing Edition arrived about three days ago. Thanks. I have read about half of it with interest. On Page 5 "Stop Those Pests" one finds interest and, of course, a little amusement.

Here's a little information taken from *Horticultural Newsletter*, Arlington, Vt.:

"Look for a new liquid insect repellent soon that should make outdoor life more comfortable and safer than ever before. The repellent is diethyl toluamide which, in solution, can be applied

to the skin or clothes to protect against at least five insect pests — mosquitos, ticks, chiggers, fleas and flies. It is the nearest to an all-purpose repellent yet developed. Also, it has a non-greasy lotion-like consistency, a delicate fresh fragrance and a resistance to rubbing or wearing off that makes one application last several hours.

"Diethyl toluamide was synthesized some years ago by U.S. D.A. research chemists and has been tested against many harmful and annoying pests at Orlando, Florida. It wards off mosquitos better than any other chemical or combination of chemicals. It is safe to apply to the skin and will not stain fabrics."

Now, outdoorsmen and gardeners will soon be able to get some relief from those pests. I hope.

Let the good work continue.

J. P. Castle
Charleston, Ill.

(Ed's Note: I hope so, too.)

Improve Habitat for Quail, Reader Advised

Dear Sir:

I am interested in restocking my woods with quail. Would you please send me information on putting out pen-raised birds, how to feed them, what to plant for feed, etc. Any other information on the subject would be greatly appreciated.

Very truly yours,
E. Y. Mallary, III
Macon, Ga.

(Ed's Note: We are sure you could do a more thorough and more lasting job by improving your quail habitat, rather than by stocking pen-raised birds. Game management technicians strongly recommend that you solicit the advice of a technician to help you set up your program. A game technician from this office will be glad to serve you and help you formulate a program that will blend with your local conditions.)

Reader Praises Film, Wildlife Rangers

Dear Chief:

At a meeting of a civic club not too long ago in another town, I saw a film entitled, "Men In Green." I believe you were at the meeting and made an address before showing the picture.

This movie is one of the best on wildlife I have ever seen. I would like to encourage every club or organization that has not seen it to do so.

I would like also to put in a good word for your wildlife rangers. My associations with them, and the associations of my friends, have been splendid.

Yours very truly,
Bill Bailey
Atlanta, Ga.

(Ed's Note: We, too, are proud of the film and offer it, along with other educational type programs, to civic clubs, conservation groups or any other interested groups. A letter or telephone call to the Education and Information Division is all that's needed.)

Fisherman Writer Says G&F Mag A 'Dandy'

Dear Editor:

How are the chances of getting on the mailing list for GEORGIA GAME AND FISH at my home address? I would like to receive any regular news releases, etc., mailed out by your organization.

Your fishing issue of G & F was a dandy, incidentally.

Sincerely,
Ernest A. Bauer
Travel Editor
The Fisherman
Oxford, Ohio

(Ed's Note: We are happy to inform you that you will receive future issues of Georgia Game and Fish at your home address. Thanks for the compliment. We like your magazine, too.)

Farming For Quail

(Continued from Page 10)

of the nursery, a job that involves several headaches:

First, there's the weed problem. During bicolor's tender youth, they must be nurtured carefully with no interference from weeds. Jernigan, then must be sure no wandering plants invade his rows.

Diseases of all sorts are always hazardous. This season, charcoal wilt, a fungus growth transported to the plants by nematodes, wiped out several hundred plants. Previously, Jernigan encountered alfalfa leaf girdler, an insect; excessive wilt; and leaf hoppers.

"Another thing we must guard against," Jernigan said, "is improper irrigation. Bicolor must be watered at exactly the right moment. If even a slight crust forms around the plants, our stand will be reduced."

How does all this help quail?

"Easy question," Jernigan replied. "Bicolor is wonderful quail food. Besides providing cover during the period when good cover is scarce, bicolor gives a food supply during the winter when other food is scarce.

"It's also a good soil conservation plant for it gives cover along field edges and prevents washing. Usually, it's hard to get anything but weeds to grow in such terrain."

Bicolor, the kind produced at the nursery, usually grows from five to ten feet high and, like all other species of lespedeza, is a legume. Originally, it was introduced into the United States from Asia.

There are many ways in which farmers may utilize bicolor to improve quail habitat. Farm borders, woodland food patches and creek banks are good places to plant it. Agriculturists recommend that it be planted in strips 15 feet wide, 400 feet long in rows three feet apart.

How does a farmer obtain bicolor from the nursery?

LICENSE FEES

COMBINATION:

Hunting and Fishing \$ 3.25

FISHING:

Resident \$ 1.25

Resident Shad 1.00

Resident County:

Resident 1.25

Under 16 years of age None

Over 65 years of age—Honorary hunting and fishing licenses required

Nonresident Reciprocal

Nonresident 1 Day 1.00

Nonresident 10 Days 3.25

Nonresident Shad 10.00

State seiners and netters 1.25

HUNTING:

Resident 2.25

Resident County:

Under 16 years of age None

Over 65 years of age—Honorary hunting and fishing licenses required

Nonresident 20.25

Nonresident 10 Day or County 10.25

ROUGH FISH BASKET:

Resident 1.00

"It's simple as contacting the Chief of the Game Management Division or your local wildlife ranger," Jernigan pointed out. "We distribute them to farmers, free of charge, usually a thousand at a time."

Quail are not the only creatures that find bicolor pleasing to the taste. Bees use the plant extensively during the summer months when arid weather has robbed them of foodstuffs. Honey made from bicolor is light-colored and has an extraordinary flavor. In planting bicolor for bees, the same patterns used for bob whites comes highly recommended by agriculturists.

The Game and Fish Commission's nursery has contributed tremendously toward improving Georgia's quail population in the past. The future holds an even more important role for it. Within the next few years, the Commission's Game Management Division expects to expand their "quail farm" to grow other plants for quail.

Georgia is known as the "Quail Capital of the World," an honor bestowed upon her by hunters from all over the world.

The Game and Fish Commission's "quail farm" has helped make this honor possible.

Frogs, Frogs!

(Continued from Page 13)

Water, a fresh water lake deep in the swamp, alligators frequently churned the water ahead of us. The swift passage of an occasional otter was seen now and then and waterfowl of all species and description filled the skies above us.

On Big Water, Smith and I decided to try our luck with the stump bass. We fished seriously for two hours and brought in several swamp-type bluegill bream, a few bowfins and an occasional bass. Smith, one of the few persons who really know the swamp from end to end, decided we could improve our luck deeper in the swamp. We moved on through the narrow waterways.

As the hum-hum of our motor carried us closer to our destination, we noticed a terrific churning action in the water on the far edge of a small lake ahead. As we approached, the occasional snout of an alligator, thrust above the water drew our attention. We then noticed a large, dark peculiar mass extending into the lily-pads, riding down the swamp grass and again we wondered what we had found.

As we silently watched, the alligator disappeared beneath the surface and suddenly reappeared on the edge of this dark mass, mouth wide open, turning and twisting. It dawned on us about then that the alligator was devouring whatever it was we had spotted.

We decided to move in closer for a better look at the dark mass that had attracted our attention.

It was a sight few human eyes have ever seen. There they were, thousands and thousands of bullfrogs, stacked two and three deep, massed on every twig, lily-pad and anything that offered support.

Smith, a native of the swamp-land, had never seen such a sight, either.

SPOTLIGHT ON



Carsten Tiedeman of Sea Island admires the wild boar he killed with bow and arrow—and on first shot, too!



Dick Gross shows off award given his father, the late Frank Gross, by Toccoa Deerhunters Association.

OUTDOORS



This turkey family, Pop, Mom and six kiddies, are off for a day's frolicking in South Georgia.



L. G. Hobbins of Atlanta poses with an eight point buck (160 pounds) taken near Hiawassee.

BEAVER TRAPPING

BEAVER trapping is not just business . . . it can also be plenty of fun.

At least, that's the story you get from Brother Jesse Smith, a gentleman who has spent considerable time enjoying the sport.

Brother Jesse belongs to the Game and Fish Commission's Pittman-Robertson branch and his duties include, among other things, trapping nuisance beavers. It isn't hard, he says, the secret being that you must outguess the beaver. Mr. Jesse has done that almost all of his life.

Most important thing is to set the trap in the right place. Smith says he always looks for a break in the beaver dam. If such a location is handy, he sets his trap there. When beavers come back to repair the leaky dam—Wham! You got him. If you can't always find a broken dam, Smith suggests you choose the next most probable place a beaver might be, use sticks and branches to lead him to your trap, and sit back and wait.

Once the beaver has sprung your trap, it is best to remove him as quickly as possible. Brother Jesse suggests that, when live traps are used, you place the animal in a croker-sack while he's still in the trap. This is very easy, he says, but it takes plenty of practice to acquire the know-how.

When the beaver is sacked, it's time to remove his hide and cure it. Brother Jesse starts by taking off the animal's feet, both fore and hind, and cutting a ring around the animal's hide just at its tail. Then, by using a sharp knife, he cuts a groove up the animal's stomach toward its head and skins it, cutting the skin from side to side.

When the skin has been removed, Smith uses a hickory or white oak circle, made especially for the purpose, to sew the hide on and store it for curing.

"Beaver hides are not bringing the fancy price they once were," Mister Jesse said. "But if a fellow can trap several medium sized or 'blankets' (extra large pelts) he can make himself some money."

Smith is no amateur at beaver trapping, yet he confesses to learn something more about it every day.

"Back when I started this business," Brother Jesse said, "we didn't think of using a croker-sack to help remove our catch from the trap. But when I saw someone do it, I had it explained to me and now I wouldn't think of trapping without using one."

Georgia's beaver population is increasing rapidly. In some areas, complaints are continually coming in asking that nuisance beavers be removed because of the devastation they have done.

When a farmer has a beaver problem, he could have himself plenty of fun and occasionally make a few dollars by following Brother Jesse's tips and doing some trapping for himself.



Commission Trapper Jesse Smith sets live trap near break in beaver dam. (2) Smith uses twigs and branches to lead beaver into trap. (3) Mr. Smith removes beaver from trap with help of croker-sack.

1957-58 GEORGIA GAME LAWS

Seasons and Bag Limits

RESIDENT GAME	OPEN DATES (Inclusive)	DAILY BAG LIMITS	WEEKLY BAG LIMITS	POSSESSION LIMITS
Bear (a)	November 1, 1957-January 10, 1958	No Limit		
Deer (See Below)				
Quail	November 20, 1957-February 25, 1958	12	30	
Ruffed Grouse	November 20, 1957-January 5, 1958	3	3	
Rabbits (b)	November 20, 1957-February 25, 1958	10		
Opossum (c)	October 15, 1957-January 31, 1958	No Limit		
Raccoon	October 15, 1957-January 31, 1958	No Limit		
Alligators	June 1, 1957-January 31, 1958	No Limit		
Sea Turtles	No Open Season			
Squirrels (d)	September 15, 1957-January 5, 1958	10	10	
Turkeys (See Below)				
MIGRATORY BIRDS				
Rails, Gallinules	September 23, 1957-November 30, 1957	15		30
Ducks	November 7, 1957-January 15, 1958	4		8
Geese (Except Snow Geese)	November 7, 1957-January 15, 1958	2		4
Coots	November 7, 1957-January 15, 1958	10		10
Doves	(See Below for Split Season)	10		10
Woodcock	December 12, 1957-January 20, 1958	8		8
Wilson's Snipe	December 3, 1957-January 1, 1958	8		8
TRAPPING SEASONS				
Fox	November 20, 1957-February 25, 1958	No Limit		
Mink	November 20, 1957-February 25, 1958	No Limit		
Muskrat	November 20, 1957-February 25, 1958	No Limit		
Skunk	November 20, 1957-February 25, 1958	No Limit		
Opossum	November 20, 1957-February 25, 1958	No Limit		
Raccoon	November 20, 1957-February 25, 1958	No Limit		
Beaver and Otter (e)	November 20, 1957-February 25, 1958	No Limit		

EXCEPTIONS

(a) The following counties which have no open season: Catoosa, Chattooga, Dade, Dawson, Fannin, Floyd, Gilmer, Gordon, Habersham, Lumpkin, Murray, Pickens, Rabun, Stephens, Towns, Union, Walker, White, Whitfield.

(b)—Bag limits 5 rabbits daily north of following counties: Heard, Coweta, Spalding, Butts, Jasper, Putnam, Hancock, Glascock, Warren, McDuffie, Richmond.

(c)—Coweta County only season opens Oct. 1, 1957, ends Jan. 31, 1958. No limit.

(d)—Season for all counties south of, but not including, Carroll, Douglas, Fulton, DeKalb, Rockdale, Walton, Oconee, Oglethorpe, Wilkes and Lincoln, will be Nov. 1, 1957-Jan. 5, 1958. Bag limits, 10 daily, 10 weekly.

(e)—Except all counties north of and including Carroll, Fulton, DeKalb, Walton, Oconee, Oglethorpe, Wilkes and Lincoln are closed to the trapping of Beaver and Otter. Trappers must report to Game and Fish Commission number of hides shipped.

DEER SEASONS

Paulding and Polk Counties—Nov. 7, 8, 9. Bag limit—One buck per season. All counties in State closed to deer hunting on above dates.

Appling, Atkinson, Bacon, Baker, Ben Hill, Berrien, Blakely, Brantley, Brooks, Bryan, Bulloch, Calhoun, Camden, Charlton, Chatham, Chattahoochee, Clay, Clinch, Coffee, Colquitt, Cook, Crisp, Decatur, Dodge, Dooley, Dougherty, Early, Echols, Effingham, Evans, Glynn, Grady, Irwin, Jeff Davis, Lanier, Lee, Liberty, Long, Lowndes, Marion, McIntosh, Miller, Mitchell, Montgomery, Muscogee, Pierce, Pulaski, Quitman, Randolph, Screven, Seminole, Stewart, Sumter, Tattnall, Telfair, Terrell, Thomas, Tift, Toombs, Turner, Ware, Wayne, Webster, Wheeler, Wilcox, Worth, Butts, Monroe, Jasper, Putnam, Jones, Baldwin, Hancock, Twiggs, Wilkinson, Washington, Glascock, Johnson, Laurens, Treutlen, Emanuel, Jefferson, Jenkins and Burke Counties will be open for Deer Hunting Nov. 1 through Jan. 5. Limit is two bucks per season in all counties except

Butts, Monroe, Jasper, Jones, Baldwin, Wilkinson, Twiggs, Putnam, Hancock, Glascock, Washington, Jefferson, Johnson, Laurens, Treutlen, Emanuel, Jenkins and Burke. Limit in these counties is one buck per season.

Candler County's open season will be Dec. 17, 24, 31, 1957, only. Bag limit is one buck per season.

Season in the following counties will be Nov. 5, 1957, through Nov. 20, 1957: Chattooga, Dade, Dawson, Fannin, Gilmer, Habersham, Lumpkin, Murray, Rabun, Stephens, Towns, Union, Walker and White. Limit is one buck per season.

MOURNING DOVES

Seasons on Mourning Doves will be split. First half opens at one-half hour before sunrise on Sept. 12, 1957, and closes at sundown Sept. 28, 1957. Second half commences one-half hour before sunrise on Dec. 14, 1957, and ends at sundown, Jan. 10, 1958. Bag limit is 10 birds. Possession limit 10.

WILD TURKEYS

Season on Wild Turkeys will be Nov. 1, 1957, through Jan. 5, 1958, in the following counties: Appling, Atkinson, Bacon, Brantley, Bryan, Bulloch, Camden, Candler, Charlton, Chatham, Clinch, Coffee, Echols, Effingham, Evans, Glynn, Jeff Davis, Lanier, Liberty, Long, Lowndes, McIntosh, Montgomery, Pierce, Screven, Tattnall, Telfair, Toombs, Ware, Wayne and Wheeler. Bag limit is two gobblers per season.

Season on Wild Turkeys will be Nov. 20, 1957, through Feb. 25, 1958, in the following counties: Baker, Ben Hill, Berrien, Brooks, Calhoun, Chattahoochee, Clay, Colquitt, Cook, Crisp, Decatur, Dooley, Dougherty, Early, Grady, Irwin, Lee, Macon, Marion, Miller, Mitchell, Muscogee, Quitman, Randolph, Schley, Seminole, Stewart, Sumter, Terrell, Tift, Thomas, Turner, Webster, Wilcox and Worth. Bag limit is two turkey gobblers per season.

The Thomas Seawall Refuge in Muscogee County will not be open. The remainder of the State is closed entirely.

Fee Shooting

(Continued from Page 5)

farmers who will allow them to hunt. But around Atlanta, Macon, Augusta, Columbus, Savannah and other population centers it is becoming harder to find open hunting land. And the number of hunters is increasing every year. Shooting preserves will take some of this load off of state and federal agencies.

This fall you will hear a lot about shooting preserves, some good and some bad. The best way to find out about them is to visit one. You don't have to shoot if you don't want to. Any of the operators will welcome you as a questioning guest. They are eager to tell you about preserves and you will have a chance to talk with other hunters who have shot there. If you like what you see, then maybe you'll want to bust a few birds yourself.

There will be ten commercial shooting preserves in Georgia this year operating from October 1 through March 31. Retired Admiral Richard E. Hawes of Thomson opened five years ago for non-native game birds and released quail during the regular state-wide season with regular bag and possession limits. The Admiral was the first to open a preserve in Georgia and this year will be the first to release mallards for pass shooting.

After 35 years in the Navy, the Admiral came home with two Navy Crosses and a burning desire to catch up on his bobwhite shooting. On the land he hunted as a boy, Admiral Hawes opened a shooting preserve with dog training and boarding as a secondary income. In addition to quail, his Briar Creek Hunting Lodge provides pheasants, chukars and Coturnix. For overnight hunters, there is a spacious lodge with home-cooked meals served country style. Besides taking care of Georgia hunters, Briar Creek has a sizable number from other states.

GEORGIA GAME AND FISH COMMISSION

412 State Capitol

Atlanta, Georgia

S. MARVIN GRIFFIN, Governor

The Commission is a constitutional body, responsible to the Legislature, and the Governor.

Eleven in number—one from each Congressional District—the members of the Commission are appointed by the Governor for staggered terms of seven years and the Commission in turn appoints the director.

The present Commissioners are:

ALVA J. HOPKINS, JR., 8th Dist., *Chairman*

J. T. TRAPNELL, 1st Dist.

Vice-Chairman

RICHARD TIFT, 2nd Dist.

MAYO P. DAVIS, 3rd Dist.

J. O. BOWEN, 5th Dist.

GEORGE EAST, 6th Dist.

W. B. (BILL) AUSTIN, 7th Dist.

Secretary

FRED C. JONES, JR., 9th Dist.

LUKE L. COUCH, 10th Dist.

JAMES GOETHE, Coastal

ADMINISTRATIVE

FULTON LOVELL, *Director*

W. H. HODGES, Enforcement

GEORGE C. MOORE, Game Management

TOM SANDERS, License Div.

FRED DICKSON, Fisheries

HOWARD ZELLER, D & J Coordinator

JACK CROCKFORD, P & R Coordinator

DAVID GOULD, Coastal Fisheries

BOB SHORT, Education & Information

The heads of the various departments and all employees are appointed by the Director on the approval of the Commission. The Director is a bonded state official and directs the entire program, which is established, and ways and means approved for its operation, by the Board of Commissioners at regular meetings.

What must have been a world's record was set at Mike Moneymaker's preserve near Dacula last year. Shooting only in the normal season, it took two hunters 276 shells to bag their daily limit. Moneymaker, an Atlantan, specializes in bobwhite quail but will have a few Coturnix this year.

Herschel Hutchins of Lithonia has opened Hutchins Hunting Preserve, which is only a thirty minute drive from Atlanta. He will release bobwhites and plans to experiment with Coturnix.

Hutchins says, "We hope that our preserve will provide hunting recreation for the city sportsman."

All preserves provide guides, dogs and are located near motels and restaurants. Shooting preserves are places of convenience and the operators are anxious to have what may be a critical public try their hunting this season.

Before you make up your mind whether preserves are good or bad, why don't you see what's going on?

Turner

(Continued from Page 15)

think we'll have more success in building up our quail."

Hodges, a sincere worker on the project, fell victim to a prank once, but his razor-sharp sense of humor made a joke of the joker.

"Someone called me one day," Hodges said, "and told me my best bird dog was sick and that the local vet decided it must be put out of its misery.

"I suspected some sort of joke so I told the man not to let the vet do the job—I'd do it myself. I went after the dog, took it home and told everybody in the club I had to put it out of its misery. All the "boys" decided they had pulled a dirty trick on me, so they took up a collection to buy me a new dog. When I saw how sorry they were about it, I told 'em I didn't do it after all."

It is with a deepened sense of responsibility and love for hunting that spurs the men of the Turner Rod and Gun Club toward improving quail. As McClure said, they have come a long way in two years.



REACHING OUTDOORS

By BOB SHORT

Editor, Georgia Game and Fish

Common Sense Afield Needed to Reduce Sting of Accidents

THIS being the time of year when stray bits of lead tend to strike "unaimed at" objects, I have donated this space (free of charge) to the campaign against hunting accidents.

I am reminded by this amusing but tale-telling story, which was written by our old friend, anonymous, that hunting accidents were begotten long before the coming of double-barrelled shot-guns:

*A hunter popped a partridge on a hill,
It danced a jig and then it was still.
It seems that later the hunter spied,
It wasn't a partridge, it was the guide!*

*One shot a squirrel in a nearby wood,
A pretty shot from where he stood,
It wore, they said, a hat of brown
And owned the funeral home in town!*

*Another dispatched a rabbit for his haul,
That later proved to be six feet tall;
And, lest you think I'm handing you a myth,
The "rabbit's" name was really Smith!*

*Another Nimrod slew a champion fox,
When he saw him lurking among the rocks,
One rapid shot did it, it neither spoke or moved
—the inquest proved!*

*A cautious man saw a gleam of brown,
Was it a deer, or Jones, a friend from town?
No sooner had walked to the river's brim
Than Jones, the rascal, potted him!*

These lines, or versions of them, appeared in the Philadelphia Ledger in 1909. Even then, it seems, hunters were their own worst enemies. Those were the days when it was more difficult to hit a fellow hunter because two people were less likely to run up on each other on the same patch of ground. That isn't true today. Now, we're lucky to spend a day in the woods without swearing someone has tattled and reminded the whole community of our favorite spots.

Sportsmen made headlines all over the country last year when they set an all-time record for the number of livestock shot in one season.

It was reported in some quarters that farmers

probably would have set a record in the number of sportsmen killed if they could have gotten their hands on the guilty culprits.

This business of shooting cows, hunters, or anything else for that matter, is a serious one. Had proper precaution and common sense been practiced, most of those incidents would not have happened.

Knowing how and when to shoot is more important than knowing when and where to hunt. In the majority of hunting accidents, it was just a case of "I didn't see him," "I thought he was a deer," or "I thought it was a deer."

Let's face it. When a hunter shoots another, a cow, or even a pine tree, he isn't thinking. If he had complete control of his actions he would not have shot at a target of which he was unsure. There is no room in the woods and fields for persons who forget to think.

I am confident we can wipe out serious hunting accidents by using common sense when we're hunting.

We may help save our own skins by wearing colorful clothing; keeping ourselves out of range of other hunters whenever possible; avoid stomping through brushy growth and, of course, never pointing guns at sections of our own anatomy.

It has been proven that yellow surpasses red as an easier color to detect in the woods. Which ever you prefer, wear it—but make sure it's one or the other.

When hunting with others, and it's always a good idea to do so, it is essential to plan trips in order to know the exact location of cohorts all the time; not to horse around and, above all, see a target clearly before firing.

Let's make hunting accidents scarce. It would be a wonderful relief to go through this season without one accidental injury or death. If we vow to use common sense on our hunting trips, I'm sure no harm will be done any of us.

How about it?

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